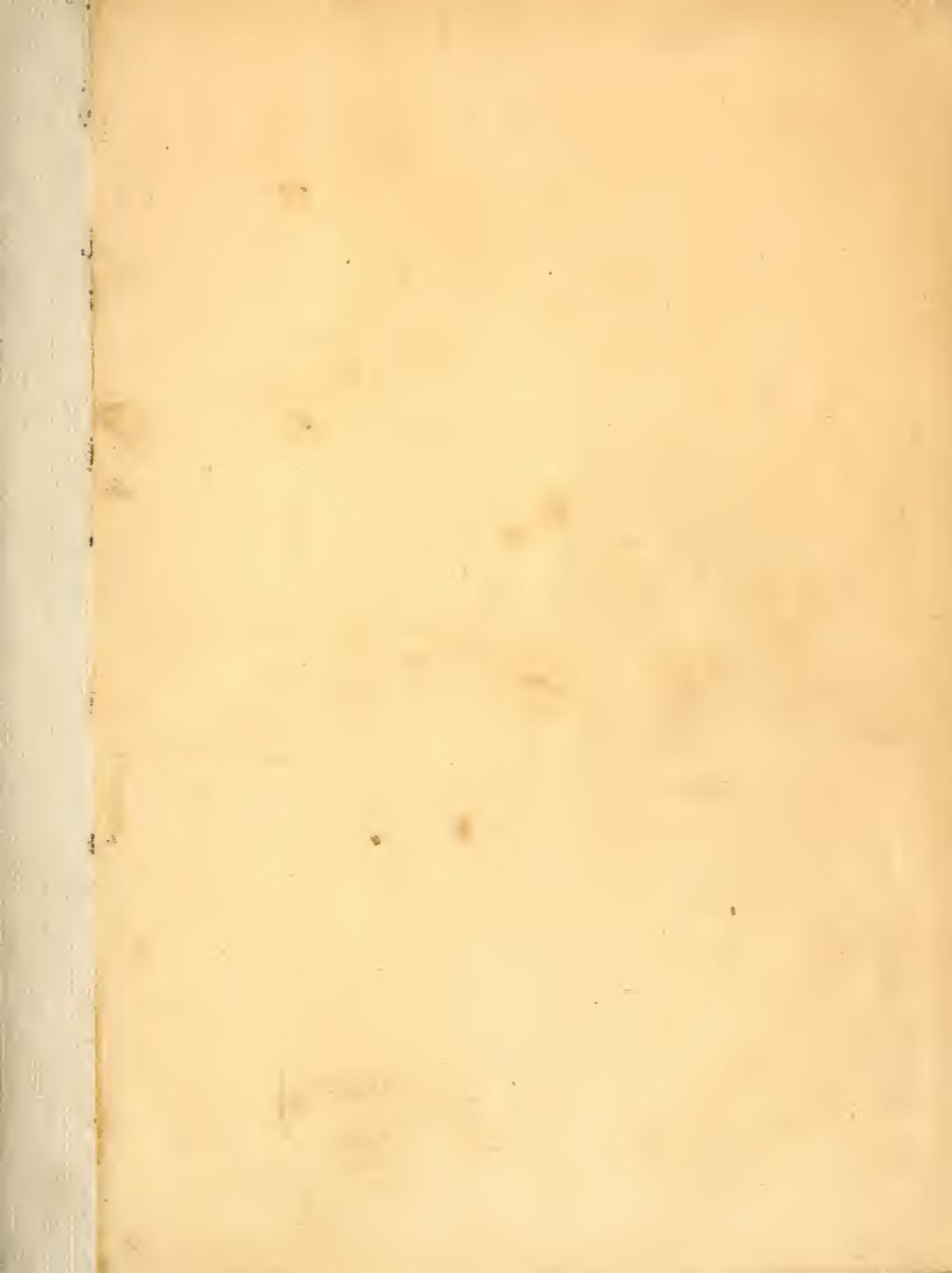


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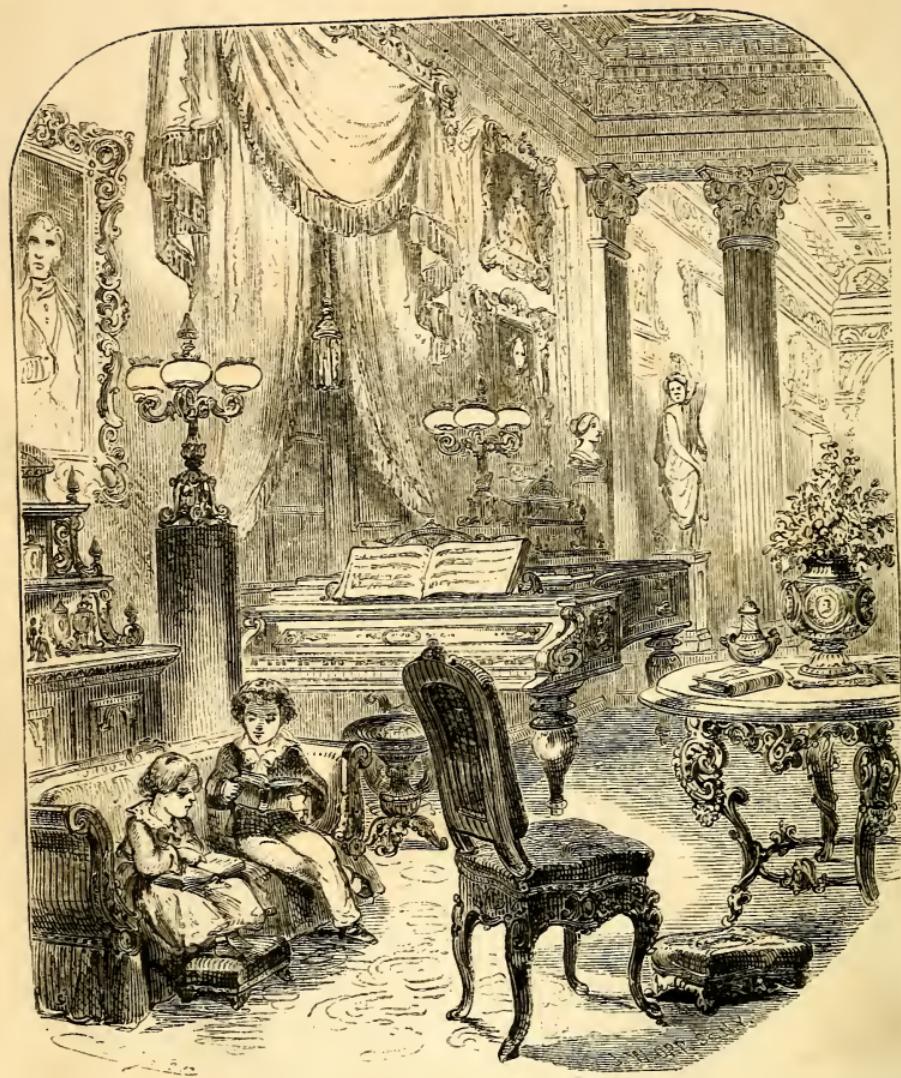
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THE CHILDREN'S SOFA

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

A SERIES OF NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND TALES,
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE YOUNG.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT.

Embellished with

NUMEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



JOHN TRUE;

OR,

THE CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE OF AN HONEST BOY.



NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



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P R E F A C E.

IN this book the reader will learn how a simple-hearted boy, after having yielded to temptation and sin, and thus filled his soul with the distress and suffering which a guilty conscience always brings, succeeded in finding peace and happiness again by penitence and faith in Jesus Christ. The object of the book is not to teach technical theology, but practical religion; and I am sure that there is nothing in it which any true Christian can disapprove of, nor that any parent whatever, whether Christian believer or not, can be unwilling to have taught to his children.

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John's opinion of magnificence and splendor.

The kind of riding he liked.

rounded all the time with so much luxury and splendor. But this is a mistake. The truth is, that boys care very little about luxury and splendor. What they want is to enjoy their liberty and have a good time. John True's mother, for example, had two or three beautiful carriages, with a coachman to drive them, and a footman to open the door when she wished to get out. One of these carriages was used expressly to drive about town when Mrs. True wished to make calls, or to go a shopping down Broadway. Now, although this carriage was a beautiful barouche—the lining being very rich, and the seats very soft, and the outside very black and glossy—and though the horses were as superb a span of carriage-horses as you would wish to see, making the whole turn-out a very elegant and luxurious affair, John never liked to ride in it. He preferred a great deal to walk, or to go in the omnibus. He could not see, he said, in the carriage, and it was very tiresome to ride there. When he was walking, he could stop and look in at the shop windows, or amuse himself by observing the thousand scenes and incidents that were constantly presenting themselves to view along the streets; but in the carriage, especially when the top was up, he felt as if he was in a prison.

And yet John liked riding very well, provided he had a right sort of vehicle. One summer he spent some months at a farmer's in the country, and he used to take the greatest possible delight in riding in a sort of cart or wagon, with which the farmer used to go into his fields. The seat that he sat upon was a board, which was passed across from one side of the cart to the other. From this seat John could see all around him, and so have a very good

He wants a cart to ride in down Broadway.

The parlors.

time. Besides, the farmer would let him drive, whereas his mother's coachman would never let him drive a step, except sometimes in coming from the stable round to the door. In a word, it was John's great delight to ride in this cart, no matter where the cart was going.

"I wish, mother," said he, one day, after coming home from the fields in the cart with a load of corn, "I wish you had such a carriage as this in New York. Then I would go a shopping with you down Broadway as often as you please."

Mrs. True's parlors, too—there were three of them in a row, with folding-doors between—were very magnificent apartments, and they were very magnificently furnished; but John took no pleasure in them. He would not have cared if he never went into them from one end of the year to the other. The carpets were very soft and rich, and of splendid colors. The curtains were of satin damask, with lace under-curtains, and heavy cornices, splendidly carved and gilded, above. The other furniture, too, of the rooms was of the most gorgeous description. There were sofas, and chairs, and beautiful tables, and cabinets, and ottomans, all made of rosewood and ebony, and beautifully carved and inlaid. There were magnificent mirrors between the windows and over the mantle-pieces, and the walls, in every other part, were covered with large and costly paintings and engravings, all mounted in frames richly carved and gilded.

In the centre of each of the three rooms there was suspended from an ornamented centre-piece in the ceiling a massive chandelier, in gold and bronze, containing six burners, each of which was

The chandeliers.

The children under restraint in the parlors.

surmounted with a large glass globe. Thus there were eighteen globes in all; and as they shone, when the gas was lighted within them, with a very bright and beautiful silvery radiance, the room had the appearance of being lighted by eighteen full moons. Besides these moons, moreover, there were other lights around the sides of the room. There were girandoles on the mantle-shelves, and side-lights by the mirrors, and branches in different places on the walls. The brilliancy of the light in all these burners was properly subdued by glass shades of various forms and patterns; but still, when the parlor was fully lighted up with them in the evening for company, the brilliancy and beauty of the scene seemed like enchantment more than like real life.

In a word, the parlors were very magnificently finished and furnished, and yet John cared very little about them. Every thing was so costly and fine that he was always very much restricted in his movements there, and John liked freedom a great deal better than finery. He could not jump upon the sofas and chairs for fear of soiling or wearing out the satin or the velvet of the coverings. He could not play with his ball or battledores for fear of breaking the splendid mirrors, and he could not run about on the floor with his sister Lucy, for that would wear out the carpets, which, having each been made all in one piece to fit the room, with a broad border around the sides, and a great centre-piece in the middle, were extremely costly. In a word, both John and Lucy were obliged, whenever they were in the parlors, to walk so carefully, and sit so still, and behave, in all respects, with so much studied propriety, that they did not really like to go there at all.

Mrs. True's own room.

Her mode of dressing her children.

Indeed, I do not think that even Mrs. True herself liked her parlors very much for her own use, for she never staid in them, and scarcely ever went into them except to receive ceremonious calls. She had a very pretty room up stairs, over the back parlor, which she called *her* room. This room was very handsomely furnished, but it was furnished for use more than for show. There were book-cases in the recesses on each side of the fire-place which were full of entertaining and beautiful books, and there were secretaries, and work-tables, and tall work-baskets. There was a large bow window in this room, too, which looked out upon a green and pretty yard. Lucy had a cabinet of playthings in it also, though she did not play with them much. She liked better to go and play with the blocks and shavings which she found on the floor of a little shop which John had, in a room over the stable.

In respect to the treatment of her children, Mrs. True differed very much from many of the ladies moving in high aristocratic circles in New York, who dress up their children in so fantastic a manner, and restrict them so much in their manners and actions, that the poor things have no peace or happiness, and their powers and faculties have no free or healthy development. You will occasionally, if you ever go to New York, meet such children in public places. If it is a girl, you will see her riding down Broadway by the side of her mother in a carriage, with a pet dog, perhaps, on the front seat; or, if it is a boy, walking in the park at Union Square under the care of a footman or of his nurse, and, from the appearance that he makes, with his jaunty little cap and feather on his head, his cane or whip in his hand, his hair hanging

Injudicious treatment of children.

down in nicely-adjusted curls on his shoulders, and his frock and pantalets bedecked with so many frills, and flounces, and furbelows, you would judge that his mother had been dressing him for a fancy ball.



DRESSED FOR A FANCY BALL.

Mrs. True, on the other hand, though she was the wife of a rich

Management of many foolish mothers in New York.

New York merchant, and lived in a splendid house in the Fifth Avenue, was a very sensible woman, and was very willing that her children should be happy in their own way, and did not attempt, like these fashionable ladies, to make dolls of them. She dressed them in a very plain and simple manner, and did not embarrass them with curls, or ruffles, or flounces, or any thing else that would hinder them in the free use of their limbs, or interfere in any way with their childish enjoyments.

The mothers who act otherwise do so with good intentions, no doubt, being prompted by feelings of maternal fondness and affection; but it would certainly seem that it must be mistaken fondness, for, by pursuing such a course with their children, they not only greatly diminish the happiness which the children would otherwise enjoy in the earlier years of life, but they exercise a very injurious influence upon them in respect to the formation of their characters. Such a mode of management, in the case of a boy, tends to prevent the development of all the substantial and manly elements of character, and to fill his mind, instead, with personal vanity and self-conceit, and to make him, in after years, a fop instead of a man.

There was one thing that was quite peculiar in Mrs. True's management of her house, and that was, she made it an essential thing that all her servants—and she had a great many, usually seven or eight—should be respectable in character, and of good moral and religious principles. She did this mainly on account of the children. She knew very well that children were often greatly injured in the formation of their characters by the influence

Principles by which Mrs. True was governed in choosing servants.

of servants, and she thought it would be much easier to prevent this injury by having servants whose characters were good, than by having bad persons for servants, and then attempting to keep the children away from them.

Accordingly, in engaging servants, the only two things that Mrs. True looked for were, first, a good moral and religious character, and, secondly, willingness to obey. If those whom she employed had good principles, and were willing to obey her, that was all she asked. She was willing to teach them herself how to perform their duties. This was comparatively easy, for she was very precise, regular, and systematic in all her household arrangements, so that every servant had a distinct, regular, and well-defined duty to perform every day, and every thing went on smoothly and harmoniously. Mrs. True also took great pains to make her servants happy. The parts of the house which they occupied were all nicely furnished, and were kept always in perfect order, so that the house had for them all the attractions of home. She also took care that they were provided from time to time with suitable recreations and amusements, remembering that girls are girls, and women are women, and men are men, just as much when they are servants as when they are free.

The effects of this policy on the part of Mrs. True in the management of her household was very good in a great many respects. One of the consequences was, that the children and the servants were very excellent friends to each other, and the influence which they exerted on each other was beneficial to both parties. John liked all the servants very much indeed, but his favorite among

John liked the Duke.	Why.	Breakfast.	Lucy.
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them was a man who was commonly called the Duke. He was the coachman. One reason why John liked him the best was because he had the care of the horses, and John, though he had no very high opinion of his mother's carriages, liked the horses and the stable very much indeed.

CHAPTER II.

HONESTY.

ONE day in the spring, toward the last of the month of April, when John True was about eight years old, he got into serious difficulty by doing wrong; but as he learned a very valuable religious lesson from the occurrence—the first real and practical religious lesson perhaps it was that he ever learned—he concluded, on the whole, after it was all over, that he was not sorry for it. The circumstances of the case were these:

In the morning of that day, on getting up from breakfast in the breakfast-room, which was a beautiful little room, situated over the dining-room, on the other side of the house from the parlors, and fitted up expressly for family breakfasts, he went to the window, and, standing behind the folds of the curtain, he began to look out into the yard toward the stable. It was then about half past eight o'clock.

“Lucy,” said he, “come here.”

Lucy was still at the table. Wilton, the waiter, had just brought her a fresh plate of hot buckwheat cakes, and was at that moment pouring some sirup upon them from a little silver can.

Conversation between John and his mother.

Mrs. St. James.

“Well,” said Lucy, “in a minute or two, as soon as I have finished my breakfast.”

“Mother,” said John, “are you going to take a ride to-day?”

“Why?” asked his mother.

“Because it is so pleasant,” said John. “And besides, if you are, I can tell Duke about getting out the carriage. I am going down into the stable to see him.”

“Very well,” said Mrs. True. “Tell him that he may bring the carriage up at twelve o’clock.”

“Why, mother,” said John, “that is too early to make calls.”

“I am not going to make calls,” replied his mother.

“Then are you going a shopping?” said John.

“No,” replied his mother, “I am going to take a drive.”

The truth was, Mrs. True was going to invite a lady who was in feeble health, and who had no carriage of her own, to go out and take the air with her a little while that pleasant morning; but, being extremely unostentatious in all her acts of kindness and charity, she called it going to take a drive herself, as if it were for her own pleasure.

Mrs. True acted in these cases on a principle very different from that adopted by some ladies that I know. There was, for example, a certain Mrs. St. James, who lived near Mrs. True’s in the Fifth Avenue. She had occasion, one summer morning, to go out about three miles on the Bloomingdale Road, to make inquiries about a housekeeper whom she wished to employ, and she thought that this would be a good opportunity to obtain the credit of giving somebody a ride. So she ran over in her mind the names of

Mrs. St. James's note to Mrs. Livingston.

The Clarendon Hotel.

those ladies of her acquaintance who did not keep carriages, and finally decided on Mrs. William Livingston, a lady who, though not rich herself, had very wealthy and genteel connections, and Mrs. St. James accordingly thought it very important that she should be on friendly terms with her. So she sat down and wrote a note to her as follows:

“ MY DEAR MRS. LIVINGSTON :

“ It promises to be a pleasant day to-morrow, and if so, I thought it probable that you might like to take a little drive. If you would, and if you are not otherwise engaged, I will call for you at any hour you may name. Please send me word by the bearer.

Yours very affectionately,

“ ELVIRA ST. JAMES.”

Mrs. Livingston sent back a note in reply to this, saying that she was extremely obliged to Mrs. St. James for her politeness, and that she would be very happy to go. She added, moreover, that she would be ready to go at any hour after eleven o'clock.

Accordingly, about half past eleven, Mrs. St. James drove up to the ladies' entrance of the Clarendon Hotel, where Mrs. Livingston boarded, and was ushered into the ladies' parlor, having sent her card up by the waiter to Mrs. Livingston's room. When Mrs. Livingston came down she gave her a very cordial greeting, and as they entered the carriage, she asked her which way she would like to go. The footman stood holding open the door of the carriage, waiting for the decision.



THE CLARENCE.

Conversation at the door of the carriage.

"Oh, wherever you please," said Mrs. Livingston.

"How would you like to go up the Bloomingdale Road?" said Mrs. St. James. "I thought perhaps you would like that way as well as any, there are such pretty views of the river on the Bloomingdale Road, and I know you are so fond of the water."

Mrs. Livingston said that she should like that drive very much.

"Up the Bloomingdale Road, then, Thomas," said Mrs. St. James, speaking in a very bland and amiable tone. So Thomas shut the door, touched his hat, and then mounted on the box with the coachman, and the carriage drove away.

They went on very pleasantly up the Bloomingdale Road, Mrs. Livingston supposing all the time that the party was made and the route selected wholly on her account. They went on a mile past the place where Mrs. St. James was to make her inquiries. When they reached the house on their return, Mrs. St. James suddenly seemed to remember that she had an errand there.

"Now I think of it," said she, "my dear Mrs. Livingston, I had a little commission to execute at this house. Would you mind waiting for me here a minute?"

"Oh no, indeed," said Mrs. Livingston. "I will wait as long as you please."

"But no," said Mrs. St. James, "I had better come up some other day. It would be very impolite to leave you here waiting in the carriage even for a minute. I don't know how I could have been so uncivil as to have thought of such a thing."

But Mrs. Livingston insisted that Mrs. St. James should stop, and at length, after much entreaty, Mrs. St. James allowed herself

The way in which Mrs. True would have managed the case.

to be persuaded, and so went in and transacted her business, and afterward drove Mrs. Livingston home to her hotel.

Now it may be that some ladies, in reading this account, may think there is no harm in any little innocent maneuvering of this kind in the intercourse which ladies have with each other. They may even judge that Mrs. St. James managed the case with great adroitness and dexterity, and was to be commended for her tact instead of being censured for duplicity. For my part, I express no opinion on the subject at all. All I have to do is to state the fact that some ladies are very fond of practicing this kind of management, but that Mrs. True never would do so. If she had been in Mrs. St. James's place, the form of the note which she would have written to Mrs. Livingston would have been this :

“ MY DEAR MRS. LIVINGSTON :

“ I have occasion to-morrow to go out three or four miles on the Bloomingdale Road on some business, and if you feel inclined to take a drive, and will go with me, I shall esteem it a great favor.

“ Yours very sincerely,

MARY TRUE.”

I do not say myself which of these methods would be the best. The young ladies among my readers must judge for themselves by considering which of the two, if they had been Mrs. Livingston, they would have preferred.

But this story of Mrs. St. James has led me to so long a digression that I must carry the remainder of the account of the difficulty that John True got into forward to another chapter.

Mrs. True orders the carriage.

The Patagonian.

Half past eight.

CHAPTER III.

THE DUKE.

“TELL the Duke,” said Mrs. True, when John was ready to go down, “that I am going out in the barouche this morning, and I wish to have the top down, and he may put in the Patagonian.”

The Patagonian was a robe of some sort of South American fur, which Mrs. True used for spreading over her lap and feet when riding in a sleigh or carriage in cool weather. It was a very handsome robe. It was square in form, and had an ornamented border, made of a different-colored fur from that in the centre. The under side of the robe was lined with velvet. This robe, being made of the fur of some sort of animal found in Patagonia, went usually by the name of the Patagonian.

“Oh, mother,” said John, “you will not need the Patagonian to-day. It is warmer than summer.”

“It will do no harm to put it in the carriage,” said Mrs. True. “And, John,” she added, “before you go, tell me what time it is.”

John went to the mantle-piece and looked at a little square ebony clock that was standing there, and told his mother that it was half past eight; then he went away.

The reason why Mrs. True asked John this question was to remind him how the time was passing, so that he might not forget himself in talking with the Duke, and be late at school.

It was a rule, or, rather, an established custom with Mrs. True,

Mrs. True was not in the habit of reminding people of their duties.

not to remind either her children or her servants of the duties which they had to perform, but to throw the responsibility of remembering their duties upon *them*, and leaving it there, in order to accustom them to attend to their own business themselves, and to act independently. "If I get in the habit," said she to herself, "of saying every morning to John, 'Come, John, it is time for you to go to school,' then, of course, *he* will soon get into the habit of waiting for such a reminder from me before he thinks of going, and so he will grow up dependent on the encouragement or the promptings of others in the performance of his duties, without any resolution and energy of his own. It is better that he should be late at school sometimes, and bear the disagreeable consequences of it, and so learn to perform his duties himself, than that he should be always punctual by a system of leaning on me, and thus having me, in fact, perform his duties for him."

Mrs. True acted always on this principle, too, with her servants, in respect to all the arrangements of the household. She assigned to each one a distinct and well-defined round of daily duty, and then put the responsibility upon them of regularly and faithfully attending to it. If they at any time forgot or neglected a duty, or seemed to be in danger of doing so, Mrs. True said nothing to remind them of it, nor did she find fault with them at the time, but called them to account for it afterward on some suitable occasion, when she could do it more formally and deliberately, and, of course, more effectually. Thus both the children and the servants, finding that they could not have any help from her in respect to their own proper responsibilities and duties, learned to rely upon themselves

Mrs. True's talent and tact.Her reason for asking John the hour.

in performing them, and thus every thing went on much better than it would have done if she had been accustomed to allow them to lean upon her, and wait for her promptings and reminders. The servants themselves liked this mode of management, too, as soon as they understood it and became accustomed to it. Indeed, there is nothing that is more vexatious and disagreeable to servants who have any portion of self-respect than to have the mistress constantly checking and prompting them with, Now, Bridget, don't forget to do this, and, Thomas, be sure you remember that, and, Sarah, it is time to attend to such and such a thing. They like much better to know definitely what they have to do, and then to be required to do it of themselves, at the right time and in the right way.

It must be admitted that it required some tact and some talent on the part of the mistress to manage a household on these principles ; but Mrs. True had this talent, and any lady who has not should never undertake the management of a household of eight or ten servants in the Fifth Avenue in New York. If she does, she may depend upon having a very uncomfortable time of it. Her house, no matter how large it may be, will be full of scoldings, frettings, and dissatisfaction, from top to bottom.

But to return to John. The nearest that his mother ever came to reminding him that it was time to go to school was to ask him what o'clock it was. On this occasion, having learned that it was half past eight, he calculated that he should have ten minutes to stay in the stable, and that then he must go to school.

John went down into the lower hall, and thence passing by the

John goes into the stable.

Watering the horses.

Dolphin.

kitchen door, he entered a broad passage-way, which was bordered toward the yard with a row of large windows, and was paved with square slabs of marble. This passage-way led soon to another, at right angles to the first, and this last conducted him to the stable.

On entering the stable, John found the Duke engaged in watering one of the horses at a stone basin which stood in a corner. This basin was full of clear and pellucid water, and copious additional supplies were boiling up in the centre of it from a Croton pipe laid for the purpose under ground.

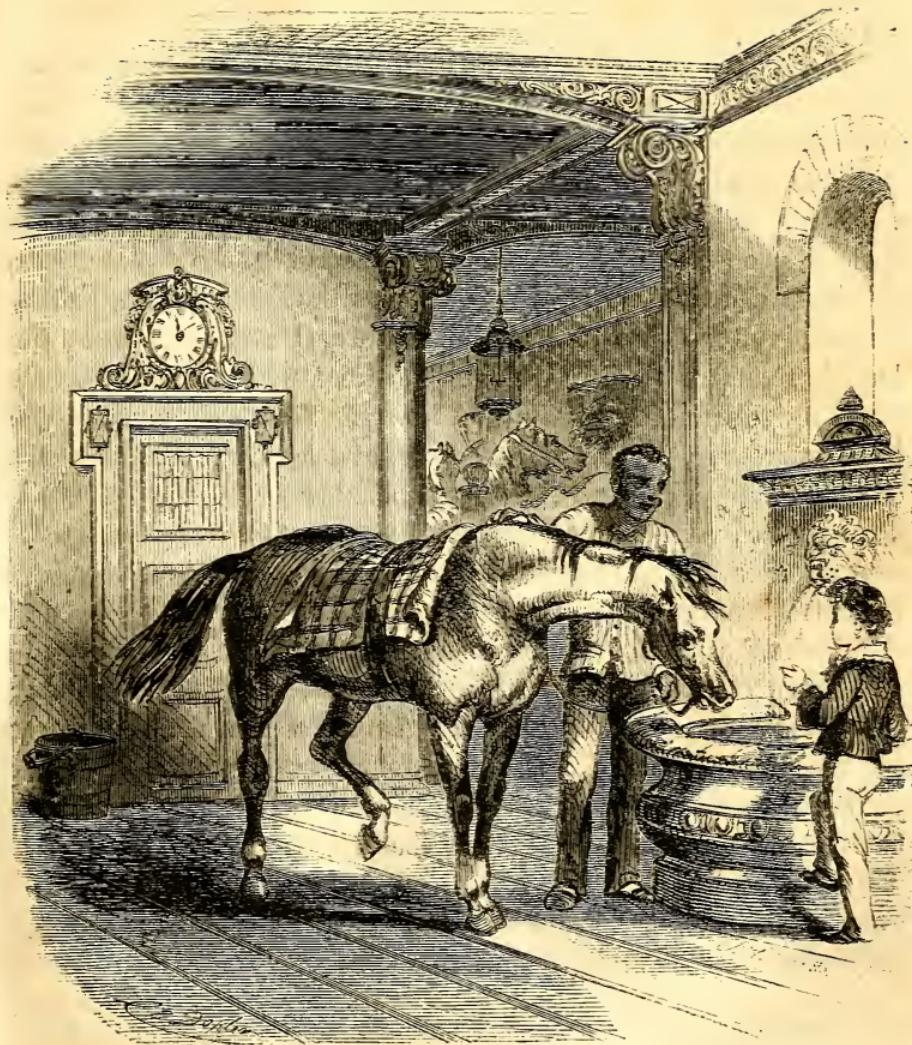
“Ah, Duke!” said John, “you are watering the horses; let me hold the halter for this one while he drinks.”

“No, Johnny,” said the Duke, “not this one, but you may hold the next one. This is Cæsar. I’m a little afraid of Cæsar, he’s so treacherous.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Johnny.

“Why, he is so fugacious,” said the Duke, “so amazing fond of dodging off. I’ve got the stable door open now just to let in a little sunshine, and he would not want any better fun than to get out and keep me running after him half an hour, all up and down Fourteenth Street. You shall hold Dolphin when I bring him out.”

So John waited quietly till Cæsar had done drinking, and the Duke had led him off to his stall, and had brought back another horse named Dolphin. The Duke put the halter of this horse into John’s hands, and he stood still, holding it while the horse drank. The horse stopped now and then, and turned his head toward John-



THE DUKE AND CÆSAR.

The Duke's clock.

His opinion of its exactness.

ny, and looked very earnestly at him, wondering apparently at his having been put under the charge of so small a groom.

John remained about ten minutes in the stable, watching all the time the hands of the Duke's clock, so as to be sure not to stay too long. The Duke's clock was a double-faced monitor, being curiously constructed in the wall which separated the stable on one side from a little room adjoining it where the Duke slept. It had, accordingly, one face toward the stable and another toward the Duke's room, so that, in whichever place the Duke might be, he could always tell, by looking up, how the time was going. The clock, moreover, was an excellent one, and the Duke was as proud of it as of any thing in his possession.

At length, when John saw that it was getting to be nearly fifteen minutes of nine, he called out to the Duke to inquire about the correctness of this mural time-piece.*

“Duke,” said he, “is your clock right?”

“Is my clock right?” repeated the Duke, in a tone of surprise, and almost of contempt, at hearing such a question. “Is my clock right? Seems to me, Master Johnny, that you might spend your time more profitably of a pleasant morning than in asking me such superfluous interrogations as that.”

Johnny laughed. He was not by any means surprised, however, at the Duke's long words, for his grace was usually very polysyllabic in his style of conversation.

* The word *mural* denotes any thing permanently attached or pertaining to a wall, or any thing resembling a wall. A mural instrument of any kind is an instrument built into a wall. A mural precipice is one that resembles a wall.

John thinks it is time for him to go to school.

“I am not going to say,” continued the Duke, “that the Trinity Church clock did not cost more money, nor that the City Hall clock has not got a bigger face, but if any body wants to know *what o’clock it is*,” he added, energetically, “the place to look is *there*.”

The Duke pronounced the word *there* with remarkable emphasis, and at the same moment extended his hand in a somewhat theatrical manner toward his clock-face, and, looking toward Johnny, he nodded his head with a triumphant air and manner, which seemed to denote that what he had said was perfectly conclusive, and that there was not another word to be added.

Johnny had no disposition to controvert the Duke’s good opinion of his clock, and so simply said, quietly,

“Well, Duke, if your clock is right, then it is high time for me to go to school.”

“I think so too,” said the Duke.

So Johnny put the halter of Dolphin into the Duke’s hand, and ran off into the house. He had forgotten his mother’s message entirely.

It was not more than five minutes’ walk for John from the house where he lived to the school, so that fifteen minutes was a very good allowance, according to the rule which his father had given him. “Always,” said his father, “when you go to keep an appointment, set out from home long enough before the time to forget something twice and come back for it.”

Mr. True had a similar rule for John in respect to crossing the street when an omnibus was coming.

John remembers his message.

He goes back to deliver it.

“Never cross the street,” said he, “when an omnibus is coming, unless you see that there will be time for you to fall down twice and get up again before it would overtake you.”

John went back to the house, and got his books and his cap, and then, bidding his mother good-morning, he descended the stairs and went out at the front door. As he was going down the marble steps, he suddenly recollected that he had not given his message about the barouche to the Duke.

“Ah!” said he, “I forgot. I must go round to the stable and tell the Duke. That shows what a good rule it is to allow myself time to go back.”

So he went round the corner of the avenue to the street that the stable-door opened upon, and there, looking in at the door, which was wide open, he delivered his message, and then, without stopping a moment longer than was necessary, he returned to the avenue, and began to walk along briskly toward school.

CHAPTER IV.

PHILBERT.

JOHN had not gone far before he heard a voice calling him from behind. He looked round, and saw a boy named Philbert coming up. Philbert was one of his schoolmates.

“Stop a minute for me,” said Philbert.

“No,” said John, “I can’t stop; I shall be late.”

So John went on; and just at that moment he heard the sound of a drum and fife coming. It happened that there was a military

Philbert.

John and Philbert on the way to school.

review that day in New York, and the music which John heard pertained to a column of soldiery that had come up Broadway into Fourteenth Street, and was now just turning from Fourteenth Street into Fifth Avenue.

There was an officer on horseback at the head of the column, which was now pretty near, and just as John was leaving the curb-stone to cross the street, for it was necessary to cross the street in order to get to the school, Philbert came up behind him. He had run when he found that John would not wait for him.

“Stop, Johnny,” said he; “don’t go across the street till the soldiers have gone by.”

“Yes,” said John, “I must go across the street to get to school.”

“No,” said Philbert, taking hold of his arm, “you must not go across now; you’ll get run over. Don’t you see that horse coming prancing along?”

The horse was drawing pretty near—so near that John had some doubt whether he should have time to fall down twice and get up again before the horse would come up to the place. So he allowed himself to be drawn back to the curb-stone, in order to wait on that side of the street till the soldiers should have gone by.

Philbert was rather cunning in this maneuver. He was older than John, and he knew very well that the column of soldiers would be long, and that, unless they passed across the street before the head of it, they would have no opportunity to pass for a considerable time, and so would have a good excuse for waiting on the sidewalk to see them, even at the risk of being late at school.

The column of soldiery coming up the avenue.

The music.

John did not think of this. He saw the prancing horse, and the two lines of drummers, and the band of music, and the boys, and the platoons of soldiers following, and fearing lest he might, as Philbert said, get run over, he allowed himself to be drawn back to the sidewalk.

There was a great crowd of men and boys coming along the sidewalk, the boys running, and the men walking with long strides, to keep up with the music. To prevent being swept away by this torrent, Philbert drew John well to the sheltered side of a small frame built around a tree, and there they stood safely till the prancing horse, the drums and fifes, and the band of music had gone by.

When the head of the column was exactly opposite to them, a man, dressed elegantly in uniform, and carrying a cane with a very large gold head, made a signal with it, in obedience to which the drums and fifes suddenly stopped, and an instant afterward there came from the band of music, which consisted of a great number of trumpets, clarionets, trombones, serpents, cymbals, and horns, a burst of rich and melodious sounds—the commencement of a march—which filled the hearts of all the by-standers with delight.

Philbert and John listened with breathless silence until the sound of the music began to die away in the distance as the band went up the avenue.

Then they turned, and looked down the avenue to see whether the end of the column was in sight. It was not. Platoon after platoon of soldiers came wheeling round the corner from Fourteenth Street, one after the other, their nodding plumes and glit-

Philbert entices John away.

Trumpets and drums.

tering bayonets showing beautifully and brilliantly above the heads of the crowd that stood watching them from the sidewalk.

“Now, Philbert!” said John, in a tone of disappointment and complaint, “we can’t get across the street, and we shall be late at school.”

“Oh no,” said Philbert. “We will walk along, and we shall come to the end of the soldiers very soon.”

“No,” said John, “we must go across.”

“We can’t get across,” said Philbert. “If we attempt to go through the ranks, they’ll run their bayonets into us.”

John looked at the row of glittering bayonets that were then passing, and the idea of having one run into him by an angry soldier was so appalling that he was very willing to remain safe on the sidewalk where he was.

“Come,” said Philbert, “let us walk along, and then, when we come to the end of the column, we can go across, and up on the other side. We shall get to school in season, you may depend. There will be plenty of time.”

So Philbert and John began to walk along toward the corner of Fourteenth Street, where they saw the successive ranks of the procession of soldiers coming round. Presently they began to hear the sound of more drums coming in that direction. As they went on toward the corner, they perceived that the sound of the drums was coming nearer and nearer, and on reaching the place and turning into Fourteenth Street, they found the band of drummers close at hand. There were two rows of them, eight in each row, making sixteen in all. The noise they made, as they went by, was so

Philbert and John can not get across the street.

loud and incessant that Philbert and John, in speaking to each other, could not hear a single word.

John looked anxiously along Fourteenth Street toward Broadway, but he could see no end to the coming multitudes of soldiers. Here and there were large and gayly-painted banners waving in the air, beneath which were to be seen rows of bayonets, or of black bearskin caps; and in the distance, a troop of horse, just coming into view, was wheeling into Fourteenth Street from Broadway, with four trumpeters at the head of them, trumpeting in loud and musical strains as they came.

Philbert and John walked along the sidewalk, observing and talking about the different uniforms of the successive companies in the column as rank after rank passed them on their march. Some were dressed like Scotch Highlanders, others in the antique fashion of old Revolutionary times. There was a company of pioneers, armed with elegantly-made axes, picks, and spades, and other implements of military labor. The boys were, however, most interested in watching the approach of the horsemen that were coming round the corner at the foot of Union Square.

They walked on till they came to the corner where they could look down Broadway. There seemed, however, no end to the column of soldiers.

“Dear me!” said John, “we shall never get to the end of them.”

Philbert said nothing, but looked pleased rather than uneasy at the prospect.

“We shall certainly be late,” said John.

“Well,” said Philbert, “we can’t help it if we are. Come!”

Rule of the school in respect to tardiness.

So saying, Philbert was proceeding to go across the place, with a view of continuing the walk down Broadway. John was at first unwilling to go any farther, but Philbert represented to him that that was the best thing they could do, in order to get as quick as possible to school.

“Because,” said he, “we can’t get by the procession till we get to the end of it, and we shall get to the end of it a great deal sooner by going on.

“Besides,” continued Philbert, “we can’t get into school now till recess, for I am sure ’tis after the time.”

It was one of the regulations at the school where Philbert and John went, that at five minutes after nine the doors were locked, so that if any boys, in coming to school, were more than five minutes too late, they could not get in at all—at least, they could not get in till recess; then the tardy ones were admitted, provided they had been willing to wait all that time, or had gone home and returned again.

This rule was adopted for the purpose of accustoming the boys to a very strict enforcement of the rules of punctuality, though it seems to me that such a system is rather severe, especially in its action upon the younger pupils. The influence of it, however, was quite powerful, for the boys dreaded very much being locked out. They were afraid to stay waiting at the door, and equally afraid to go home. This was especially the case with the youngest and best boys. The older boys and the bad ones, on the other hand, did not care much for such a punishment, and sometimes even they almost seemed to think it was good fun.

The voice of conscience.

John's uneasiness of mind.

Philbert appeared pleased with the idea that he and John were probably by this time locked out of school, while John was quite anxious and unhappy about it.

CHAPTER V.

LED AWAY.

I HAVE often observed that, in cases of doing wrong, there are two special periods in which the compunctions of conscience make themselves felt in our souls. The first is when we are about commencing the act of transgression. Conscience speaks then in warning. The other is after the act is fully committed, and the wrong is done. Conscience speaks then in retribution.

In the interval between these two periods she is usually silent. She warns us before we begin, but if we do not heed the warning, she withdraws, and leaves us to ourselves, to act as we will. She says as she retires, "If you will not listen to me, I will let you alone. You may have your own way. I will not trouble you. But I will come back and sting you by-and-by, when it is all over."

It was so in the case of John. He felt a good deal of uneasiness at first in allowing himself to be drawn by Philbert so far out of the line of his duty, knowing very well that the reasons which Philbert assigned for going down Broadway were frivolous and illusive. However, he allowed himself to be persuaded, notwithstanding the warnings and forebodings which conscience suggested to him, and, of course, the warnings and forebodings soon

In what respect John was to be considered a good boy.

died away. As soon as he found that it was entirely too late to reach school, and that he had fairly crossed Broadway, and was going down the street on the other side, lost, almost, among the throngs that were going and coming, all the uneasiness disappeared from his mind, and he went on, careless, and light-hearted, and full of excitement and pleasure. He, of course, now relinquished every expectation of getting to school, and so, dismissing all care and concern from his mind, he gave himself up to the enjoyments of the passing hour.

Some of my readers may perhaps be surprised at this.

“I thought,” some one may perhaps say, “that John was a good boy.”

He was a good boy, on the whole; that is, he was what is called a good boy; but then, like other such boys, he often did wrong. There are no boys that are not often led away by temptation to do wrong. The difference which we observe among boys does not consist in this, that some always do right while others always do wrong, but in this, that while all are continually, or at least very frequently doing wrong, some hate the wrong when they have done it, and are sorry for it, and resolve to do so no more, while others love it, and cling to it, and determine to practice it as often as they can.

Now John True was a boy of the former sort. He had done wrong a thousand times. I will not say that he had often told lies and stolen, for those are rather harsh words to use. But he had very often taken things which did not belong to him, and which he knew that he was forbidden to take, and he had often

Anecdote of John.

The stolen lump of sugar.

said what was not true. In this he was like all other boys, good or bad. There probably never was a boy or girl that was wholly innocent of these things. There are a great many mothers who think their children are innocent, and they will often say, I never knew my William or my Mary to tell a lie in my life. But such mothers deceive themselves, and, whatever they may think, William and Mary know very well that they have told untruths a great many times.

At any rate, it was so with John, although he was what would generally be called a very good boy. For instance, when he was about five years old, he was sitting at the breakfast-table one morning, after the rest of the family had gone away, all except his mother, who was busy in another part of the room. He asked his mother to give him a lump of sugar.

“Yes,” said Mrs. True, “one—only one.”

So saying, she took out a lump of sugar from the sugar-bowl with the silver sugar-tongs, and put it down by the side of John’s plate.

John knew very well that when his mother said “only one,” she meant what she said, and that it was wholly useless for him to ask for any more. So he watched his opportunity, and when Wilton had gone out and his mother was looking the other way, he climbed up and took another lump of sugar out of the bowl, and hid it in his pocket.

A few minutes afterward, when Johnny had got down from his chair, and was standing by the fire, his mother was smoothing his jacket, and she felt something hard in the pocket.

John sometimes told falsehoods openly.

“What’s this, Johnny?” said she; “the lump of sugar I gave you?”

Johnny nodded his head. He did not like to say it was that lump in words, and so he only nodded. But how can there be any possible difference in the sight of God in respect to the guilt of telling a lie, whether a child tells it with his head or with his tongue?

Sometimes, however, John would say what was not true, openly and fully, in words. For example, one day, when he was about seven years old, he was in the stable with the Duke, who was harnessing the horses into the carriage. He asked the Duke to take him into the carriage and let him ride round to the door. The Duke said that he could not give him a ride that morning, for he was in a great “trepidation,” as he said, being about two minutes behind time. John immediately ran off into the house, and after waiting in the kitchen entry about a minute, he came back, and said, “Now, Duke, you *must* give me a ride round, for mother says I may ride.”

“Oh, very well,” said the Duke; “if your mother says so, it is all right. My business is to obey orders.”

In the same manner John would sometimes manage his sister Lucy, by pretending to have his mother’s authority for requiring her to do what he wished. If, at any time, she would not give him up a book of his, or a plaything which she had taken, or would not come in when he called her, from the yard, or the balcony, or in any other way refused to comply with his requisitions, he would go away for a minute or two, and then come back and pretend that

John sometimes did right and sometimes wrong.

he had told his mother, and that his mother had said that Lucy must do as he desired. Lucy would then obey. John justified this sort of falsehood to his own mind, in some degree, by saying to himself that his mother had often given directions that Lucy should always do such things when he wished her to do them, and that, although she had not received the command in this particular instance, that made no difference. He had a right, he thought, to tell Lucy that his mother said she must do as he directed her in this case, because she had said in general that she must do so. But he had, in fact, no right whatever to tell her so. It was a falsehood.

Then, in respect to his duty to his father and mother, John, though generally docile and obedient, would often in secret disobey their commands, and sometimes, openly and in their presence, he would manifest ill-humor and sullenness when they required something of him that he did not like. Thus, like all other children, sometimes he did right and sometimes he did wrong. When he was about to do wrong at any time, his conscience remonstrated with him and warned him, and after it was all over, then conscience reproached him and made him unhappy. At other times, he was light-hearted, joyous, and gay. Indeed, his general character and deportment were such as to lead most persons to consider him an innocent and happy boy. All was very bright and cheerful in the outward appearance, though there was often a feeling of self-condemnation, dejection, and gloom within. His soul was like a beautiful stream that the sun shines upon. The waters are brilliant, and dancing, and joyous on the surface, and are seen rip-

John and Philbert continue their walk down Broadway.

pling merrily along the margin of the shore, over golden sands, while yet the depths are all cold, dark, and gloomy below.

In a word, John, though generally considered a good boy by others, was not really satisfied with himself. And this is the case with all good boys. Really bad boys have much less compunction for their sins. Their consciences become seared.

But I must return to the story.

John and Philbert walked on down Broadway, greatly interested and excited by the series of spectacles which presented themselves to view. The column of soldiery was steadily advancing up the street, with a new and different uniform for every successive company that came. There were flags and banners waving in the air, and drums beating, and trumpets sounding. There were crowds of men, women, and children standing on the edge of the sidewalk, or clustering on the steps of the doors, while above, people were looking out at the windows, and waving hats and handkerchiefs in the air.

At length the two boys came to the foot of the column. The last rank of soldiers marched by. But, far from being able now to cross over to the other side, as they had expected, they found the street perfectly choked up, for a long distance, with carts, wagons, omnibuses, and every other species of vehicle, the circulation having been very much impeded in the street by the march of the military procession.

“Well,” said Philbert, “here’s a jam. Never mind; they’ll clear it away very soon. See the policemen!”

So saying, Philbert pointed to two or three men that were stand-

The policemen.

Objects of interest in Broadway.

ing here and there in the midst of the vehicles, with short whips in their hands, and brass stars for badges on their breasts. These were the policemen. They were brandishing their whips, and issuing orders to the various cartmen, coachmen, and drivers that were mounted on the vehicles around them, telling them which way to go in order to open a passage-way for the rest, and as the drivers themselves were all the time shouting and vociferating to their horses, or to one another, the whole street was full of uproar and din.

“Never mind,” said Philbert; “they’ll get it cleared very soon.”

The truth was, Philbert was glad of this obstruction. He had no intention of going to school at all that day, and he was glad to have any thing occur to assist him in enticing Johnny away.

So he continued to walk on. John himself was at first somewhat disinclined to go any farther, but he was very easily persuaded, and so they both went on.

There is never any want of objects of interest and attraction for boys in Broadway; for, what with the sights to be seen in the shop windows, the endless number and variety of the promenaders on the sidewalks, and the ever-changing series of spectacles produced by the streams of carts, omnibuses, and vans, the gay and splendid equipages, the masonic funerals, the civil and military processions, the target companies going out to shoot, with now and then a fire-engine thundering by with frightful speed and terrific uproar—what with all these things, and many others like them and unlike them, there is usually enough going on in this celebrated

An alarm of fire.

The engine.

The hose in the street.

street to give full occupation to the minds of such boys as Philbert and John, however frequently they may go into it, and however long they may stay. On this occasion, however, it happened that there was an attraction to entice the boys which produced an excitement somewhat unusual even for Broadway. There was an actual and veritable alarm of fire.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRE.

THE first notice that John had of this alarm was hearing the sound of a very loud voice calling out hoarsely through a speaking-trumpet at a little distance from him, **PLAY AWAY No. 10! PLAY AWAY No. 10!**

“There’s a fire!” said Philbert. “Let’s run. Come!”

Philbert meant that they should run toward the fire, not from it. He took hold of Johnny’s hand, and hurried him along. Johnny was not at all loath to go. They soon saw, a little way before them, down the street, a fire-engine stationed in the middle of the street. Fifty men had hold of the brakes, and were working them up and down with a sharp and quick stroke, which denoted that they were driving the water through the hose with great force. The hose was lying along the ground like an immense serpent, wriggling and writhing under the pressure which it was sustaining, and spouting out hissing jets of water at every imperfect joint and seam.

“Let’s go and see the fire,” said Philbert.

The policemen.

Engines in the street.

The fire.

“How shall we find it?” said John.

“We’ll follow the hose,” said Philbert.

So saying, Philbert led the way, Johnny very readily accompanying him, until they came to a place where the long, snake-like pipe, which was conveying the water toward the fire, turned a corner. Here policemen were stationed to keep off the carriages. They, however, allowed pedestrians to pass along the sidewalk.

“We must go this way,” said Philbert.

So John went on where Philbert led him. They came presently to another engine stationed in the street. There was a great crowd around this engine, and the firemen were at work at the brakes. The hose from No. 10 terminated in this engine, and the water, being delivered here, received a fresh impulse, which sent it forward through another length of hose on toward the fire.

The boys went on, pushing their way through the crowd, which grew every moment more and more dense, until at length they began to see the fire.

“See!” said Philbert; “there it is!”

John looked, and he saw volumes of dense smoke, and now and then flashes of flame, issuing from the windows and the roof of a lofty building in the middle of a block a short distance before them.

“The whole block will go,” said Philbert, “as sure as fate. Nothing can save it. It will be a most magnificent fire.”

Philbert attempted to lead Johnny on, but their progress was very soon arrested by some policemen, who stood upon the sidewalk stopping the passage by means of a rope which they had

The boys take a position for viewing the fire.

drawn across it. People were crowding against the rope, but they were not allowed to pass.

“Let’s go up on these steps,” said Philbert.

So saying, he conducted Johnny up a flight of steps which led to the door of a house. There were a great many people on the steps already, but the boys succeeded in getting to the top. Here they climbed up to a place where, though there was hardly room enough for them to stand, they made out to maintain themselves by clinging to an iron railing, and then turned their whole attention toward the fire. It was a very imposing and exciting spectacle.

The street was thronged with firemen. Some were working the brakes of the engines, some were shouting to one another through brazen trumpets, and in a few minutes after Philbert and John had taken their station, they saw a long ladder beginning slowly to rise above the heads of the crowd.

“Look!” said Philbert; “they are going to put up a ladder.”

“What is that for—to get the people out?” asked John.

“No,” said Philbert, “it is to get the water in. Watch them, and you’ll see.”

So John watched the proceedings. The ladder rose slowly in the air, until at length the end fell over against the building, between two of the fourth-story windows, where the smoke and flames were coming out.

“Now you’ll see a fireman going up,” said Philbert.

“He’ll be suffocated,”* said John, “if he does.”

* Suffocated means stifled.

A fireman goes up the ladder.

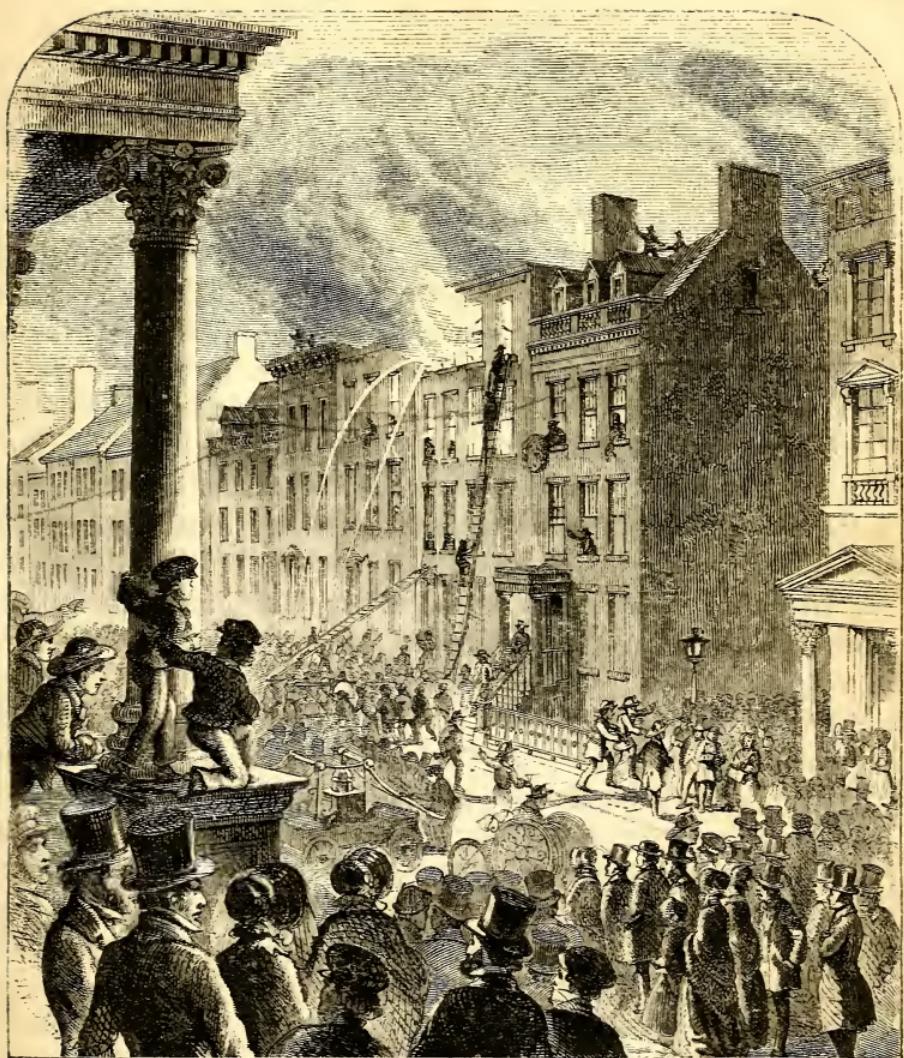
The engines begin to play.

A moment afterward John saw the head of the fireman rising above the crowd at the lower rounds of the ladder. He wore a great leather cap, with a flap extending down behind to keep the water out of his neck. He had in his hand the pipe of a hose, and was toiling with it laboriously up the ladder, dragging the long empty hose that was attached to it after him. The boys watched him till he reached the top.

The smoke poured out all over and around him, and now and then a flash of flame came ; he, however, paid no regard to either, but immediately went to work lashing the hose firmly to the side of the ladder, for the weight of it, when it should be filled with water, he knew very well would be too great for him to hold. As soon as the hose was thus properly secured, the boys saw by his gestures that he was calling out loudly to the firemen below. The uproar and din in the street were so great that they could not hear what he said.

“ He is telling them to play away,” said Philbert. “ Now, in a minute, you will hear the brakes going.”

In a moment more the boys began to hear the sharp, quick beat of the brakes of one of the engines which stood in the street below. The fireman on the ladder then immediately seized the pipe and pointed it toward one of the windows where the smoke was coming out. Very soon a stream of water was seen spouting out toward the window with great force and fury. It hissed against the hot bricks, and rattled the broken glass of the window, and in a few minutes began to change the dark smoke into volumes of white steam.



PHILBERT AND JOHN LOOKING AT THE FIRE.

The boys watch all the proceedings.

About this time other streams of water began to be seen playing upon the building from other engines in the street below, and every now and then a white jet of spray was seen coming entirely over the roof, as if thrown by a company of firemen on the other side. Very soon, too, another ladder was put up, and a fireman, having mounted it with his hose, began to play in through another window, as the first had done. The boys watched all these proceedings with a great deal of interest.

“Do you think they will put it out?” asked John.

“They may,” said Philbert, “they have got so many engines playing upon it.”

“I should think the firemen on those ladders would suffocate,” said John.

“No,” said Philbert, “the firemen are just like salamanders. They can breathe through smoke and fire just as you and I would in a fog.”

“Oh, Philbert!” said John.

“What are those men doing on the roofs?” asked John.

So saying, he pointed to the roofs of the houses on each side of the one that was on fire, where several men were to be seen walking about, or standing behind the chimneys, where they were sheltered a little from the smoke.

“I suppose they are watching,” said Philbert, “to see that their houses don’t get on fire.”

“I don’t believe they will get on fire,” said John.

“Nor I,” said Philbert.

“See! that man is getting nearer and nearer to the window.”

The fireman in the building.

The fire subsides.

The boys wait longer.

It was very true that the fire seemed to be gradually subsiding, and before long a third ladder was put up. This ladder was placed in such a position that the top of it rested directly upon the sill of one of the windows. A man mounted it as soon as it was fixed in its position, and when he reached the window, he stepped over the sill and went in, disappearing from view very suddenly in the midst of the volumes of smoke and steam.

“He’ll certainly be suffocated,” said John.

“Oh no,” said Philbert.

A moment afterward the man appeared at the window again, and looking down at the crowd below, and placing his hands on each side of his mouth, so as to form a sort of speaking-trumpet, he shouted out what he wished them to do. Then he disappeared from the window again, and went back into the burning building.

It now began to be very evident that the fire was subsiding, and that the firemen would succeed in putting it out before it should spread to any other buildings; and then, when the excitement which the scene had produced in Johnny’s mind began to abate, the uneasiness and the feeling of guilt began to return.

“Come,” said he to Philbert, “now let us go.”

“No,” said Philbert, “not yet. I want to wait and see them wind up the hose.”

So John allowed himself to be persuaded to wait a little longer, and they both found a good deal of amusement in watching the groups of men, women, and children that had gathered to see the fire, and the twisting and squirming of the lines of hose in the streets, and then the winding up of the hose on the carts when

John begins to grow very uneasy.

they were no longer required. While they were thus occupied, the time slipped away very insensibly. They had been now at the fire an hour and a half, though to John and Philbert it did not seem more than half an hour. Still, John began to think it was time for them to go.

“Come, Philbert,” said John, “we *must* go.”

“No,” said Philbert, “not quite yet; there is no hurry. We can’t get into school before recess, and it is not near recess yet.”

“Yes,” said John, “it certainly will be recess by the time we get back to school.”

“Besides,” said Philbert, “I believe it is past the time for recess. Recess is at twelve, and it must be after twelve now, so it is of no use to go back.”

This was very inconsistent. People are often inconsistent when they are making excuses. They say any thing that comes into their minds which they think will be most likely to produce the desired effect, without considering at all whether it is false or true.

“Look! look!” said Philbert, suddenly, pointing to one of the engines. “They are just going off with the machine. Let us go with them, and look into the engine-house when they put it in.”

Philbert said this in a tone of excitement, as if he were very greatly interested in the idea of following the engine and looking into the engine-house. This interest was, however, all assumed, as a means of diverting Johnny’s attention from the idea of going back to school.

So the boys ran on, following, or, rather, accompanying the engine. The engine went in the middle of the street, while they ran

Philbert attempts to run with the engine.

on the sidewalk. Philbert wanted to run out and take hold of the rope, but John was afraid to do this.

"*I'm* going," said Philbert. "Here are ever so many boys hold of the rope that are not so big as I am."

John entreated Philbert not to go, but Philbert would not listen to him.

"You need not go," said he. "You may stay here. But I want to try it a minute or two, just to see how it seems."

So saying, Philbert ran out into the street, and caught hold of the rope at a place where he saw a little vacancy. His countenance wore a very anxious and even somewhat frightened expression while he was running out, and at the moment when he was trying to seize hold of the rope, but as soon as he had fairly got hold he seemed to recover his composure, and he looked up toward John as he ran on with a self-complacent and satisfied smile, which seemed to say, See, I'm as good a fireman as any of them.

Presently the men at the rope came to a corner where they were to turn. There was a lamp-post on the corner, and it happened that a man with a hand-cart was coming round by this lamp-post just at the time that the part of the rope which Philbert had hold of reached the place, and as the men and boys at the forward part of the rope, who had already turned the corner, were pressing on with undiminished speed, while the engine was held back a little to avoid the hand-cart, the middle of the rope, where Philbert had hold, pulled so hard against the corner that there was not room to get by. Philbert, seeing the danger, let go of the rope, and attempted to run toward the sidewalk, but somehow or other he got

Philbert falls and gets hurt in the ankle.

entangled with the hand-cart and fell. The engine was close upon him. There was no possibility of stopping it. Philbert scrambled up, endeavoring to get out of the way; but, just before he recovered his feet, one of the wheels struck his ankle, and he fell back again upon the pavement. The engine went thundering on, the men and boys shouting and yelling all the time like so many demons. They paid no attention whatever to Philbert, except that one of the men turned his head and uttered a curse upon him, asking what business he had in the streets at the time of a fire, and then pushed forward as before.

Philbert crawled out of the street on all fours, and sat down upon the curb-stone. He pressed his hands over his ankle as if he was in pain. John ran up to him immediately, and asked him if he was hurt.

“No,” said Philbert, “not much.”

Philbert was a very brave boy. He was accustomed to bear pain with great fortitude.

“I don’t know whether I can walk home or not,” said Philbert, bending his body back and forth all the time as he spoke, and still pressing his ankle. “If I can’t, somebody must get a carriage for me. But if they have to send me home, you need not be afraid. I shall not say any thing about your having been with me.”

It was certainly very noble and generous in Philbert to be so desirous to save Johnny from the danger of having to bear any of the evil consequences of the sin which he had been the means of leading him into. Indeed, with all his faults, he was a high-mind-

Philbert faints.

A policeman carries him into an apothecary's.

ed and generous boy. It is doubly to be lamented when such a boy falls into evil ways.

Notwithstanding what Philbert had said, John resolved that he would not leave him.

"I shall go with you," said he, "if you have to go home in a carriage. Does your ankle ache very much?"

Philbert did not answer. He, however, relaxed his hold upon the wounded limb, and for the moment John thought he felt better. The next instant, however, he observed that Philbert's head was hanging down upon his shoulder, and, looking into his face, he saw that his eyes were growing dim, and that his cheeks and lips were white. In a word, poor Philbert was fainting away.

John was terribly frightened. He, however, had presence of mind to seize the poor boy by the shoulders to prevent him from falling over, and, turning round to the people who were going by along the sidewalk, he called out, "Come here, somebody! This boy is fainting away."

Two or three people immediately stopped. Among them was a policeman. The policeman took Philbert up and carried him into an apothecary's shop near by, John trying to help him.

Here he laid Philbert down upon his back on a settee in the shop, and the apothecary applied the remedies usual in such cases. Very soon the patient recovered his senses and opened his eyes. The apothecary examined the ankle, and said he thought that there were no bones broken in it, but it was dreadfully bruised. He said the boy must be taken home as soon as possible. The policeman asked him where he lived, and John told him the street

Philbert is sent home.

John goes with him in the carriage.

and number. The policeman then went and called a carriage, and they put Philbert into it. John got in too. The policeman said that he would go with them if Philbert thought it was necessary, but Philbert said he thought he could get home very well without any body but Johnny.

The house where Philbert lived was in the Fifth Avenue, a little above Mr. True's. John was afraid that some one might be looking out of the window at his father's when he went by, and see him in the carriage. It is true he was intending to tell his mother that he had not been at school that day, but he thought he should like better to tell her himself, when he got home, than to have her find it out by seeing him going by in the carriage. So, when the carriage passed by his father's house, he sat back out of sight. His mother's carriage was at the door, and the Duke was sitting on the box. Mrs. True had just come home, and the Duke was waiting to know whether he should be wanted any more. The Duke looked at the carriage which John was in as it went by, but John had bestowed himself so snugly in the corner that the Duke did not see him.

When they came in sight of the house where Philbert lived, Philbert looked out of the window to see if he could see any body at the door or at a window. There was nobody.

“If you will just get out and ring the bell,” said Philbert to John, “when we get to the door, Walter will come and take me in. I shall tell him I got hurt in the recess by a wheel that came along. It was just about the time of our recess, I suppose, that I got hurt, and it was by a wheel that came along. You need

Philbert reaches home.

John tries to find out what o'clock it is.

not say any thing about it when you get home, and they never will know. I shall not tell any body that you were with me."

Accordingly, when the carriage stopped at the house which the boys had indicated to the hackman, John opened the iron gate, and went up the steps, and rang at the door. Walter came to the door.

"Philbert is in the carriage," said John; "he has got hurt."

"Hurt!" exclaimed Walter. "How?" and then, without waiting for an answer, he rushed out toward the carriage. John followed him.

"I am not much hurt," said Philbert; "only, Walter, you'll have to carry me in, for I can't walk." Then, looking toward John, he added, "Now you can go, John. Say nothing. Don't go home till it is time for school to be done."

So Walter took Philbert up in his arms, and carried him into the house. John walked away. His first feeling was one of relief at the thought of having got Philbert safely home, but immediately afterward he began to feel anxious and unhappy about himself, and he was greatly perplexed to know what to do.

"I wonder what o'clock it is," said he to himself. "I think it must be after one. It is too late to go to school, and I'm afraid to go home. I mean to go out into Broadway, and see if I can't find a clock somewhere."

John put this plan into execution. He walked out into Broadway, and went into a store, and asked one of the clerks if he would tell him what o'clock it was. The clerk pointed to a clock which was over a desk in the middle of the store, and John saw that it

Philbert's wound.

John goes to the stable.

Conversation with the Duke.

was half past one. The time for the close of the school was two. As this hour was now so near, John concluded that he would walk about the streets until it should arrive, and then go home. He did so. Instead, however, of going at once into the house, he went round first to the stable, where he found the Duke busy putting up the horses.

CHAPTER VII.

A LITTLE RELIEF.

THE wound which Philbert had received in his ankle was a very serious one ; but John began to feel, as he went toward his father's house, that he himself was wounded still more seriously, and also in a much tenderer part. He was wounded in his conscience and heart, and the anguish of such a hurt is very hard to bear.

Several things, however, occurred to divert John's attention for a little time from the painful thoughts that oppressed him. The first was an amusing conversation which took place between him and the Duke when he first went into the stable.

“Duke,” said John, “has my mother got home from her ride?”

“Yes,” said the Duke.

“Where did she go?” asked John.

“Oh, she went to various places,” said the Duke, speaking in a peevish tone. “But please, Master Johnny, not to disturb me now with unnecessary questions, for I am vexed in mind and disconcerted.”

The Duke is vexed.

He relates the cause of his vexation.

“Why, what is the matter?” asked John. “Who are you vexed with?”

“I am vexed with myself,” said the Duke. “I should not have thought I could have been so stupid.”

“Why, what have you been doing?” asked John.

“Oh, you would not understand it,” said the Duke, “if I were to explain it to you. You could not appreciate the circumstances at all.”

“Tell me,” said John, “and let me try.”

So the Duke, induced partly by John’s extreme urgency, and led, perhaps, partly by a desire to unburden his mind to somebody, told his story as follows:

“Why, you see,” said he, standing up by the side of one of the carriage-horses, with his curry-comb in one hand and a little wisp of straw in the other, “you see, at the very last place where your mother called, when we drove up to the door, there was a very pretty young lady standing at the area gate, and while I reined up the horses, she looked at me with a sweet smile, as if she knew me. Well, I could not recall her to mind, and sure I am I should have remembered her well if I had ever seen her. As soon as your mother had gone in, I wished to speak to her, but nothing very particular occurred to me just at that moment to say, and so I did not say any thing.”

Here the Duke rubbed down the thigh of the horse with the curry-comb which he held in his right hand, following the comb with the wisp of straw in his left hand.

“Well,” said John, “and what next?”

Account of his interview with the unknown young lady.

“Well,” said the Duke, “the young lady stood still, looking first at the horses, next at the carriage, and then at me, as if she were expecting me to speak to her. I was perfectly willing to speak to her; in fact, I may say I *wished* to speak to her, but not having any thing just at that moment to say, of course I could not say any thing.”

“No, of course you could not,” said John.

“Well,” said the Duke, continuing his story, “after about a minute longer, she looked at me again, kinder than ever, and then said to me, ‘Is this Augustus Downing, or is it possible that I am mistaken?’”

“Who is Augustus Downing?” asked John.

“I don’t know,” said the Duke; “some of her friends, I suppose. I told her no, I was not Augustus Downing; that my name was Dugald Stuart.”

This was, in truth, the real name of the Duke. The name that he was commonly called by was obtained, I believe, in some way by a sort of contraction of Dugald.

“Well,” said John, “and what did she say then?”

“Nothing,” said the Duke. “She paused a half a minute, and then turned around and went into the house, and she was lost to my sight wholly and finally.”

The Duke said this in a very mournful and pathetic tone, and then immediately went on with the operation of currying the horse with great energy.

“She had not been gone two minutes,” said the Duke, again, suddenly stopping his work and looking at John, “before there

The Duke finishes his narrative.

"Stand round."

occurred to me a good thing I might have said that would undoubtedly have detained her by my side. I was so stupid that, while she was there, I could not say a word—I could not think of a word to say; but, as soon as she was gone, it came to me—such a beautiful thing, too, *to say!* It would have been so genteel—so gallant! But that's always the way with me! I can think of such pretty things to say when I am on the coach-box, all alone, waiting on callers, or when I am here in the stable, at work on my horses; but when it comes to the point of using any of them in society, where are they?"

So saying, the Duke extended his hands, one to the right and the other to the left, and though both hands were filled, one with the curry-comb and the other with the wisp of hay, the gesture was expressive of utter emptiness and destitution.

John looked on with a very serious expression of countenance, as if he sympathized very deeply with the disappointment and mortification that the Duke seemed to experience.

"Well, what was the good thing that you might have said to her?" asked John, after a short pause.

"Why, I might have said," replied the Duke, "that I was *not* Augustus Downing, but that I wished very sincerely that I was, in order that I might have the honor and the pleasure of her acquaintance. That would have been such a neat thing to have said, if I had only thought of it at the right time."

Here, in his vexation, the Duke slapped the horse with the back of his curry-comb, and in a very dictatorial tone ordered him to "stand round." The horse thought that there was no occasion

John is called in to luncheon by his mother.

whatever for this order, as it seemed to him that he was standing right before ; still, he meekly obeyed.

John looked somewhat perplexed. He did not perceive in this occurrence, as the Duke related it, any thing so very vexatious ; yet he was sorry, because the Duke seemed to be sorry ; and, at any rate, the conversation served, for a moment, to divert his thoughts. At length, thinking that it would be polite in him to take some interest in the story, since the Duke had related it to him, he inquired,

“ Was it a colored girl, Duke ?”

“ She was slightly colored,” said the Duke, “ very slightly. Indeed, I think she was as light as I am myself.”

I should perhaps have stated before that the Duke was a colored man, though he was by no means very dark.

During this conversation, John had been standing near a small door in the stable that opened toward the yard of the house, and just at this time he happened to look out toward the house, and saw his mother at one of the windows.

“ John,” said she, “ I did not know that you had got home from school. Have you had your luncheon ?”

John replied that he had not had it.

“ Well, go in now and eat your luncheon,” said she. “ Lucy is there.”

John had had a vague and indefinite intention, when he came home that day, of telling his mother that he had not been at school, but it was natural for him to shrink a good deal from doing this, and to be glad to have the time for it delayed. The wisest and

John concludes to put off the duty of confessing his fault.

best thing for him to have done would have been to have gone directly to his mother the very first thing, without going to the stable at all, and to have begun his communication by saying, "Mother, I have been doing something wrong." Then the disagreeable duty would have been over very soon. He, however, unfortunately thought that he would put it off a little; and now, when he found that his mother, instead of asking him any questions, took it for granted so easily that he had been regularly to school, and had come regularly home, he thought he would put off the duty of un-deceiving her a little longer.

So he ran in to get his luncheon.

I advise all the readers of this book, whenever they find that they have either inadvertently or intentionally done any thing wrong, to go at once to their father or mother and confess it. The way to begin is just to say, "Father," or "Mother, I have been doing something wrong." It is very easy. But to return to John.

The luncheon was usually set for the children at two o'clock, so as to be ready for them as soon as they came home from school. And here I ought to say, for the information of readers in the country, that the private schools in the city of New York have only one session a day, and that extends usually from nine o'clock till two, and the dinner hour is considerably later. At Mr. True's the dinner hour was six. Of course, when the dinner came so late, it was necessary to have a luncheon. The luncheon at Mr. True's was spread in a room called the breakfast-room. This room was a small but very pleasant apartment, and it was very beautifully furnished. When John entered this room, he found a nice table

The luncheon.

Picture of John and Lucy eating it.

set for him and Lucy in a corner, near a pleasant window. The luncheon consisted of some excellent bread and butter, a slice of cold chicken-pie for each, and a tumbler of milk.



LUNCHEON.

Lucy proposes that John should go with her to the play-room.

“Come, Johnny,” said Lucy, as John entered the room, “I have been waiting for you this long time. Where have you been?”

This question reminded John strongly of his wrong-doing, and brought back the guilty pangs of distress into his soul. It is surprising what trifling circumstances will serve as the means of renewing the distress and anguish which we suffer when we have done wrong.

There was no special occasion why John should have been disquieted by this question, for it was very easy to answer it without alluding to his transgression.

“I have been down in the stable with the Duke,” said John.

“Well, after luncheon, I want you to go with me into the play-room,” said Lucy, “and help me a little about pasting in some pictures.”

John was very glad to hear Lucy make this request. He thought that he would like to help her very much indeed. He was always a good-natured boy, and was ready on every occasion to help those who wished for any help from him; and he was particularly kind, moreover, to his sister Lucy, in all cases where there was any thing that he could do to aid her in her little plans of amusement. He acceded to her request on this occasion with double alacrity, for he felt that helping her was the very best thing he could possibly do to soothe and quiet his own distress of mind.

There is, indeed, an almost magical charm in the influence which doing good to others exerts in promoting our own happiness. So true is this, that when we have destroyed our peace of mind by

The play-room.

Some account of it.

The furniture.

doing wrong, there is scarcely any better way of soothing the anguish of our minds, and giving us peace and comfort, than this.

John wished to help Lucy about her pictures more for the purpose of quieting his own mind than for the sake of gratifying her. This was, however, not a bad motive. It is right that, when our peace of mind is gone, we should desire very earnestly to bring it back again, and that we should resort to all proper means to effect this end.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PLAY-ROOM.

LUCY and John, as soon as they had finished their luncheon, went up into the play-room. The play-room was a very pleasant apartment in the third story of the house. I wish very much that I had time to describe this play-room fully, and to particularize all the means of occupation and amusement for children which it contained. There was a book-case on one side, full of amusing and entertaining books. There was a large table, low enough for children to work at conveniently, with nice, comfortable seats around it. There were plenty of little sofas and chairs. There was a cabinet in one corner, full of all sorts of playthings. In a recess, where there was a bow-window, there was a large baby-house, containing four rooms below, and two chambers above, all filled with the most cunning-looking furniture. There was a swing at the back side of the room, and a rocking-horse. Then there was another contrivance, which the children liked, perhaps, better

The little kitchen in the play-room.

Mrs. Rowles's window.

than any thing else that the room contained. In the wall, by the side of the fire-place, there was a sort of closet a little way above the floor, which was lined inside with soapstone, and contained a real fire-place and range, with a small flue leading off into the chimney. There was a box of charcoal, too, in this closet, and the children were allowed to build fires in their fire-place and in the range, so as to play at cookery. They had a small table on which they used to make pies and cakes, and then they would bake them in the oven of the range. They would also sometimes bake apples or stew prunes.

This closet, which the children called their kitchen, was closed by an iron door, and thus, when it was not in use, all the kitchen arrangements were out of sight. The outside of this iron door was painted in imitation of mahogany, so that, when it was shut, no one would have suspected what there was within.

This room, and also the children themselves, when they were playing in it, was under the general charge of a woman named Mrs. Rowles. Mrs. Rowles, indeed, had the charge of the children a great deal at other times. When they were little, she had undressed them and put them to bed, and she waked them and dressed them in the morning. She spent her time in sewing and mending for them when they were at school. Her room was next to the play-room. There was a door leading from her room to the play-room, and there was also a window. This was a very curious idea, to have a window in a partition wall between two rooms. It was a contrivance of Mrs. True's, in order to enable Mrs. Rowles to watch the children while they were at play without being dis-

How the play-room was kept in order.

turbed by their talking and noise. The window which looked thus into the play-room was near the corner of Mrs. Rowles's room, and on the other side of the corner was a window which looked out into the open air, and commanded a very pleasant view among the houses and yards of the city. Mrs. Rowles had her work-table in this corner, and she used to sit here at her work while the children were at play in the play-room, and by just raising her eyes she could look through the window and see how they were getting along. This proved an excellent arrangement, and it might well be adopted in many other cases where it is desirable to have children under the charge, while at their plays, of some one whom you do not wish to be disturbed by the noise they make.

This room, strange as it may seem, was always kept in order. Perhaps you will think that it was Mrs. Rowles that kept it in order. No, the children kept it in order themselves. They did not do it, however, of their own accord. No children keep things in order, when they are very young, of their own accord. Mrs. True's children were made to keep their play-room in order by this simple rule, namely, that they were never allowed to go out of it when it was in disorder. There was a little machinery employed in the enforcement of this rule. It was this:

By the side of Mrs. Rowles's work-table were two tassels hanging against the wall. These tassels were connected with bell-cords, which were attached to wires above, that communicated with a sort of latch or bolt fastened to the upper part of the play-room door. One of the cords lifted the latch, and the other shut it down. There was a little bell attached to the wire over the

Order and disorder.

John and Lucy go into the play-room.

door in such a manner that, when the latch was shut down, and also when it was lifted again, the bell would sound. Now, whenever the children went into their room to play, Mrs. Rowles looked at them from time to time through the window, and as soon as she saw that they had taken out books or playthings, so as to get the room in any degree out of order, she immediately pulled the cord that fastened the latch. The children knew when she did this by hearing the bell strike at the same time. They understood now that they were shut into their room, and that they could not be let out until they had put every thing away, and restored the room to good order again. When Mrs. Rowles saw that the room was in order, then she pulled the other cord, and that raised the latch and set the children free.

In a frame over the fire-place were the following lines, printed in large letters :

“Disorder is an ugly elf, that locks you in his dismal den.
Order is a smiling fay, that comes to let you out again.”

Sometimes, when the children thought that they had put the room in order, Mrs. Rowles did not open the door, and then they would always look about the room to see what they had omitted. When at length they had found it, and had put it right, then Mrs. Rowles would open the door.

It was to this play-room that Lucy conducted John to help her paste her pictures.

As soon as they got into the room, Lucy went to a drawer where she had put away her things, for she had been obliged to put them all away before she could get out of the room to go down

Preparations for pasting.

White wafers.

The cutting-board.

to lunch, and there took out, first, a blank book, which was the book that she was putting her pictures in ; next, a small portfolio, which contained her stock of pictures, and then a small box of white wafers. These things she brought out and placed on the table in order.

Mrs. Rowles looked through the window, and, observing that Lucy placed the things on the table in good order for work, did not fasten the door.

“ I like white wafers a great deal better than gum arabic,” said Lucy.

White wafers are, indeed, much better for children to use for such purposes as this than gum arabic, being much more convenient and much neater. They should be cut into very small pieces ; a quarter of a small wafer, and an eighth of a large one, being amply sufficient for each corner of the picture to be wafered in.

“ But what I want you to help me about,” said Lucy, “ is to cut the edges of my pictures straight. When I cut them, they all come crooked.”

“ I’ll cut them with my knife and a ruler,” said John, “ on a cutting-board. That will make them perfectly straight.”

So John went to his drawer and took out a small board, which he kept to use for a cutting-board. He then proceeded to take the pictures which Lucy handed out to him for this purpose, and laid them down, one by one, upon the board, and then applying the ruler to the edges of the pictures successively, he trimmed them straight in a very complete and systematic manner. Lucy was very much pleased.

The children leave their work for a time.

The rocking-horse.

“How straight you do them!” said she.

“Yes,” said John, “this is a very sure way; but you must now be careful to put them in straight, or else my trimming them straight will not do much good.”

“Could *I* trim them with a knife and a ruler,” asked Lucy, “if I should try?”

“No,” said John, “not very well. It would be dangerous. My knife is as sharp as a razor. I keep it as sharp as a razor all the time.”

The two children worked together in this way about half an hour, and then Lucy said she was tired, and wanted to rest a little while, and so she went to the back side of the room, and began to swing. John said that he was tired too, and so he went to the back side of the room, and began to ride on the rocking-horse, leaving the work upon the table.

At this moment the sound of the latch on the door was heard falling over to its place, and at the same instant the bell struck.

And here I ought to remark, that the understanding with Mrs. Rowles was, that so long as the children were actually engaged in performing any work, or in playing with any playthings, the room was not considered out of order, provided the things they were using were well and properly arranged for use. If they were not properly arranged, but were thrown about in confusion, then the room was considered in disorder, even while the children were using them. And so, however well arranged they were, if the children left them and went to play with something else, then the latch was always fastened and the bell struck, to notify them that they could

Lucy cuts her finger with John's knife.

Her alarm.

not go out of the room until they had gone back and put all those things away.

After Lucy had been swinging a short time, she went back to the table, while John, not having yet, as it would seem, quite finished his ride, remained a moment longer. Very soon, however, he went to the table too. He arrived there just in time to see that Lucy had that moment taken up his knife.

“Lucy! Lucy!” he exclaimed, in an eager and hurried manner, “you must not touch that knife.”

Lucy was holding the knife in both hands, and being a little startled at John’s earnestness, she unfortunately contrived, in turning it over as she put it down, to draw the edge of it across the end of her finger. Now the end of Lucy’s finger was just like a ripe cherry—plump, and soft, and full, and the blood was always ready to gush out through the slightest cut or puncture.

Lucy dropped the knife, and grasped the finger that was cut with the other hand, as if she imagined that there was danger of its coming to pieces. She, however, did not cry.

In a moment a drop of blood fell down upon John’s cutting-board.

“It is bleeding very fast,” said John; “come to the basin.”

There were a great many servants in Mrs. True’s house, but the rule with her children always was, that whenever they got into any difficulty, they must never call upon the servants to help them, if they could possibly get out of it themselves. So John, instead of running to Mrs. Rowles for aid in this emergency, took Lucy to the basin.

Description of the hot and cold water apparatus.

This basin was in a little room called the out-room, which opened from the play-room, and which contained, among other things, a porcelain basin set in a white marble table, with a broad step before it for the children to stand upon when they wished to use it. The basin was set firmly in its place, and the upper edge of it was below the surface of the marble, so that it could not be moved. There was, however, a hole in the bottom of it, with a brass plug fitting to it, by means of which it could be emptied at any time by letting the water run out. There were two silvered pipes above, just behind the basin, which could be turned forward or pushed back. When you turned them forward, water would run out of them into the basin—hot water out of one, and cold out of the other. When you pushed the pipes back, the water would stop running. This effect was produced by means of some curious mechanism of the pipes concealed within.

This is a very common arrangement in the New York houses. The reason why the water is hot that comes out of one of the pipes is that that pipe is connected with a sort of boiler which is built in behind the kitchen fire, and thus, whenever there is a fire in the kitchen, there is always a supply of hot water in the pipe.

“Come to the basin,” said John. “I’ll open the door for you.”

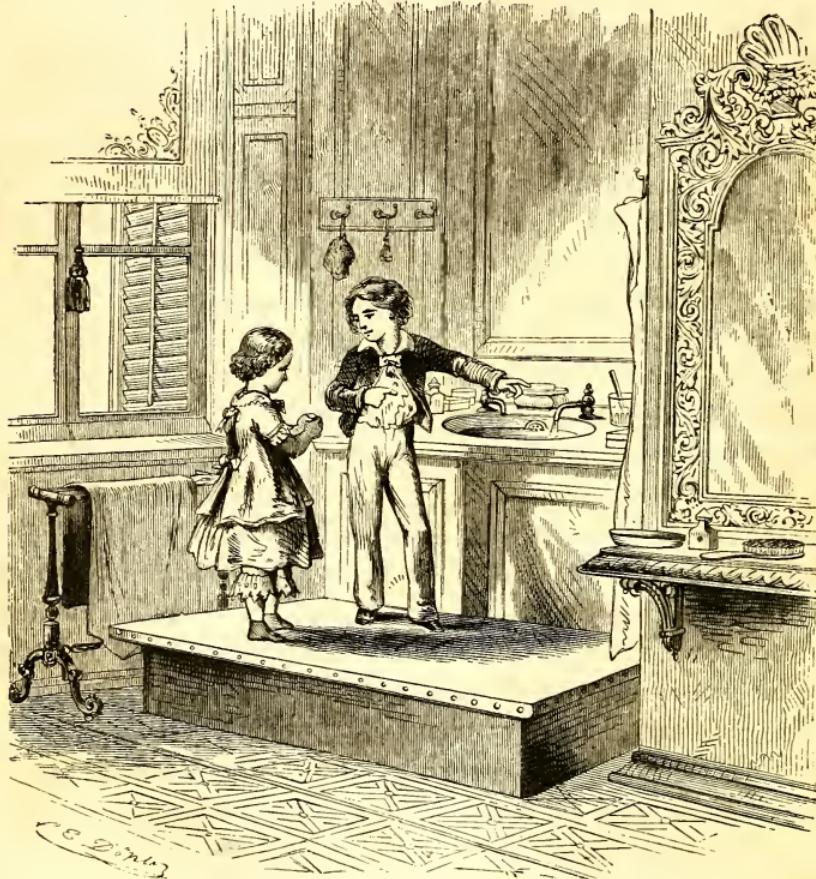
So John opened the door, and Lucy passed through. Mrs. Rowles observed these movements, and inferred from them that some small accident had occurred; but, as the children did not call her, she thought she would leave them to manage the affair as they might think best. This was her usual custom on such occasions.

View of the out-room.

The basin and the two pipes.

“Cold water is the best to stop bleeding,” said John, “so I will only turn on the cold.”

John accordingly turned the pipe which brought the cold water,



THE CROTON WATER.

How John managed his case of surgery.

and soon the basin was half full. He then turned the pipe back, and no more water came.

“There!” said he; “now you must stay here, and hold your thumb in the water until it has done bleeding, and then come to me, and I will put some court-plaster upon it. And I don’t think that we shall do any more pictures this afternoon. I will go and put away the things, so that we can go out.”

John went back, accordingly, to the table, and began putting away the things. Lucy remained all the time at the basin. When at length the table was put in order, and the portfolio, and the pictures, and the cutting-board, and all put away, John went and tapped gently at Mrs. Rowles’s window. Mrs. Rowles raised her eyes from her work, and looked through the window into the play-room. Seeing that every thing was now in order there, she pulled the cord for raising the latch, and so the children were now once more free.

John then went to a drawer where some court-plaster, and also some ointment, and rags, and cots, and other similar appliances for wounded fingers were kept, and taking out a rag and a piece of court-plaster, he brought them to the out-room, where he had left Lucy bathing her finger. He found Lucy leaning over the basin, very still, and engaged in looking down earnestly into the water. She was amusing herself by making curious little red spots and curls on the sides and bottom of the basin by means of the blood.

“Has it stopped bleeding?” asked John.

“Yes,” said Lucy, “almost.”

John and Lucy go to Mrs. Rowles's room.

Conversation there.

“Let me see it,” said John.

So Lucy held up her finger in order that John might make an examination of it, which he did with a very professional air, that is to say, very much as a doctor would have done it. He wiped the finger with the rag, and then, looking at the wound, he measured it with his eye, in order that he might know how large a piece of court-plaster to cut off. He then cut off a piece of the right size, and after wiping the finger again, he put the court-plaster on. Lucy held very still while he did it.

“There!” said he; “now you will do. Keep the rag pressed upon it for a few minutes till the court-plaster gets dried on.”

John then put the scissors and the sheet of court-plaster away, and then he and Lucy went out of the play-room. They went into Mrs. Rowles's room.

“Mrs. Rowles,” said Lucy, “I have cut my finger.”

“Yes,” said John; “my knife was lying upon the table, and she went to take it up to look at it, and it cut her finger. It is just as sharp as a razor. See!”

So saying, John opened one of the blades of his knife, and held up the glittering edge of it, in order that Mrs. Rowles and Lucy could see how sharp it was.

Lucy shrank back a little way, as if she were afraid that the knife might cut her again.

“See!” said Lucy, holding up her finger. “I cut myself there; but John has put some court-plaster on it.”

“Did it ache much?” asked Mrs. Rowles.

“Not a great deal,” said Lucy.

The children go down to the parlor.

John's explanations about the knife.

“Did it ache enough,” asked Mrs. Rowles, “to teach you not to attempt hereafter to handle naked blades?”

Lucy looked a little ashamed, but did not answer.

“There is no other way to learn,” said Mrs. Rowles, “except by cutting your fingers. Babies can never learn that it will not do to put their fingers in the lamp or candle till they have burned themselves two or three times.”

“*I* have learned,” said Lucy, “by only cutting myself once.”

“I am afraid you will not remember it,” said Mrs. Rowles, “especially if it did not ache much.”

Soon after this, the children went down stairs into the parlor. They took their seats on an ottoman in the back window, and John then took out his knife again, and underfook to explain to Lucy how it was that she cut herself, and what the dangerous way was of holding a knife; for Lucy, like all other girls of her age, did not even know what the edge of a knife was, or what the part was that had cut her. John therefore showed her the edge of his, and explained the difference between the edge and the back part of the blade, and let her see that the back part of the blade could be touched without any danger. He rubbed his finger along this part, and then held it up to show Lucy that it was not cut, and then he held it out, and asked Lucy to rub her finger upon it. Lucy was at first afraid to do this, but presently she ventured on the experiment, though in a very cautious manner, and she was much pleased to see that no injury resulted.

“Be careful, therefore,” said John, “when you take up a knife, not to touch the edge of it, and you will not do yourself any harm.”

John dreads to meet his father at dinner.

The effect that was produced on John's mind by his efforts to help and to instruct Lucy, and by the various incidents that had occurred during the afternoon, was to lead him to forget his own troubles for the time being, and his mind became quite calm and quiet; or, rather, to speak more correctly, his thoughts were diverted from his own case, and the pain which he had previously suffered from his remorse and his anxious forebodings seemed to have in a great degree subsided. His wound, however, was only covered up and hidden from view; it was not healed.

CHAPTER IX.

FORMS OF FALSEHOOD.

WHEN the dinner-hour approached, which was, of course, the time for Mr. True to be expected home from his counting-room in town, John found his uneasiness of mind gradually returning. He had not told his mother yet what he had done, and now he did not see how he could bear to tell her at all. He finally concluded, on the whole, that he would let the affair pass without saying any thing about it, and he attempted to quiet his conscience in this decision by firmly resolving that he would never allow himself to be enticed away in such a manner again. He would have been, on the whole, tolerably easy in mind in coming to this conclusion, were it not for the dread that he felt of the approaching interview with his father. He was afraid that his father might question him about the transactions of the day.

“He often asks me at table,” said John to himself, “something

His artifice in coming in.	Meaning of ruse.
about the school, and if he should ask me to-day, what <i>should</i> I tell him?"	

In a word, John was afraid to meet his father. When the time arrived for expecting him, he slipped out of the house, and remained in the stable till the dinner-bell rang; then he found Lucy, and went into dinner with her, talking with her very busily all the time. He had a vague idea that, by talking earnestly with Lucy, the danger would be somewhat diminished of his father's asking him about his school, or what he had been doing during the day. He did not succeed, however, in this ruse.* His father did talk with him, and the manner in which John was led, in the course of this conversation, through the various steps and degrees of falsehood, was very curious, and illustrates the nature of falsehood in its several successive gradations quite remarkably. Falsehood, in its full and complete form, consists in saying plainly and openly that a thing is true when we know well it is not true. But there are many subordinate kinds and degrees of falsehood which a person may be led into, and be truly guilty of the sin, while he stops short of this ultimate boundary. This will appear more plainly by what follows.

As soon as the family were seated at the table, Mr. True observed that John was very much interested in getting Lucy well placed in her seat. He seemed pleased at this, and said, "That's right, John; always help your sister Lucy. I like a boy that looks out well for his sister."

John felt a little ashamed and guilty when he reflected what

* *Ruse* means artifice.

Mr. True begins to ask John some questions.

Evasive answers

his motive was for making himself so busy with Lucy just at that time, but he said nothing.

“And how have you got along to-day in your affairs?” continued Mr. True. “Have you had a good time?”

“Yes, sir,” said John.

The moment the words were spoken, the question arose in John’s mind whether what he said was a falsehood or not. In one sense he had had a good time, for he had been much amused at seeing the procession of soldiers, and at watching the operation of extinguishing the fire. But then, in another sense, he had not had a good time, for it seemed to him that, on the whole, he had never spent a more miserable day.

This is one kind of falsehood, when we say what in one sense is true, while in the sense in which we mean it to be understood it is not true. The meaning of Mr. True’s question was whether, on the whole, his boy had spent his time happily during the day.

“And what have you been doing since you came home from school?” asked Mr. True.

“I have been up in the play-room, playing with Lucy,” said John.

This is another form of falsehood. It is falsehood by implication. It is when what we say is not directly false itself, but *implies* something that is false. The meaning of John’s answer was that he had been in the play-room since he came home from school; which implied that he *had come home* from school, and, consequently, that he had been there, which was not true.

So, in a certain case, when a man wished to steal a trunk from

General conversation at the table.

John equivocates.

a railway station, he pointed it out to a hackman, and said, "Take my trunk, there, and put it on your coach." He did not say directly that that was his trunk, but he said that which implied that it was.

"That's right," said Mr. True. "You're a great deal safer playing with Lucy in the play-room than you are out in the street with chance boys."

"But, father, it is not very safe always up in the play-room," said Lucy, "for to-day I cut my finger there."

"Ah!" said Mr. True, looking quite concerned. "That *was* a misfortune."

"I expected," said Mrs. True, "when John set off to go to school this morning, to see him back again before long, for there was a long procession of soldiers coming up the avenue, and I did not see how he was going to get across. But it seems he contrived to get across some way or other."

"Oh, the boys can run through between the ranks," said Mr. True. "I have seen them do it very often."

"Were all the boys at school to-day?" said Mr. True. "I should have thought that many of them would have wanted to have a holiday to see the soldiers."

"Pretty much all," said John, rather faintly.

This was another of the forms of falsehood, saying that a thing is so and so when you don't know whether it is so or not. A great many people will falsify their word in this way when they would by no means be willing to assert what they knew positively was *not* true.

Other persons present.	Anna.	Wilton.	Mr. True relates an anecdote.
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And here, perhaps, I ought to say, in justice to John, that I have no idea that if his father had asked him directly, in so many words, whether he had been at school that day, he would have said that he had. I presume that if the question had come up distinctly before John's mind whether he should tell the truth, or an open, positive falsehood, he would have chosen to tell the truth, no matter what the consequences might be. He, however, was unwilling to confess his fault at the dinner-table, partly on account of its being such a public occasion ; for, besides his father, and mother, and his sister Lucy, he had another elder sister, named Anna, who was present. Then, besides, Wilton was there, waiting at the table, and John did not wish that *he* should know any thing about the affair.

Feeling thus strongly averse to making any explanation at the table, it was not surprising that, when the questions which his father asked were put in such a form as not to require him to tell a direct and positive falsehood, he yielded to the temptation of answering them as he did.

Mr. True was accustomed, when he heard any thing in conversation while he was down in town in the morning, or read any thing in the newspapers which he thought would interest his wife or the children, to take pains to remember it, so as to tell them of it at dinner-time. He had such a story to tell them to-day. It was this :

“A curious case occurred to-day in the Police-office,” said he. “I read about it in the morning paper.

“It was a case of robbery. A young man came into a store in

Account of an ingenious attempt at swindling.

Broadway, just below Arnold's, with a twenty-dollar bill in his hand. He was well dressed, but he had no hat on, and looked like a clerk that had come in from the next door. He went to the desk in the store, and asked the cashier—that is, the man who had charge of the cash—if he would be good enough to change a twenty-dollar bill for Mr. Arnold.

“The cashier looked in his drawer, and said that he had not small bills enough. Then the man went out.

“In a moment he came in again, and asked the cashier if he would be good enough to lend Mr. Arnold seven dollars for an hour, till he could get some small bills. The cashier said yes, and gave the man the money, and the man went out with it.

“The cashier supposed, of course, in seeing the man come in in this way, that he was a new clerk that Arnold & Co. had got; but he was, in reality, an impostor. He had taken off his hat at the door, and rolled it up and put it in his pocket, in order to make it seem that he only came in from the next door; but he was really a thief.”

“Oh, what a trick!” said John.

“As soon as the man had gone out of the store with the money,” continued Mr. True, “the cashier suddenly thought that perhaps there was something wrong in the case, and so he went to the door in order to see if the man would go with the money to Mr. Arnold's store. Instead of that, he found him pulling his hat out of his pocket, and smoothing it out, to put it on his head. It was a sort of Kossuth hat, that you can bend about any way.

“As soon as the man saw the cashier coming, he set out to

The swindler succeeds in getting some money.

His defense of himself.

run; but the cashier raised a hue and cry, and the policemen pursued the thief and stopped him. They took him to the police court; the cashier went too, and he and the policeman made a charge against him. First, they said he was a thief; they said he had been stealing money. But the man said he was not a thief; he had not stolen at all. The cashier gave him the money, he said, and he took it; that was not stealing."

"What a man!" said John.

"*I* think it was stealing," said Lucy.

"Well, they concluded," continued Mr. True, "that they could not quite make out the charge of stealing against him, and so they accused him of obtaining money on false pretenses. Then the man wanted to know what false pretenses he had made. 'Why, you came in,' said the cashier, 'and told me that Mr. Arnold wanted to know if I could change a twenty-dollar bill for him.'

"'No,' said the man; 'I asked you if you would change one for him, but I did not say he sent me.'

"'And then,' continued the cashier, 'you afterward came in and said he wanted to borrow seven dollars.'

"'No,' replied the man, 'I did not say he wanted to borrow it; I only asked you if you were willing to lend it to him. I have a right to ask a man if he will lend money to any body in the world, if I only don't say that he sent me.'

"'But you took the money,' said the cashier, 'and pretended that you were going to carry it to him.'

"'No,' said the man, 'I did not pretend any such thing; you gave me the money, and I took it: that was all.'

Various opinions on the case.

John's reflections on his own conduct.

“ ‘ But you pretended to be his clerk,’ said the cashier, ‘ coming in without any hat on, and all that.’

“ ‘ No,’ replied the man, ‘ I did not pretend that I was his clerk. I did not pretend any thing. As to my hat, any body has a right to wear his hat on his head, or to put it in his pocket, just as he pleases. There is nothing against the law in that. Perhaps you *thought* that I was Mr. Arnold’s clerk, but I did not tell you I was. It was your own notion altogether; and if you had a mind to take such a notion, how could I help it?’ ”

Here Mrs. True and Anna laughed very heartily at the man’s ingenuity in defending himself, and they asked Mr. True if the man got clear.

“ I don’t know,” said Mr. True; “ I believe the case was not decided. Perhaps he will get off, for they may find it hard to prove that he said any thing that could be considered false in the eye of the law. There is no doubt that what he did and said amounted to falsehood and cheating in fact.”

John was very much interested in this story, and in hearing his father’s comments and remarks upon it. It made him feel, however, more anxious and unhappy than before, for he perceived that the moral principle by which it was to be settled would apply to his own case as well. He might not have told his father any thing that was actually untrue in form, but he was well convinced that in what he said about his school that day he had been guilty of falsehood in fact.

But whenever boys allow themselves to be drawn into such a position as John was now in, they usually end by telling plain and

John is finally led to tell a positive untruth.

positive falsehoods, in the most direct and unequivocal manner; for, after having implied and consented to what is not true, it becomes, as it seems to them, too late to deny it if they are called upon to state positively one thing or the other. John himself, in this instance, got caught in this snare; for, in about half an hour after the preceding conversation, there was a little pause while Wilton was bringing in the dessert, and Mr. True turned unexpectedly to John and said,

“Well, John, did you have a good time at recess to-day?”

“Yes, sir,” said John.

He was called upon so suddenly by this question that it seemed as if he had no time to think of any thing else to say.

“What did you play?” asked his father.

The poor boy was now too deeply involved to be able to extricate himself without exercising a greater degree of courage and resolution than such a boy could be expected to possess. So he answered, though in a somewhat timid and hesitating manner,

“Why, we played ball a little, and we ran around.”

This was what the boys usually did in the recess, and so it was the answer that seemed to rise, by a sort of instinct, to John’s lips. He said it almost before he thought what he was saying.

The moment that the words were uttered, John was sorry that he had spoken them. But it was too late to recall them, and he did not know what he should do.

Effect of fear in awakening remorse and in preventing penitence.

CHAPTER X.

IMPUNITY.

IT is a curious and remarkable circumstance, that the fear of evil consequences to come upon us for any wrong that we have done, while it quickens the emotions of remorse, tends rather to prevent our feeling any true and genuine penitence for it. This was strikingly the case with John True in respect to the transactions which I am describing. He was in a state of great uneasiness and anxiety during all the afternoon and evening of his truancy, from his dread of meeting his father and mother, and his unwillingness to confess his fault to them, and from vague and ill-defined ideas of the evil consequences, in the form of reproaches or of punishment, which he imagined he would have to endure if his transgression were to be known. These gloomy anxieties were sometimes relieved for a few minutes at a time by the occupations that he was engaged in, or by his conversation with Lucy or with the Duke, but they always returned again with new force after a brief interval, and they kept his mind shrouded all day with an almost continual gloom.

This gloom and distress, however, was not penitence; it was remorse. It did not even tend to promote penitence. It was an obstacle in the way.

To be afraid that you are going to be punished for a sin is a very different thing from being truly sorry for the sin. Penitence

Tea in the back parlor.

John does not wish to go.

is a feeling of hatred for the sin itself, and a mourning that you could ever have allowed yourself to fall into it. Fear of punishment, on the other hand, is nothing but a dislike to suffer pain.

Every body dislikes to suffer pain, and whenever they think they are in danger of suffering any, they dread it, and are more or less anxious and unhappy. But this is not penitence.

Mr. True's family usually took tea in the back parlor, where they themselves, and any company that they might chance to have, were accustomed to sit in the evening to read, or talk, or sew. John usually liked to sit in the parlor thus with his father and mother. He and Lucy had a little sofa to themselves, in a place near where a bright gas-light was burning, and here they could read their story-books, or look at pictures, or even talk together, provided they would speak in an under tone, so as not to interrupt the rest of the company. Thus they could spend the evening in a very pleasant manner, and they were usually quite sorry when bedtime came.*

This night, however, John felt as if he did not wish to go into the parlor at all. Still, he concluded it was best to go. He was afraid that his father would ask him something about the day, and that he should then be drawn into telling another falsehood; but, fortunately, he escaped this danger. His father was busy all the evening reading a review. Mrs. True had some work, and she came with her work soon after tea, and took her seat near the children's sofa. At any other time John would have liked this very much, but now he was sorry to see her come. It seemed to him

* See Frontispiece.

He looks at picture-books with Lucy.

Bedtime comes.

that, the nearer his mother was to him, the more guilty and the more distressed he felt. He was afraid, too, that she might, in the course of the conversation, ask him some questions which would either cause him to tell more untruths, or else lead to his detection and exposure in respect to those that he had already told.

He, however, fortunately escaped this danger too. His mother only talked to him and Lucy about the picture-books that they were looking at, and other such things. John felt all the time uncomfortable and uneasy, and he longed for the hour to come when it would be time for him to go to bed. And yet he dreaded to have the time come too, for he could not bear the thought of kissing his father and mother affectionately, and bidding them good-night, while his mind was burdened with such a dreadful secret as the one which he was trying to conceal from them.

At length, however, a little before the usual time came, he said he felt tired, and he believed he would go to bed. Lucy said that if he was going she would go too, and so the children both kissed their father and bade him good-night, and then they went away.

They did not bid their mother good-night, because they knew that she would come up and see them after they were in bed ; this was her usual custom.

The children went together up to Mrs. Rowles's chamber, and she went with them to their rooms, and lighted the gas in them, in order that they might see to undress themselves to go to bed. She then left John in his own room, and went with Lucy to hers. John undressed himself and got into bed.

In about ten minutes Mrs. True came up, to see if the children

John's mother comes to see him after he has gone to bed.

were comfortable, and to bid them good-night. While she was coming up stairs, John's mind was in a great state of agitation and suspense. He wished very much that his mother knew what he had done, but he could not bear to tell her.

"Shall I tell her or not," said he to himself, "and how shall I tell her? How shall I begin? The falsehoods that I told my father are the worst. I don't see how I can tell her. I won't tell her to-night, at any rate. I'll wait till to-morrow, and then I'll see what I'd better do."

Just then his mother came into the room. She had gone to Lucy's room first, for, if she did not go there first, she found that, while she was talking with John, Lucy would get asleep.

There was a large and very comfortable arm-chair at the head of John's bed. Mrs. True took her seat in this chair, and put her hand upon her little son's head in a very kind and affectionate manner.

"Well, Johnny, how do you do to-night?" said she.

"I am pretty well," said John.

"I was afraid that you were sick," said Mrs. True.

"Why, mother," asked John, surprised, "what made you think I was sick?"

"Why, I thought you looked rather sober, and then, besides, you wanted to come to bed."

"Oh, that was only because I was tired."

"Well, I am glad that you are not sick," said his mother. "Your forehead feels cool. I do not think you are feverish."

"Oh no, mother," said John, "I am not sick at all."

He says his prayers, and his mother bids him good-night.

"I am very glad of that," said his mother. "And now you may say your prayers."

So John said his prayers, and then his mother, after kissing him and bidding him good-night, went away.

The first feeling that John experienced when his mother had gone was relief, to find that the day was ended, and that, for the present, he was safe. There was very little probability, he thought, that either of his parents would ask him any thing the next day that would get him into any difficulty, and thus, so far as his father and mother were concerned, he had nothing immediately to fear. There was one thing, however, which still perplexed him, and that was what he was to do for an excuse for his absence the next day at school; for, whenever any of the scholars were absent from that school, they were required to bring a written excuse on the following morning, and if in any instance a delinquent came without it, he was sent home for it again immediately. John pondered a long time on this difficulty, much perplexed and full of fear. At length he fell asleep.

He, however, escaped from this difficulty the next day much more easily than could have been expected. He went to school in the morning with his mind full of solicitude and anxiety, and without any idea of what he should say or do when the teacher should call upon him for his excuse. He had a faint hope that the teacher might forget it, or for some other reason fail to call him to account, but this was a very faint hope indeed.

When he arrived at the gate which led to that part of the house where the entrance to the school-room was, he found two boys

Conversation at the door of the school the next morning.

standing there talking together. Their names were George and Jerry.

“Isn’t it time for school to begin?” asked Jerry.

“Not quite,” said George.

“Where did you go yesterday?” asked Jerry.

“Oh, I went away—about,” said John.

“We went down to see the Pacific sail,” said George.

“Why didn’t you come to school?” asked John.

“School!” said Jerry; “there wasn’t any school.”

“There wasn’t any school!” repeated John, very much surprised. “Why not?”

“Why, the teacher gave us a holiday,” said Jerry, “on account of the celebration. He told all the boys of it as fast as they came in the morning.”

John clapped his hands with delight. He went in and took his place at his desk in the school-room with his mind very much relieved.

CHAPTER XI.

A RIDE.

THE relief which John experienced when he found that no excuse would be required of him at school for his absence was a relief from the fear of detection and punishment only, not from the burden of guilt. In fact, the burden of guilt seemed heavier afterward than before, for now there were no other objects of thought or solicitude before his mind to divert his attention from it.

John's mind is very much disturbed.

Ride proposed.

He was very unhappy all the day. He was uneasy while engaged in study, and full of dissatisfaction and disquiet while at play. When the hour arrived for the close of the school, he dreaded to go home. In a word, all his light-hearted gayety and happiness were gone.

After luncheon, instead of staying in the house with his mother and Lucy, he went out into the street to see what he could find to amuse him there. He could find nothing to amuse him. There was very little to be seen in the street, except now and then a carriage going by; for the Fifth Avenue, though so near Broadway, which is always thronged with carriages and people, is itself a very still and quiet street. John took his place upon the step by the great iron gate, and sat there some time, wishing that something would come by to amuse his mind.

Presently he heard a voice calling him from the front parlor window. He looked round. It was Lucy.

"Johnny," said Lucy, "I and mother are going to take a ride."

"You ought to say mother and I," said John.

"Well, mother and I," repeated Lucy. "Do you want to go too?"

"I don't know," said John, listlessly. "Where are you going?"

"I don't know," said Lucy, "but I'll go and ask mother."

So Lucy ran away from the window. She went up stairs and told her mother that John wanted to know where they were going.

"Does he seem to wish to go himself?" asked Mrs. True.

"No, mother," said Lucy, "he does not seem to care much about it."

John is called upon to go with his mother.

He acts the footman.

“Go back and tell him,” said Mrs. True, “that I don’t know exactly where I shall go, but I should like to have him go too, and he may come in and get ready.”

It was very often the case that Mrs. True, when she found that her children were in an uncertain state of mind in respect to what they should do, so as to be unable to decide for themselves, would take the case in her own hands and decide for them. This was an excellent plan.

So John, when he had received the message, rose from his seat, and, with a weary and discontented air, went into the house. In about fifteen minutes the carriage came to the door, and Mrs. True, together with the two children, came out to get in. The carriage was the barouche, and the top was put down, so that those who were in it could see, without any obstruction, all around.

Mrs. True walked down the steps leading Lucy. John followed.

“Now, John,” said Mrs. True, “you must be footman.”

“Well, mother, I will,” said John.

John liked very much to play footman when he was riding with his mother, for the duties of that office kept him always jumping in and out of the carriage. The footman, also, is the medium of communication between the lady who rides and the coachman, to convey her orders, and John liked very much to give orders to the Duke.

John opened the carriage-door to let his mother in, and then he helped Lucy in. His mother took the back seat, and Lucy sat on the front seat.

“Where shall he drive?” asked John.

Ride down Broadway.

The book-binder's.

Mrs. True's management.

“Down Broadway,” said Mrs. True.

“Down Broadway,” repeated John, in a loud voice, speaking to the Duke, who sat on the box, with the reins in his hand.

John then got in the carriage himself, and shut and fastened the door, and then the Duke drove away.

Mrs. True did all she could to give the children a pleasant ride. Indeed, her only reason for going was to amuse them and give them pleasure. It is true she provided herself with a number of errands to do, at various places along the street, but this was chiefly to please the children, and especially John, who was never so well satisfied as when he had plenty of business to do.

“The first thing,” said Mrs. True, as the carriage turned toward Broadway, “is to find a book-binder's. Here is a book which I wish to have bound.” So saying, Mrs. True showed the children a book with the covers worn off.

“Look out for a book-store and bindery,” said she, “and when you see one, tell the Duke to stop.”

So the children began to look out eagerly for the sign of a book-bindery. Mrs. True knew very well where there was one, but she chose rather to let the children find one, in order to amuse and occupy their minds.

Mrs. True was particularly desirous to amuse and entertain the children this day, because she observed that John seemed dispirited from some cause or other, and she wished to divert his mind. She had no idea what was the cause of his dejection. She supposed, however, that it was either because he had been doing something that was wrong, or else because something had occurred at

John and Lucy are intrusted with a commission.

school with his teacher or his playmates to vex and trouble him. If the first of these things was the difficulty, she wished by her kindness to him to win his confidence and love, so that he might be induced to confess his fault to her. If it was the last, then she wished to amuse him and make him forget his sorrows.

It was not long before John spied the sign of a book-bindery over a book-store. He pointed it out to his mother, and then he gave the order to the Duke to stop. The Duke reined up the horses before the book-store, and John opened the door of the carriage and got out.

There was a beautiful silvered handle to the carriage-door on the inside as well as on the outside, so that the door could be easily opened either from the inside or from the out.

“Are you going to get out, mother?” asked John.

“No,” said his mother, “you may do the business for me. Take the book in, and ask the binder if he can do it, and get him to show you some specimens of good plain and substantial binding, and choose me a style that you think I shall like.”

“Let me go in too,” said Lucy.

“Very well,” said Mrs. True. “Lucy may go in too; and, on the whole, Lucy may choose the binding. You may select two or three specimens, John, and Lucy shall choose between them.”

So Lucy got down out of the carriage, and both of the children went into the book-store. In about ten minutes they returned, saying that they had done the business.

John opened the carriage-door and assisted Lucy to get in.

The party return from the ride.

Good result from it.

Then he got in himself, and, shutting the door, directed the Duke to drive on.

“When did he say the book would be done?” asked Mrs. True.

“Day after to-morrow,” said John.

“And how much will there be to pay?” asked his mother.

“Let me tell,” said Lucy. “Six shillings. He said it would be six shillings.”

“I am glad you remembered to ask,” said Mrs. True. “Always, when you go to get any thing done, ask the man *when* it will be done, and what the price will be; then we know when we are to send for it, and how much money we must send.”

In the course of the ride, the children transacted in this manner quite a number of items of business for their mother, and about half an hour before dinner-time they returned safely home. John felt much better after the ride than he did before. Still, he was by no means happy.

There was one very excellent result which followed from the ride, and that was, that John’s heart was drawn closely to his mother’s by the influence of her kindness to him, and of her efforts to gratify and amuse him, and he was brought into a state of mind much more favorable than he had been in before, and much more likely to lead him to true penitence for his sin, and to a willingness to confess it.

It may seem strange that Mrs. True should have been willing to trust so much to children so young, in the business which she had to do, leaving them, for instance, to decide upon the style of binding for a book, and other such questions. But Mrs. True

Reason why Mrs. True intrusted so much to her children.

was accustomed to do this a great deal. She thought it would cultivate and improve their judgment, and teach them to act wisely and understandingly for themselves when they should grow up.

“Perhaps,” said she to herself, while the children were going into the bindery, “they may not make quite so good a choice for a binding as I should do, but that is no great matter. It makes them happy to be allowed to make the choice. It makes them love me to see that I trust them so much. It gives them useful information, and strengthens their judgment; and it is much more important to me to have my children well brought up than to have my old books well bound.”

CHAPTER XII.

A MOTHER'S VISIT.

IT is often to be observed that, when the conscience is disturbed by a sense of guilt on account of some special act of transgression, a great many other sins and follies which had, perhaps, been almost forgotten, rise again to the mind, and add to the weight of the load which oppresses the spirit.

This was specially the case with John. He was now no longer afraid that his going away to spend the morning in rambling about the streets with Philbert, while his parents supposed he was at school, and the false statements that he had made in relation to the affair, would be found out, but the guilt which he had incurred distressed him more and more, and the thoughts of it brought back to his mind the recollection of many other transgressions of his

John's mother makes him another visit after he goes to bed.

duty to his father and mother, and to God, which he had fallen into in months and years gone by. These things came up to his mind continually during the afternoon and evening. Besides, as he now no longer felt any immediate fear of detection and punishment, his mind was relieved in some measure from the feelings of anxiety and terror in respect to the consequences of what he had done, and he could think more calmly of the sinfulness of it. Indeed, he began to look upon his faults with something of a penitential spirit.

He was in this mood of mind at the time when his mother came to his room, after he had gone to bed, for the purpose of extinguishing the gas-light and bidding him good-night.

When John's mother came thus into his room at night, after he had gone to bed, she always stopped to have a little conversation with him, and she usually heard him say his prayers, and sometimes, moreover, she read a passage to him from the Bible. She did not read from the Bible to him every night, partly because it was not always convenient for her to remain long enough, and partly because she was afraid that, if she made it a rule always to read to him, the service would in time come to be considered a mere form.

“If I read to him sometimes,” she said to herself, “and take pains, when I do read, to choose a passage that he can understand, and call his attention particularly to the meaning and intent of it, I shall probably exert a greater influence upon him than if I do it always as a rule.”

There was a little stand in the corner of the room, near the bed,

John's mother concludes to read to him from the Bible.

with several shelves in it, one above another. On one of these shelves John kept his Bible.

When Mrs. True came into John's room on the evening of which I am speaking, she thought she would read to him. She felt more than usually interested in him that evening, she scarcely knew why. Whether it were because she observed that he was unhappy, and pitied him, and wished to relieve him, or whether she thought that he had done wrong in some secret way, and, remembering how often she had sinned herself and been forgiven, desired to be the means of awakening him to feelings of penitence, and of bringing back peace to his mind again, or whether the good Spirit of God moved upon her heart, and inclined her to turn with more than her wonted tenderness and love to her little son that night, in order to make her the means of saving him, I do not know. Whatever may have been the cause, she felt a peculiarly kind and tender interest in her boy, and so she took the Bible, and prepared to read to him.

"Should you like to have me read to you a little to-night?" said she.

"Yes, mother, very much indeed," said John. And he put out his little hand for his mother to take hold of it while she read.

Mrs. True did not take any pains to find a particular passage which she thought would be specially adapted to the occasion, but opened the Bible at random, and it happened that the place was the last chapter of the second Epistle of Peter. Here, after looking a little along the page to find a good place to begin, her eye fell upon the eighth verse, and she began to read.

John listens attentively to the passage which his mother reads him.

She read in a low, gentle, and very kind tone of voice, as one would read to a sick child, to soothe and comfort him, and make him contented and happy.

The verses that she read were these. John listened very attentively while she read them :

“But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

“The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness ; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

“But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.

“Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness,

“Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat ?

“Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

“Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless.”—*2 Peter, iii., 8-14.*

Mrs. True explains the passage.

Conversation with John about it.

After she had finished reading the passage, Mrs. True paused a moment, as if to allow John time to think of what she had read.

“Read it again, mother,” said John.

So Mrs. True began again, and read the passage once more.

“Now shall I tell you what it means?” said she.

“Yes, mother,” said John.

“It means,” said Mrs. True, “that we shall all have a great many terrible times of trouble and fear to go through, as we move on through this world to the next, but we shall feel safe and happy in them all if our hearts are pure and blameless, and Almighty God is our friend.”

John listened to this explanation very attentively, but he said nothing.

“How dreadful must it be for us,” continued Mrs. True, “when this world is destroyed, or even before it is destroyed, when we leave it to go to another, to feel that, by doing wrong, and continuing in the wrong, we have made ourselves the enemies of God!”

“Yes, indeed,” said John, solemnly.

“God does not wish to have us make ourselves his enemies. He loves us, he takes care of us, he guides and blesses us every day; and if at any time we do wrong, and so destroy our peace of mind and happiness, God is willing to receive us if we will come to him aright, and to take away our sins, and make us happy again. I have tried it often.”

“Why, mother!” said John. He was quite surprised to hear his mother say any thing that implied that she had done wrong.

“Yes,” said his mother, “I have done wrong a great many

Continuation of John's conversation with his mother.

times, and so destroyed my happiness, and filled my soul with anguish and distress. I was once a child like you, and often did wrong then, and I have done wrong a great many times since."

"And did it make you unhappy?" asked John.

"Yes," replied his mother, "very unhappy indeed. And that is the reason why I always pity children so much when they have done wrong, and want so much to help them recover their peace of mind again.

"But now I must go down stairs," continued Mrs. True, "for your father is reading something to me, and I promised him that I would not be gone very long. Remember what I read to you, and always act so as to have God for your friend. Keep your heart without spot and blameless, and if ever you get a spot upon it, get it out again as soon as you can."

So Mrs. True asked John if his head was right upon his pillow, and if his bed felt soft and comfortable, and then she kissed him and bade him good-night. She then put up her hand to the gas-pipe in order to turn off the gas.

"Leave it burning a little, won't you, mother?" said John.

"Do you want it left burning a little to-night?" asked his mother.

"Yes," said John, "if you are willing."

The gas was generally put entirely out in John's room when he was ready to go to sleep; but sometimes, when, for instance, he did not feel very well, or when any one was sick in the house, or there was a great storm, or the circumstances were such, in any other respect, as to make him feel a little lonesome, his mother was

The gas-light.

Mrs. True leaves it burning a little.

accustomed to leave a small flame, as big, perhaps, as a pea, still burning at the end of the jet. The advantage of this was, that, in case of any thing happening in the night to make John wish to see, he could reach up and turn the faucet, and that would make the gas burn up immediately, and enlighten the room fully in a moment. It is true it was very seldom that John had occasion to do this, but the thought that it was in his power to do it, if he wished, was a great satisfaction to him.

So Mrs. True turned the faucet very slowly, and thus the bright and glowing flame of the gas was gradually diminished and dimmed until at length it was so small as to diffuse only a very gentle light over the room, like the light of a dimly-burning taper in a sick-chamber. Then she kissed John again, and, wishing him pleasant dreams, she went away.

CHAPTER XIII.

REFLECTIONS.

As soon as his mother had gone, John turned over upon his side, shut up his eyes, and tried to go to sleep. It was very hard for him even to keep his eyes shut.

His mind was full of agitating and distracting emotions. He was distressed, not merely by the thoughts of the particular sins that now specially troubled him, but a great many other sins which he had committed long before, and which he thought he had forgotten, came up to his remembrance, and filled him with distress and anguish.

John's reflections after he was left alone.

Then he thought of all the kindness and love which his father and his mother were so continually showing him. He remembered how patient they were with his faults, and how much pleasure it evidently gave them to procure him every proper gratification. He looked about the room, and observed by the dim light that was still burning how comfortably and how prettily they had fitted it up and furnished it for him. There, on one side, was his bureau, with his clothes nicely arranged in the drawers; and a book-case, full of useful and interesting books; and a small secretary, made expressly for him, and adapted to his size, and supplied within most abundantly with stores of stationery, and with means and facilities for writing of every conceivable kind. Then there was the soft carpet, and the pretty curtains, and the globe on a stand in the corner, and the nice soft bed that he was sleeping in—cool in summer and warm in winter—and all the other conveniences and luxuries of his room.

“How ungrateful I am,” said he to himself, “to deceive my father and mother, or do any thing to grieve them, when they do so much for me!”

A great many instances occurred to his mind in which he had disobeyed or deceived his parents in former years. These things had all been forgotten, but they now returned to his mind again, and filled him with distress. He recollects one case particularly, in which he had gone out on the water in a boat without his mother's permission. It was during the preceding summer. He was on a visit with his mother at the house of a friend of his father's, who had a large and beautiful place on the North River. There

An instance of disobedience that he recollects in former years.

were a number of young persons there together, amusing themselves on the grounds about a quarter of a mile from the house, and John went out with them. There was a pretty piece of water on the grounds, and a boat, and the girls and boys, when they came to the place, determined to go out and take a sail. There were two or three girls in the party, and one of them, named Dorinda, asked John to go with them, but he declined to go. He said he did not think that his mother would be willing.

“Oh, never mind your mother,” said Dorinda; “she’ll never know any thing about it.”

Still, John was not willing to go, but Dorinda urged him so much that finally he consented. Dorinda and another young lady helped him to get into the boat, and they put him in the stern on a low seat, and then took seats themselves before him in such a way as to conceal him in a great measure from view.

“There!” said Dorinda; “now your mother would not see you even if she should come out on the grounds and look at the boat.”

They took a long sail in this way in the boat, and finally returned safe to land. But John did not enjoy the sail at all. He felt guilty and ashamed all the time, and, although he soon forgot the occurrence in a great measure, since no disagreeable effects resulted from it, the remembrance of it now returned, and his heart seemed to sink within him at the thought of having thus consented to join in a plan for deceiving his mother, and acting contrary to what he supposed she would have desired.

Then, besides these things, a great many other sins of a differ-

Picture of Johnny going out by stealth in the boat.



THE BOAT-PARTY.

John recalls a great many past sins to mind.

ent kind from these came up to his remembrance. He thought how often he had wasted his time at school, and joined with the other boys in contriving artifices to deceive the teacher, or to conceal from him what they were doing. He thought of his frequent acts of injustice toward his sister Lucy. It is true, he had generally been kind and considerate to her, but sometimes he had been tyrannical and oppressive in not allowing her a fair share of what belonged as much to her as to him, or forcing her to do something which she did not wish to do, in cases where his own selfish advantage would be promoted by it, or in other ways compelling her to submit to his stronger will. He remembered, too, that he had even sometimes teased and troubled her merely for his amusement. In a word, John lay tossing restlessly in his bed, full of uneasiness and self-reproach. His sins came upon him like a flood. He tried to shut his eyes and go to sleep, but he could not. Every now and then such a sinking of the heart came over him as filled him with anguish and distress.

The deep impression which these thoughts and recollections made upon his mind were increased, no doubt, by the dread and solemn character of the passage of Scripture which his mother had read to him. She had not selected the passage with any special reference to the occasion, nor was there any thing that was peculiarly adapted to the occasion; but it was, in itself, a solemn passage, and the influence of it tended to fill John's mind with emotions of awe. The idea that the heavens and the earth, and all that they contain, are held, as it were, in God's hand, reserved for destruction when the appointed day should come, in which all that is

He remembers portions of the passage of scripture.

evil and injurious shall be swept out of being, seemed to him inexpressibly solemn.

“For the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.”

Then the grand and terrible description of this future destruction, which was to come suddenly and unexpectedly, like a thief in the night:

“The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.”

Then the natural and proper reflection which would at once arise to any person’s mind in view of these things, and which was so well expressed in the passage, “Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?” John thought, too, of his mother’s last words when she went down stairs, when she asked him to take good care that he was without spot and blameless, sc as to be always ready for the coming of the Lord.

“I am not without spot and blameless now,” said he to himself. “How *can* I become so?”

I do not think, however, after all, that the grand and sublime language of this passage awakened in John’s mind any very dis-

Effect of the passage of scripture on his mind.

tinct and definite idea of the manner in which the world was to be destroyed, or when the destruction would come, or whether he should live to see it. There was something said about a thousand years, he recollects, and that seemed to postpone the event a great while; so that the fear and dread which filled his soul was not definitely a fear of seeing the world burned up, and of his having no one to take care of him, and no place to go to. The feeling which he experienced was more indefinite than this. It was rather the general idea of his own exceeding weakness and frailty as a child, and of the great and dreadful power of Almighty God, who held the whole world in his hands, and could do with it, and with all that it contained, just as he thought best. "How dark every thing is all before me!" said he to himself. "I can see a little into to-morrow and a few days more, but all beyond is dim and dark. I do not know what is going to become of me. It will be just as God decides. I am in his hands. He will do with me just as he pleases. How terrible it must be, then, for me to disobey him and to break his laws!"

Then he reflected, too, how good God had been to him. He held up his little hand, looked at the fingers, and moved them about to see how ingeniously they were contrived, and then reflected that God made them for him. He looked about the room, and saw how beautifully the subdued and softened light beamed upon the carpet and the curtains, and the pictures on the walls, and remembered that God made this light for him, with all its mysterious powers and properties. It was the wisdom and power of Almighty God that it displayed in its shining, he thought, whether

it glowed in the noon-day sun to gladden the face of nature, or beamed more mildly from the silvery moon or twinkling stars, as he had often seen it from his window at night, or glowed in the evening fire, or in the brilliant flames of lamp or chandelier. Then he shut his eyes, and turned his mind inward upon himself. He thought of his own thinking. What a strange, mysterious, and wonderful power it was! It was a power that God had given to him. He called up mental pictures of striking and remarkable scenes that he had witnessed, and it seemed surpassingly wonderful that he could now see all those things again, as it were, lying in his bed in his solitary chamber, with his eyes shut. He recalled to his imagination his memorable walk down Broadway with Philbert, and brought back to his mind all the sights that he had witnessed there. He could see the platoons of soldiers marching up the street, their plumes and banners waving in the air, and their bayonets glistening in the sun. He could see the crowds standing on the sidewalks, and the groups of girls and children clustered on the steps of the doors. Then he went on, in imagination, to the fire. He could see the engines in the streets, could hear the sharp sound of the brakes as the firemen worked them up and down. He could see the ladder slowly rising into the air, and then the man mounting upon it, and then the water streaming in through the window, and the people on the neighboring roofs, and the rolling smoke, and the flashing flames, and all the other features of the spectacle. How wonderful and curious a contrivance his mind must be, he thought, to be able to create all these scenes anew, as it were, in such a dark and solitary place as his chamber,

John resolves that he will confess his fault in the morning.

and how good and kind God had been to him in creating him a thinking and reasoning being! While he had been actually picturing to himself the scenes that he had witnessed in Broadway, he had been, for a moment, amused, and his mind had been, in some degree, diverted from the distress and anguish that he had been enduring; but when the reflection came at last that it was Almighty God who had made him so—the God whose laws he had so often broken, and whose commands he had disobeyed—the compunctions of conscience returned, and he was more unhappy than ever. His eyes filled with tears, and he said to himself that he did not know what he *should* do.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONFESSiON.

“I NEVER shall be happy,” said John to himself, “until I have told my mother all about my not going to school yesterday, and I am positively resolved to tell her about it the very first thing to-morrow morning. I can not do it now, and so I won’t think of it any more, but go to sleep.”

Then he shut up his eyes and tried to go to sleep.

But his eyes would not stay shut. They blinked, and quivered, and would keep opening every minute, in spite of all his efforts. Presently he rose up in bed, and, leaning upon his elbow, he turned his pillow over, and smoothed it with the other hand, and lay down again in a new position, and then shut his eyes once more. In a few minutes they filled with tears, and John, no longer able

He wishes that his mother would come.The bell-cord.

to restrain his feelings, gave up the effort, and began to cry bitterly.

After a few minutes he became more composed, and he began to wish that he could see his mother that night, so that he could tell her without waiting till the next day.

“I wish I had told her before she went down,” said he to himself. “I had a great mind to do it, and now I really wish I had. If she were here now, I would tell her, but I don’t know how I can get her to come.”

There was a bell-cord near the head of John’s bed, which was intended for him to pull in case he should be sick, or should wish for any thing in the night. But then the bell which was connected with this cord was in Mrs. Rowles’s room, and it was Mrs. Rowles herself who always came when he rang it. It is true he might request her, when she came, to ask his mother to come up, but he was well aware that Mrs. Rowles would wish to know first what he wanted of her, as she was always very unwilling to trouble Mrs. True to come and see the children in the night, if she could possibly do what was wanted for them herself.

John reached out his hand to the bell-cord, and took hold of the tassel. He held the tassel in his hand for a moment, undecided what he should do. Finally, he concluded that he could not possibly make up his mind to tell Mrs. Rowles what he wanted to see his mother for, and so he let the tassel go again.

Then he got out of bed, and went to the gas-light, and, reaching up his arm, he took hold of the little faucet and turned it. By turning this faucet he opened the passage-way for the gas a little wider,

He brightens up the gas-light.

Anna comes to see him.

and that brightened up the flame. Then he could see quite distinctly all about the room.

He walked back and forth a few minutes, and then went softly to the door. He opened the door and looked out into the hall. The hall was brightly lighted by a chandelier which hung between the second and third stories, in the centre of the circular staircase. John listened, hoping that he might hear something of his mother. If he could see her or hear her, he meant to have called her, and to have asked her to come up into his room. But all was still.

In a few minutes John heard the door of one of the adjoining rooms opening. It was the door of his sister Anna's room. Anna herself was there, just coming out. John stepped back hastily as soon as his sister's door opened, but Anna caught a glimpse of his dress as he disappeared. So she came to his door.

“John,” said she, “is this you?”

“Yes,” said John.

“Do you want any thing?” asked Anna.

“I was looking to see if I could see mother any where,” said John.

Now John's sister Anna was a young lady of great delicacy and tact, and she perceived at once, by the tone of her brother's voice, that he was, on some account or other, in trouble. She pitied him, and wished very much to help him; so she did not give him a rude repulse, as some young ladies would have done in such a case. She did not say, “Oh, you can't see mother this time of night; go back to bed, and go to sleep.” On the contrary, she determined

Anna's kindness and gentleness.

John sends for his mother.

at once to aid him in obtaining what he wished. She spoke to him in a very kind and gentle tone, saying,

“ Well, John, you go back and get into bed, and I'll go and call mother. She'll come and see you, I am sure.”

In a few minutes Mrs. True came up into the room. She advanced to the bedside, and there she found John lying with his head covered up under the bed-clothes, and sobbing as if his heart would break.

Mrs. True did not utter any exclamations of surprise, or ask eagerly what was the matter. She saw at once that the trouble, whatever it might be, was no sudden accident, such as demanded urgent and instantaneous action, and so she proceeded in a calm and quiet manner to ascertain the nature of the case. She put her hand gently upon her boy's forehead, and began stroking down the hair in a soothing and quieting manner, saying at the same time, in a kind and gentle tone,

“ My poor Johnny !”

There seemed to be some mysterious charm in the touch of Mrs. True's soft hand upon John's forehead, or else in the kind and loving tones of her voice ; for though, after speaking those few words, she said no more to him, but remained quietly by his bedside, with her hand still stroking down his hair, he became gradually quite calm and composed.

“ You have got something to tell me, haven't you, Johnny ?” she said at length, when she found her poor boy had recovered sufficiently from his agitation.

“ Yes, mother,” said John.

His confession made.

John is greatly relieved.

“ Well, what is it ? ” asked his mother. “ Tell me.”

“ Why, mother, I’ve done something very wrong,” said John, “ very wrong indeed, and I can’t go to sleep until I tell you. I did not go to school yesterday at all.”

“ Did not you ? ” said his mother.

“ No,” said John ; “ and, besides that, what I told father about it was not true.”

“ Well,” said his mother, “ those were very bad things as long as you kept them to yourself, but, now that you have told me honestly about them, the difficulty will all be over very soon. Now tell me the whole story.”

John found, to his surprise, that an immense burden was removed from his mind just by what he had already said to his mother. A large portion of the bitter distress and anguish which he had suffered was already gone. He turned over in his bed toward his mother, and put out his hand for her to take. His mother took his hand in both of hers, and pressed it very affectionately. Then she leaned over him, as his head lay upon his pillow, and kissed his forehead in a very loving manner. Thus encouraged, John felt no longer afraid, but related the whole story just as it was. He, however, did not, by any means, attempt to put the blame of the affair off upon Philbert, but spoke of their going down Broadway, instead of going to school, as an act in which the two were equally engaged, and for which they were equally responsible.

He did not even tell his mother Philbert’s name. He spoke of him simply as another boy.

He concludes not to tell the other boy's name.

"I will tell you what his name is if you think it is best," said John. "I don't know myself whether I ought to do it or not."

"Do I know him?" asked Mrs. True.

"No, mother," said John, "I think you do not."

"Then you had better not tell me," said she; "it would not do any good, and we must never tell any evil of other people unless it will do some good."

"But now," continued Mrs. True, "you have told me of your fault like a good boy, and you may consider it all settled, and think no more about it. I am very glad that you sent down for me to come—very glad indeed. Perhaps to-morrow I shall have something more to say to you about this affair, but if I do, it will not be any thing to trouble you, so you may consider it all settled, and you may shut your eyes and go to sleep."

"But I want to tell my father about it first," said John.

"Well," said Mrs. True, speaking in a hesitating manner, as if she was not quite sure what to say, "well, I don't know but that you would feel better satisfied to tell your father; but that will do to-morrow, perhaps, just as well."

John hesitated a moment, and then he said,

"I think, mother, I would rather tell him to-night, and then I can go to sleep better."

"Well," said his mother, "then you shall; or, how would it do for *me* to tell him for you? I can explain it all to him when I go down stairs."

John paused a moment, and seemed to be thinking of this plan. Presently he said,

John resolves to confess his fault also to his father.

“It would be *easier* for me to have you tell him, mother, but seems to me that, somehow, I shall feel better to tell him myself. Don’t you think so, mother?”

“Yes,” said his mother, “I think you are right about it, and I will ask him to come up here, and you can tell him. And then, after that, you must forget all about it, and shut up your eyes and go to sleep.”

So Mrs. True kissed John twice and then went away.

When she entered the parlor again, after going down stairs, Mr. True, who was still there alone, asked her if there was any thing the matter with John. He had heard Anna ask her to go up and see him, and he thought that something unusual must be the cause.

“I hope John is not sick,” said he.

“No,” replied Mrs. True, “he is not sick, but he wants to see you.”

“Me!” repeated Mr. True, surprised.

“Yes,” said Mrs. True; “he has done something wrong, and he wants to tell you about it.”

“Dear little fellow!” said Mr. True. “I’ll go right up and see him.”

So Mr. True went up the great circular staircase, round and round, round and round, until he came to John’s door. He opened the door and went in. He walked immediately up to John’s bedside, and put out his arms, and, taking John up in them, he said, in a very kind and almost playful tone,

“Johnny, my boy, come and see me.”

Mr. True comes to John's chamber and carries him away.

So saying, he lifted John out of bed, and taking him up in his arms, he gently laid his head down upon his shoulder, and carried him off out of the room.

John wondered where his father was going to carry him.

He was not, however, at all afraid, for his father was so gentle and tender with him when taking him out of his bed, and the tones of his voice were so kind, that John knew very well that he had no cause to anticipate any harsh or severe treatment. Indeed, his feelings were soothed, and his anxiety and distress were greatly quieted by his father's kind and sympathizing manner.

I think that there is no time in which children need kindness, or feel it more sensibly, than when they have been doing wrong, and are in a state of suspense and perplexity—just at the turning-point between coming back again to truth and duty, and going farther and farther away. The kind of treatment which they receive from their parents in these emergencies, whether compassionate and gentle, or harsh and severe, often determines the question irrevocably one way or the other. Let those parents in whose hands this book may fall bear this in mind.

Mr. True, with John still in his arms, opened the door which led into his own bedroom, and went in. There was a small fire burning in a fire-place on the back side of the room; for, though it was in the spring of the year, and the days were pretty warm, the evenings were cool, and so Mr. and Mrs. True had a little fire kindled in their room just before it was time to go to bed.

Mr. True took a dressing-gown down from a wardrobe that stood

John and his father in the great chair by the fireside.

by the fire, and wrapped it about John, and then sat down with him in a great easy-chair that stood by the side of the fire. John was rather large to sit in his father's lap, but still his father could hold him pretty well.



JOHN AND HIS FATHER.

John confesses his fault to his father.

What his father said.

“Now, Johnny,” said Mr. True, as soon as he was comfortably seated, “what is it?”

So John began, and told his father all about the affair of his going away down Broadway the day before instead of going to school, very much as he had told it to his mother. Mr. True asked him questions from time to time, as John went on with his account, and John answered them; and thus, at length, the whole story was told.

“And that is the whole of it?” said Mr. True, when John had at length finished the account.

“Yes, sir,” said John, “that is all.”

Then there was a short pause.

“Well, now, Johnny,” said Mr. True, at length, after he had been thinking a little while of what John had told him, “if you had not told me of this, but if I had found it out some other way, I should have thought it a very serious business—a very serious business indeed. I don’t know what I should have done about it; I should have been very much troubled; but since you have told me of it of your own accord, I don’t think it *is* very serious, and I am not troubled about it at all. I am sure you will not do so again. I have no doubt that you were enticed away, and that you would not have done so if you had been left to yourself. But, however that may be, I am sure you won’t do so again. So now you may consider the affair entirely settled, and never think any thing more about it at all.

“Only always, after this,” continued Mr. True, “whenever you find that you have done any thing wrong, and feel unhappy about

Mr. True tells John stories to divert his mind.

He carries him to bed.

it, do as you have done now—come right to mother and me. You'll always find your father and mother your very best friends, and the very best persons to get you out of any trouble you get into, no matter what it is."

"Yes, sir," said John, "I think you are."

Mr. True then began talking with John about other things, in order to amuse him, and to divert his attention from the painful subject which had so distressed his mind. He told him several funny stories, and finally succeeded in making him laugh quite heartily. When, at length, he thought that his little son's peace and happiness were restored, he carried him back to his room and put him into his bed again. Then, after asking him if he had said his prayers, and being answered by John that he had, he bade him good-night.

Before he went away, however, he asked John if he would like to have the gas left burning a little, and John said he would; and so Mr. True turned it partly down, but left a small flame still burning. This prevented its being entirely dark in the room.

"There is an advantage in leaving the light burning a little," said Mr. True, "because by that means I can see my way out of the room better."

"Shall I leave the door open a little way?" asked Mr. True.

"Yes, sir," said John, "if you please."

So Mr. True left the door open a little way, and bidding John good-night once more, he went down. In about ten minutes after that time, John was fast asleep.

John wakes up in the night distressed and in terror.

CHAPTER XV.

ANNA.

THE next thing that John knew, he was waking up frightened.

He opened his eyes and looked around. The gas was burning still, so that he could see the objects in the room very distinctly. He felt a strange sensation of loneliness and awe. He looked about somewhat wildly for a few minutes, as if he did not know exactly where he was. His recollection, however, gradually returned, and with it came back some portion of the pain and distress which he had felt before his conversation with his father and mother.

“Oh dear me!” said he to himself, with a sigh; “I wish it was morning.”

Then he turned over, placed his head on a new place upon his pillow, and tried to go to sleep again.

But he could not get to sleep again. His mind seemed to be oppressed with a heavy load; the burden of sin was not fully removed. His father and mother had forgiven him, and enjoined upon him not to think of his transgression any more; but he could not, after all, dismiss it from his mind. It lay like a load upon his heart, and now, in the silent and lonely hours of the night, it seemed to him that he was more than ever before in the presence of God, and the thought filled him with an awe which almost amounted to terror.

John's solemn thoughts and reflections.

Anna comes to see him.

It seemed to him, in fact, that all around him, in the dim obscurity of the room, he could feel that God was near him on every side, watching him with a serious, though calm and gentle look, which penetrated to the thoughts and feelings of his inmost soul. Sometimes his imagination wandered beyond the room, and he thought of the silent and solitary streets, of the lonely roofs and tall chimneys rising coldly and drearily into the air, and of the sky above, dark, and sombre, and full of silent awe, notwithstanding the shining of the stars. He thought of God as every where present there, and his heart sank within him at the idea of having so often disobeyed and displeased so dread and so mighty a power.

He tried again to go to sleep, but he could not. Then he thought that he would rise from his bed and go to get some water to drink. There was a basin set in marble in his room, with pipes for hot and cold water above it, like those in the little room adjoining the play-room, so that John could get water when he wanted it in the night very easily. He accordingly rose, went to the basin, turned the cold-water pipe, and caught some of the water in a little silver mug which he kept there for the purpose. He took his drink, and then went back to his bed and lay down again. He tried to go to sleep, but he could not. The tears came into his eyes, and he began to feel very unhappy.

In about five minutes he heard a gentle voice at his door, calling to him in a low and silvery tone,

“Johnny!”

“Anna,” said John, “is that you?”

Some account of Anna.

Her beauty.

Her compassionate heart.

John knew by the tones of the voice that it was Anna who was speaking to him.

“Yes,” said Anna. “May I come in and see you?”

John said yes, and Anna came in.

John’s sister Anna was a very beautiful and a very excellent girl. She was about seventeen years old. Her hair was dark auburn, and hung in curls upon her neck. Her eyes were blue, and full of a very thoughtful and very loving expression. She was quiet and still in her demeanor, never making any noise or bustle, or doing or saying any thing in a rough or abrupt manner. Her heart was set on doing good to others by every opportunity. She sought her own happiness in doing good to others rather than in seeking good for herself, and she was particularly kind and sympathizing toward others when they had been doing wrong, especially if she thought that they were themselves unhappy about it.

The *guilty* feeling, she used to say, is the very worst feeling that any one can possibly have. There is nothing that makes us so wretched. And next to the guilty feeling, the feeling of being frightened is the worst. I would rather suffer almost any other kind of pain you can imagine than to be frightened.

Now, when people do wrong, especially children, they subject themselves to the pain of the guilty feeling and of the frightened feeling at the same time. This Anna knew very well. She had done wrong herself, and so filled her soul with remorse and terror often enough to know all about it by bitter experience. She had found out, too, by experience, how to be relieved from the load of guilt when she incurred it, and she considered, therefore, that the

Anna's interest in relieving the guilty from their sufferings and fears.

best and highest good which she could do to any body was to help them get relief from the misery of sin.

"I am sure," said she to herself, "that the feeling of being hungry, or cold, or of suffering any other kind of bodily pain, is not half so bad to bear as the dreadful pangs of remorse and terror which sometimes overwhelm our souls when we have been doing wrong and are not yet forgiven."

So, while Anna took great interest in succoring the poor, and the sick, and the hungry, whenever she had an opportunity, her greatest pleasure was in her efforts to help and save the guilty.

This was the reason why she came into John's room at this time. She supposed, when she found John looking out into the entry for his mother, and when he asked her to go and request his mother to come up, that he had been doing something wrong, and was unhappy about it. She did not ask him any questions then, for Anna was not at all curious about other person's affairs. She only wished to help them and relieve them when they were in trouble. She thought, when John sent down for his mother, that if his mother came and relieved him of his distress, and made him happy again, she should wish for nothing more. But she could not feel entirely easy herself until she knew that this was accomplished.

So, when she came up stairs to bed that night, she listened at John's door to ascertain whether he was asleep. She heard no sound, and so she gently pushed the door open and went in.

This was about half an hour after Mr. True had gone down. Anna found that John was sleeping very quietly. His hand was

She looks at John while he is asleep.

What she thought about him.

upon his pillow, and his cheek upon his hand, and he was asleep. Anna looked earnestly but lovingly into his face, to see whether all traces of distress had disappeared from it.

"I don't believe he is entirely happy yet," said she; "but perhaps he will sleep quietly till morning."

So saying, Anna covered one of John's arms a little more with the counterpane, and then crept softly out of the room.

Her own room was adjoining to John's, and while she was preparing to go to bed herself, she listened now and then attentively, to hear whether all was still in John's room, and at last, when she was ready to go to bed, she left her own door open a little way.

"Then I shall hear him," said she, "if he is restless in the night, and I can go in and comfort him."

It was in consequence of this arrangement that Anna heard John when he went to get the drink of water, and so she came into his room.

CHAPTER XVI.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

ANNA advanced to John's bedside, and sat down in the great chair. She laid her head over upon John's pillow, and drew his cheek up close to hers.

"Johnny, my boy, what is the matter with you? Can't you get to sleep?" said she.

"No," said John, speaking in a plaintive tone of voice, "not very well. I can get to sleep, but I can't *keep* asleep."

Conversation between Anna and John.

John's confession.

“That’s exactly it,” said Anna. “It is just so with me sometimes.”

So Anna began gently to smooth down John’s hair upon his temples, stroking his temples in a soothing manner, as if she were magnetizing him. The action was effectual in bringing John’s heart and soul into a very near and loving communication with her own, but whether the influence was in any sense magnetic or not, I will not pretend to say.

“Something troubles you, I expect,” said Anna, in a low and very gentle tone.

“Yes,” said John, “something does.”

“If you think I could help you any about it,” said Anna, “I should like to have you tell me what it is. But do not tell me unless you choose.”

John was silent. Anna was silent too, and so there was quite a pause. Anna did not wish to urge her brother to confide his griefs to her, and so she waited to give him time to think whether he would do it or not of his own accord. In the mean time, she continued to smooth down the hair upon his temples with her soft hand. The heart of the poor little sufferer was drawn toward her more and more by the affectionate tenderness of the love which she thus manifested toward him.

At length he concluded to tell her.

“Why, you see,” said he, “that yesterday I did something wrong, and it makes me feel very unhappy.”

“Did you talk with mother about it,” said Anna, “when she came up to see you?”

Anna gives him good counsel.

Her kindness to him.

“Yes,” said John; “and afterward father came up, and I talked with him.”

“And did you tell them all about it, honestly and truly?” said Anna.

“Yes,” said John, “all that I could remember. But perhaps I forgot something. It was pretty long to tell, and there may be something that I forgot.”

“That’s no matter,” said Anna. “If there was any thing that was of so little consequence that you really forgot it, it is no matter for that. But did you honestly tell them all that they ought to know, without attempting to hide or conceal any thing, or make any thing appear not so bad as it was?”

“Yes,” said John, “I truly did, I am sure.”

“And what did they say?” asked Anna.

“Why, they told me they were glad I had confessed it to them, and they said that now I must send it away from my mind, and not think any more about it at all.

“But I can’t,” added John, in a mournful and despairing tone, “and I don’t know what I *shall* do.”

“Why, Johnny,” said Anna, “if they told you that, I should think you would consider it all entirely settled, and would not trouble yourself about it any more.”

“It *is* all settled, I know,” said John, “with father and mother, but—”

Here John hesitated, and seemed at a loss whether to go on or not with what he was going to say.

“But what?” said Anna.

John explains the cause of his distress.

Anna's advice.

"I am afraid," said John, solemnly, "that it is not all settled with God."

Anna was silent a few minutes after hearing this. She was very glad to find that her little brother could not feel satisfied and happy until he had made his peace with God, as well as with his father and mother.

"Johnny," said she, presently, after a little pause, "a great many boys, when they have done wrong, are only troubled about it for fear they shall be punished, and when the affair is once settled with their father and mother, that is all they care for."

"I know it," said John.

"And now what do you suppose the reason is why you can't be easy in mind and go to sleep, as well as other boys, now you know that you have no punishment to fear?"

"I don't know," said John, "only I can't."

"I'll tell you what I think the reason is," said Anna: "it is the Spirit of God that comes into your heart. God loves you, and wishes to save you, and he sends his Spirit into your heart to call you to him. I *think* that is it. It is *He* that does not allow you to feel happy till you are reconciled to him, for he loves you, and wishes to have you for his child."

John listened very attentively to Anna while she said this, but he did not reply.

"And now, John," continued Anna, "if you wish to have it all settled with God, as well as with father and mother, don't you know what you are to do?"

"Not exactly," said John.

Anna teaches him how to go to God.For Jesus' sake.

" You must do just as you did to father and mother. You called them, and confessed the fault to them, and said you were sorry. Did not they receive you kindly ? "

" Yes," said John, " they were very kind to me indeed."

" God will receive you just as kindly as they did," said Anna, " you may be sure. Now I will go away and leave you, and you must pray to God to forgive you for the sin, and ask him to take you to *him*, and make you his child."

" Well," said John, " I will."

" And then, by-and-by, after you have had time to do it," continued Anna, " I will come back and see you again before you go to sleep."

" Well," said John.

" You must go to God just as you went to mother," said Anna.

" Only there is one difference," she added: " mother did not know any thing about the sin, I suppose, till you told her, did she ? "

" No," said John.

" Of course, then," said Anna, " you had to explain it all to her. You had to begin at the beginning, and tell her the whole story; but God knows all about it now. You have not any thing to *explain* to him; He knows the whole already; so that all you have to do is to confess the fault, and ask him to forgive you."

" Yes," said John.

" And there is one thing more," said Anna. " Pray God to forgive you, *for Jesus' sake*. You will get a great deal more comfort, and you'll get it sooner, if you do. Jesus came into this world,

Anna goes away.

She waits in her room for John to knock to her.

and suffered and died for us, to save us from our sins, and there is a great deal of comfort and happiness in asking God to forgive us for his sake. Sometimes, when we think how ungrateful to God we have been, and how many, many times we have done wrong, and how wicked it was in us to act as we have done, it seems to us as if we could not be forgiven. Although we know very well that God is always willing to forgive us, still it will *seem* as if he could not, and then it is a great satisfaction and happiness to us to ask him to do it for Jesus' sake, and not for our own. You try it, Johnny, and you will find it so."

"Yes," said John, "I will."

"And now I will go away," said Anna. "You can knock for me on the wall a little—*so*, when you are ready for me to come back."

So saying, Anna rapped a little, gently, on the wall, at the head of John's bed, in order to show him how he was to rap when he wished her to come.

She then went back to her room, and sat down in an arm-chair that stood by a window, near her work-table, and waited there. While she was waiting, she was thinking of her little brother very kindly and tenderly, and praying to God to receive him, and bless him, and forgive his sins, and make him happy.

In about fifteen minutes she heard the knocking. She immediately rose and went into John's room.

She went up to her little brother's bedside, and put her hand upon his brow. John looked up to her with a smile. The expression of his countenance was entirely changed.

John knocks on the wall when he is ready for Anna to come



KNOCKING FOR ANNA.

“Well, Johnny,” said she, “do you think you feel any happier?”

“Yes,” said John, “I feel a *great deal* happier.”

“And now, do you think you can go to sleep?” asked Anna.

“Yes,” said John, “I think I can.”

Morning.	Anna's household duties.	Responsibility placed upon her.
<p>“Would you like to have me stay here with you till you get asleep?” asked Anna.</p> <p>“No,” said John; “it’s no matter. I do not feel lonely now. You can go to your room and go to bed, and I thank you <i>very much indeed</i> for coming to see me.”</p> <p>So Anna went away.</p>		

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MORNING.

ANNA rose early the next morning, and went down stairs to superintend the morning arrangements of the household, and the getting of the breakfast.

This was Anna’s regular duty in the morning; her mother had assigned it to her.

“By-and-by,” said her mother, “she will be married, perhaps, and then she will have a house of her own, and she will have a very hard time in beginning the management of it unless she has had some experience beforehand in conducting the affairs of a household, and in the direction of servants.”

In order, therefore, to give her daughter an opportunity to acquire this experience, Mrs. True was accustomed to assign her, from time to time, different departments of household duty, a small portion at a time; and whenever she did assign any such duty to Anna, she always left it entirely in her hands, giving the servants orders to obey her directions in all respects, whatever they were. Anna often found herself involved in difficulty when she

Mrs. True's reasons for pursuing this course with Anna.

undertook any new charge of this kind ; her mother, however, did not interpose in such cases, but left Anna to manage her affairs in her own way, unless she came herself and asked for advice and help.

Mrs. True reasoned in regard to this much as she did in respect to allowing John and Lucy to decide about the book-binding.

“It is much better,” she said to herself, “that some things in my house should not be done quite so well for a little time, while Anna is learning, than that she should never learn.”

It was eminently wise for Mrs. True to take this course, for the happiness of married life is often sadly marred at the commencement of it in consequence of the bride being so wholly unprepared for the duties which, by being married, she has undertaken to discharge. Her husband is perhaps a merchant, or a lawyer, or an engineer. He has spent many years in learning how to perform *his* duties well, in his profession or occupation, whatever it may be, in order that he may fulfill well the share of responsibility which devolves on him in the matrimonial partnership, which share is to earn money for the maintenance of his wife and family, and for procuring for them the comforts and enjoyments which they need, and laying up a suitable provision for old age. He expects that his wife will be able to perform *her* part, which is to manage the household in a quiet and noiseless, and yet efficient way ; to direct the servants well, so as to induce them to perform their duties in an orderly manner, and without getting into difficulties and quarrels with them. When he finds, however, as so many bridegrooms in cities and in large towns often do, that his wife knows nothing

Some advice to young girls ; plain, but perhaps not very palatable.

about these things ; that she can not manage her household without disorder and waste, and that she is always wanting more servants, while yet she can not get along peaceably and pleasantly with those that she has ; that the house gets untidy, and every thing runs into confusion and disorder, and that his pretty little bride is good for nothing but to dress, and smile, and receive compliments in society, and say sprightly things in return, his love for her very soon grows cold.

I advise, therefore, all the young girls who may read this book, if they expect ever to be married, and if they wish to retain the love of their husbands beyond the honeymoon, to do as the young men do, that is, spend their time before they are married in learning *well how to perform the duties* of the married state, and not merely in building castles in the air about its privileges and its pleasures.

But this is a digression. Anna went down stairs early to give directions about the breakfast, and to see that every thing went on right in getting it ready. She was now busy in the breakfast-room, seeing that every thing there was in nice order. She had opened the morning paper, which had come a few minutes before, and spread it out to dry, and now she had folded it again, with the editorial page outside, and had placed it by her father's plate upon the table, when she heard a very joyous laugh ringing in the hall. It was John. She knew his voice. He was having a morning frolic with Lucy.

She went to the door of the breakfast-room and called him.

“John,” said she, “is that you ?”

John is a colt.

He turns into an express-man.

The milk-man.

“Yes,” said John. “I’m a colt that has got astray, and Lucy is trying to drive me down into the barn.”

“Well, Lucy, drive him along,” said Anna, “and when you get him down here, I want him to turn into an express-man, and go and pay the milk-bill.”

“I’ll go and be express-man now,” said John.

John was always greatly pleased with an opportunity to do any business, especially if the transaction involved in any way the receiving or paying of money.

So he ran down stairs, and Lucy followed him. He came into the breakfast-room with a face beaming with contentment and happiness.

“Now, John,” said Anna to him, “this is the day we have to pay the milk-man. He left his bill here yesterday. Will you pay him for me?”

“Yes,” said John, eagerly, “I’ll pay him.”

“Well, here is the bill, and here’s the money,” said Anna. “I put them on this little table. Go to the front window in the parlor and watch, and when you see him coming, go down to the lower door and pay him.”

The door where the milk-man came in was below, under the front steps. So John and Lucy went together to the front window, and, establishing themselves there on the ottoman, they watched for the milk-man’s cart. They had to wait nearly ten minutes. At length they heard the wheels of the cart coming, and as soon as the vehicle came in sight, John ran into the breakfast-room to get the bill and the money, and then went down stairs.

John pays the milk bill and gets a commission.

He gave the milk-man the money, and he, on his part, receipted the bill.

“Now,” said John, “you must pay me my commission for doing the business.”

“Well,” said the milk-man, “what shall the commission be?”

“A drink of milk,” said John.

“Very well,” said the milk-man. So he gave John and Lucy both a good drink of his best milk, and then he drove away.

Very soon the breakfast-bell rang, and John went to breakfast, more light-hearted and happy than he had been before for a long time.

His father and mother, when they came down to breakfast, bade him good-morning precisely as they usually did, without alluding in any way to the occurrences of the preceding evening, nor did they even by a look or gesture show that they remembered it. It was the same with his sister Anna. John was glad of this, and in pursuing this course, his father, and mother, and his sister evinced a great deal of tact and delicacy.

“John,” said Mr. True, after they were all seated at the table, and the coffee had been poured out, and the first plate of cakes had been passed round, “the ship is going to be launched to day.”

“Is it?” said John.

“Yes,” said his father, “at twelve o’clock.”

This was a large clipper ship which Mr. True’s firm had been building. Her name was the Meteor. John had been down to see the ship several times since it had been on the stocks, and had taken a great interest in her progress toward completion.

Conversation about the launching.

Questions about the day.

A clipper ship is one that is built with sharp bows, and with some other peculiarities in her form and rig which make her a very fast sailer. Clippers are usually, too, of very large size, and some of them make very splendid voyages. The New York merchants and ship-builders are very proud of them.

Mr. True had several other ships, or, rather, there were several others belonging to the firm, but the Meteor was meant to be larger and better than any of the rest. John used to say that, if he were only big enough, he would like very much to go captain of her. He was, accordingly, quite pleased to hear that she was finished.

"If it were not for school," said his father, "you might go down and see her launched."

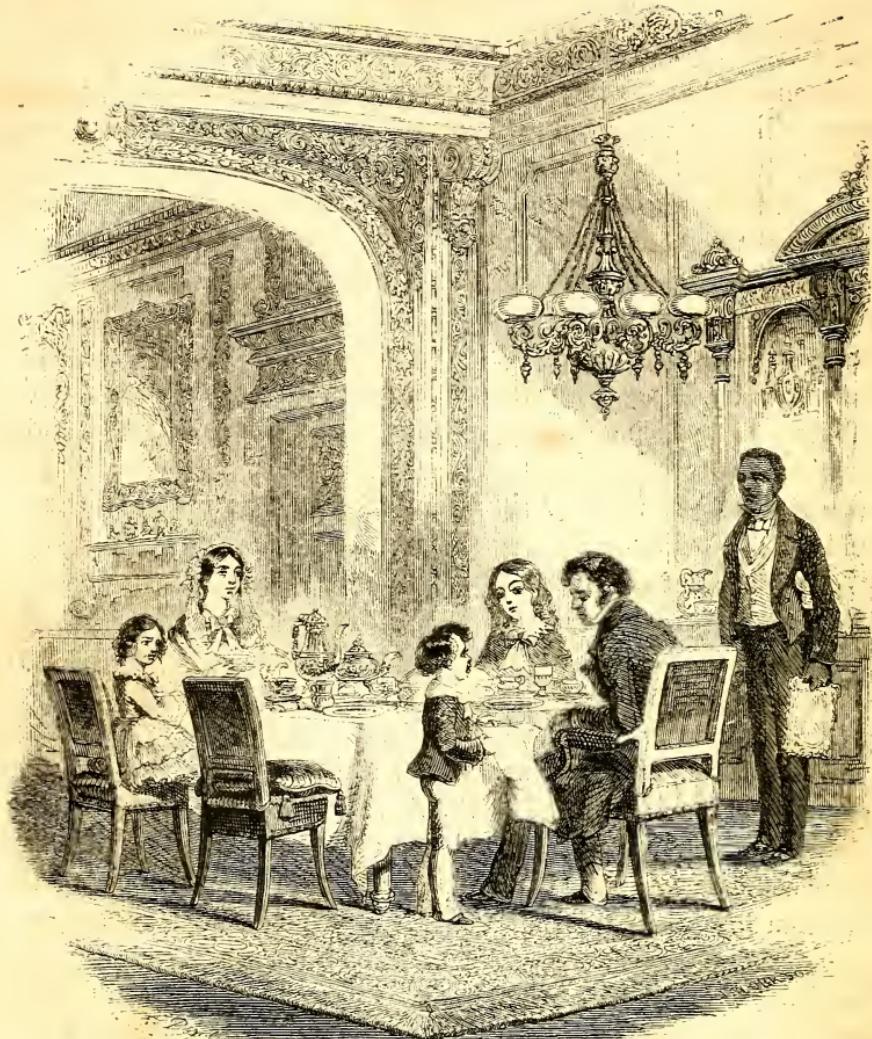
"Anna, what day is this?" said John, eagerly.

"It is Saturday," said Anna.

"Yes," said John, "it is Saturday. Yesterday was Friday. There is no school to-day, father."

Mr. True knew very well that it was Saturday, and that there was no school. He only spoke in that manner in play, in order to enjoy John's surprise, and to let him find out himself that it was Saturday. Indeed, Mr. True had arranged it to have the ship launched on Saturday expressly for the purpose of allowing his children to witness the spectacle without being absent from school.

"Ah!" said Mr. True, pretending to be surprised, "is it really Saturday? If it is, I don't see why you and Lucy can't go to the launching as well as not. But are you sure that it is not Friday?"



John and Lucy go to see the launching.

Sabbath morning.

In order to put the question at rest, the children seized the paper and looked at the date. It was found to be really Saturday, and so Mr. True was obliged to give up the point. Accordingly, a plan was formed for going to see the launching. Mrs. True and Anna were to go, and the two children. They were to go in the carriage. The Duke was to drive them. Mr. True said that he would give directions to have a place reserved within the yard where they could all see well. The place was on a pile of ship-timber, that was laid very firm and solid.

This plan was carried into execution. The party left the house at eleven o'clock, and reached the ship-yard on the East River about half past eleven. They waited here half an hour, and then, at the appointed time, the launch took place. The ship glided off into the water by a very slow but most majestic motion, that filled the hearts of the hundreds of spectators that were assembled with delight. Every body said that there had not been a finer launch in any ship-yard in New York for many a year.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RESOLUTIONS.

AFTER breakfast the next morning, which, of course, was the Sabbath, John took his sister Lucy by the hand and led her into the parlor. He felt a strong desire to do some good to some person or other, and he did not see who there was for him to do good to except her.

“It is more than an hour before it will be time to begin to get

John undertakes to read Lucy some Bible stories.

ready to go to church," said he to himself, "and so I will read her some Bible stories.

"Lucy," said he, "if you have not got any thing to do, come with me, and I will read you some Bible stories."

"Well," said Lucy, "I will, if you will read to me out of the Revelation. I like to hear about the Revelation."

Lucy called it, in fact, *Revelations*, using the word in the plural number. But this was wrong. The proper name of the book is **THE REVELATION**, singular, as you will see by looking at the book in any Bible.

"Only," said she, "you must not read about any of the great dragons, for that frightens me."

"Well," said John, "I will not."

Some boys, in such a case, would have burst into a fit of laughter, and would have called their sister a silly little fool for being afraid of descriptions of dragons written in a book. But John was now in a mood of mind to be very tender and considerate in respect to his sister's feelings, so he only said, "Well, I will not read about the dragons." His object was to do good, and to give his sister pleasure. He would have defeated that object at once if he had made her unhappy by laughing at her.

So he led Lucy to their little sofa, and then went and brought the Bible. He and Lucy sat close together, and they placed the Bible upon a round sofa-cushion which they took from one of the large sofas in the room and put across their laps. This was a very convenient way of holding it.

Then John turned to the end of the Bible, and, finding the Book

The Revelation.

Difference between a scythe and a sickle.

of Revelation there, he began to look over the pages to find a place where there was nothing about dragons. He at length began to read at the fourteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter.

“Would you like to point?” said he.

“Yes,” said Lucy.

So Lucy held out her finger, and John, taking hold of it, pointed with the end of it to the words of the verse as he read them. He read very slowly and distinctly, and he emphasized the words plainly as he pointed to them, so that Lucy might follow the reading with her eye as he went along from line to line.

“And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of Man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle.”

“Do you know what a sickle is, Lucy?” asked John.

“No,” said Lucy.

“It is a sharp thing that they reap with,” said John. “They cut down the wheat and the grain with it that grows in the fields. I saw one in the country last summer.”

“Yes,” said Lucy, “so did I too. The man went along swinging it, and cutting down the grass.”

“Ah! that was a scythe,” said John; “that had a long handle and a long blade. A sickle has a short handle and a short blade, and the blade is bent round like a hook. It is very different from a scythe.”

“Well,” said Lucy, “read on.”

John goes on reading the Bible story.

“ And another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in thy sickle, and reap ; for the time is come for thee to reap ; for the harvest of the earth is ripe.

“ And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth ; and the earth was reaped.

“ And another angel came out of the temple which is in heaven, he also having a sharp sickle.

“ And another angel came out from the altar, which had power over fire, and cried with a loud cry to him that sat on the cloud.”

When John came to this call, he altered his voice, and read it as a man would speak it in calling to a person at a distance, to command him what to do—

“ He cried with a loud cry to him that had the sharp sickle, THRUST IN THY SHARP SICKLE”—

Only he was careful not to call loud enough to make a noise and disturbance—

“ And gather the clusters of the vine of the earth.”

“ That means the grapes,” said John. “ You see, they gather grapes with a sickle ; at least I should think so, from this.”

“ So should I,” said Lucy.

The wine-press.	A furlong.	John's explanations.
<p>“And the angel,” continued John, “thrust in his sickle into the earth, and gathered the wine of the earth, and cast it into the great wine-press of the wrath of God.”</p>		

“The wine-press,” said John, “means the great box that they put the grapes in to press the juice out of them. But what it means by the wine-press of the wrath of God, I don’t know.”

“Neither do I,” said Lucy, looking up very innocently into John’s face: “had I better go and ask mother?”

“No,” said John, “it is no matter now; we will read on.”

“And the wine-press,” continued John, “was trodden without the city, and blood came out of the wine-press, even unto the horse-bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs.”

“A furlong is a certain distance,” said John; “it is about as far as from here to Fourteenth Street; so that a thousand and six hundred furlongs would be a great way, you see.”

“Yes,” said Lucy, “it would be as far as from here to the Battery.”

“Oh, a great way farther,” said John. “And now that is the end of the chapter.”

“Is it?” said Lucy.

“Yes,” said John. “See, here’s where a new chapter begins, so that is the end of this story. How do you like it?”

“I like it beautifully,” said Lucy.

Conversation about going to church.

Lucy's difficulties.

John afterward read Lucy some other stories, and she was very much interested in them. It is true, his explanations of the meaning of the passages were necessarily somewhat imperfect, but then he knew a little more about them than Lucy did, and what he did know he explained; and that, in truth, is all that can be said of the ablest commentators; they only know a little more than those whom they teach; they do not, by any means, know all.

After this, John read several other stories to Lucy, all of which interested her so much that she said she wished she was not obliged to go to church. She would a great deal rather, she said, stay at home and have John read to her out of the Bible.

“Besides,” said she, “I am sure it would do me a great deal more good.”

“But it is our *duty* to go to church,” said John.

“Why is it?” asked Lucy.

“I don’t know, exactly,” said John, somewhat puzzled, “but then I know it is.”

“You see, I can’t understand the sermon,” said Lucy, “and I can’t always even understand the text.”

“I know it is pretty hard to understand, sometimes,” said John.

“And then, besides,” she added, “when I can’t understand what any body is saying, it is very hard for me to keep my eyes awake.”

“I know it is hard,” said John, “but we must do our duty if it is hard; and the harder it is, the more goodness there is in doing it.”

Some persons may say, perhaps, that this doctrine of John’s

Lucy goes to John's room, and John reads her his resolutions.

was not very correct in a theological point of view, but it was very comforting to Lucy, notwithstanding.

After tea that evening, Lucy looked about some time for John, but could not find him. At last she thought she would go up into his room to see if he might not be there, and there he was.

He was seated at his desk, writing. He was writing resolutions, he said. He said that they were the resolutions that he had been making that day to keep during the week. Lucy sat down by him, and, when he had finished his resolutions, he read them to her. They were as follows :

RESOLUTIONS.

1. I am determined to do all I can, when I am at home, to please my father and mother, and to help them. If I can't do any thing else, I can at least be still, and not interrupt them when they are reading or talking.

“So will I,” said Lucy.

2. I will do all I can to help Lucy, and comfort her when she is in trouble ; and I will never laugh at her or tease her.

“That's an excellent resolution,” said Lucy.

3. I am resolved to be a good boy at school ; and if any of the boys go to playing near me, I won't look at them.

John's resolutions.

Lucy's comments upon them.

4. I am going to try to improve in my writing as much as I can.

“I wish I could write,” said Lucy. “If I could write as well as you, I should be contented.”

“I can't make an E very well,” said John, “or a K.”

5. When the boys quarrel in the recess, I will try to make peace if I can, and if I can not I will go away.

“Do the boys quarrel much at your school?” asked Lucy.

“Sometimes,” said John, “though not very often. They sometimes quarrel when they are playing marbles.”

6. I mean to find a good verse in the Bible every morning all by myself in my room, and read it over very carefully, and think what it means, and then do what it says.

“Let me come too,” said Lucy, “and help you find it.”

“Well,” said John, “you shall.”

7. And whenever I have done any thing wrong, if it concerns my father and mother, I will go and tell them the first thing; and at any rate, I will go and confess it to God, and ask him to forgive me, for Jesus' sake.

John read over his resolutions every day all the week, and took great pains to keep them all, and had an excellent time in doing it.

What became of Philbert.He is carried into the house.

CHAPTER XIX.

PHILBERT.

I SUPPOSE that the reader may perhaps feel some desire to know, before coming to the close of the story, what became of Philbert, with his wounded ankle.

The thought that was uppermost in his mind when he arrived at his father's house was how he should contrive to conceal the fault that he had committed from his father and mother.

"I can manage my mother well enough," said he to himself, as Walter carried him into the house; "the only difficulty will be with my father."

The pain was at this time pretty severe; still, Philbert could bear it very well, for he was a boy of great courage and fortitude.

"Are you hurt much?" said Walter to Philbert, as he carried him in.

"Pretty bad," said Philbert.

"How did you get hurt?" asked Walter.

"Oh! I can't tell," said Philbert, groaning, or rather pretending to groan. "You must tell mother how it was yourself. Oh dear me! oh dear me!"

Walter was accustomed to Philbert's maneuvers and management with his father and mother, and had often joined him in plans for deceiving them; so he understood at once, from these words,

He pretends to be in great pain, so as not to answer questions.

that Philbert wished him to make up some plausible story to account for the accident.

“Yes, yes,” said Walter, “I will tell her all about it.”

By this time Walter had carried Philbert through the hall into a little back parlor, and laid him down on a sofa there.

“I will tell her all about it,” said he: “the boys pushed you down, I suppose?”

Philbert nodded his head, and continued to writhe about and groan.

“Down the steps—off the stoop?” continued Walter.

“Oh dear me!” said Philbert, “what shall I do?”

He nodded his head to the first question, because he recollects that there were a great many boys in the train that were drawing the engine, and, as he was knocked or pushed down by the engine, he thought it was near enough to the truth to justify him in going so far, at least, as to nod his head to the supposition made by Walter that the boys pushed him down.

I do not think that Philbert would have been willing to tell an absolute and open falsehood, but he was always ready to deceive his mother by prevarications and subterfuges of this kind. It was always very easy to deceive her so.

“Go and pay the coachman,” said Philbert, “and tell my mother to come.”

Walter left Philbert lying on the sofa, and went to find Mrs. Carlton. She came, in great haste and trepidation, as soon as she heard the tidings. She ran to the sofa, looking very much alarmed, and cried out, in a most excited manner,

His mother is very much frightened.

“Why, Philbert! my *dear* boy! what is the matter? What has happened? How did you get hurt?”

Philbert said nothing; but, sitting up at the end of the sofa, he pressed his hands about his ankle, just above the place that was hurt, and moved backward and forward as if in great pain. Almira, his sister, who had stopped a moment to give Walter some money to pay the coachman, now came in, calling out in the same way, “What’s the matter? How did he get hurt?”

“Yes, Philbert,” said his mother, “how did it happen? Tell me all about it.”

It is a curious circumstance, that a great many mothers and sisters, when a child is hurt and is in such pain, or is crying so much that he can hardly speak, always want to stop and have a long explanation about how the thing happened before they do any thing to remedy the mischief. Mrs. True, in such a case as this, would have postponed all inquiries about how the hurt was caused until she had taken the proper means to heal it. She would have said nothing to the wounded boy, except to speak to him some soothing words, but would have sent at once for warm water to bathe the ankle, while she would proceed to take off the shoe and stocking, to see for herself how serious the injury might be.

Philbert’s mother was, however, too much frightened to think of any thing but inquiring how the accident happened, and sending for the doctor. One or two of the servant-girls from the kitchen, hearing the news, came in, ostensibly to offer their services, but really to gratify their curiosity by learning what had hap-

Great bustle and confusion.

Walter makes up a plausible story.

pened to Philbert. They, at least, were not frightened ; they were too well accustomed to Philbert's mishaps.

"Run, somebody," said Mrs. Carlton, "and get Dr. James ! I am afraid his ankle is broken. Does it feel broken, Philbert?" said she : "and tell me how it happened. How was it?"

Philbert, finding himself thus pressed, concluded to feel faint, in order to have an excuse for not answering the question. So he sank down gently upon the sofa, and let his head fall over upon one side, and asked feebly for some water. This frightened his mother more than ever, and a scene of great excitement and bustle ensued. The people ran in all directions to bring water, and aromatic vinegar, and smelling-salts, and Cologne, and other such things, to be used as restoratives.

In the mean time, Walter came in again, after having paid and dismissed the coachman. Mrs. Carlton asked him if he knew how Philbert got hurt.

"Yes, ma'am," said Walter ; "he was playing with some boys on the stone steps, and one of them pushed him down, and his ankle struck against the corner of the step. When the boys found that he was hurt so much that he could not walk, they got a carriage and sent him home. One of them came with him."

"Oh dear me!" said Philbert, still groaning and pretending to be in great pain, for fear that he should be called upon to corroborate the story.

"Who was it that pushed him down? Do you know, Walter?" asked Mrs. Carlton.

"No, ma'am," said Walter, "I do not know."

The rest of Walter's story.

Mrs. Carlton is easily imposed upon.

"Who was it, Philbert?" said Mrs. Carlton.

Philbert shook his head.

"He will not tell, ma'am," said Walter. "He would not tell me when I asked him. He never will tell of any of the boys, if they hurt him ever so much."

Mrs. Carlton thought to herself that Philbert always was a generous, noble-minded boy, and she forbore to press the question who it was that hurt him. She, however, turned to Walter again, and asked him who it was that came home with Philbert.

Walter looked at Philbert to get some intimation from him whether he was at liberty to tell that it was John True who came home with him. Philbert replied to this look by the slightest movement of his head to denote no.

"It was a boy they call Bill," said Walter. "I believe his name is William Jones."

"No, it was not," said Hannah, the chamber-maid. "It was John True. I was looking out of the window when he came."

"Was it John True?" said Walter. "I do not know the boys very well, there are so many of them nowadays. I thought it was William Jones. But it might have been John True."

"Then John True will know all about it," said Mrs. Carlton, "and as soon as I can, I shall go and ask him who it was that pushed Philbert down."

Philbert secretly resolved that he would find some way to defeat this plan before the time arrived for putting it into execution, but he said nothing.

Very soon after this the doctor came. He examined the wound,

Mrs. Carlton promises to help Philbert deceive his father.

and said he thought it would not prove to be any thing serious, but Philbert must be kept quiet for a few days. He applied some sort of liniment, and then Philbert was carried up stairs and laid upon his bed.

When dinner-time came, he wanted to go down to dinner as usual, but his mother would not consent.

“Yes,” said Philbert, “you can carry me down and put me in a chair before father comes, and then he need not know any thing about my getting hurt. I don’t want him to know. He always scolds me if I get hurt.”

“No,” said his mother, “you must not go down. The doctor said you must be kept quiet. But I will manage it so that your father need not know any thing about it. You must leave it to me. I’ll contrive it.”

Accordingly, at table that day, when Mr. Carlton, on noticing that Philbert was not in his place, inquired why he did not come to dinner, Mrs. Carlton answered that he was up stairs. “She had concluded,” she said, “not to let him come down to dinner.”

She said this in a manner which denoted that she had shut him up in his room, as a punishment for some offense.

“Why, has he been behaving badly?” said Mr. Carlton.

“Nothing very serious,” said Mrs. Carlton, “but I thought it best not to let him come to dinner.”

“That is right,” said Mr. Carlton. “I am glad to see you are becoming more decided in your government of him. It is high time. He is getting pretty unmanageable. I expect soon we shall have to send him away to school.”

Philbert left with Emma.

He gets out upon the roofs.

After saying this, Mr. Carlton dismissed the case from his mind, and thought no more about it.

Mrs. Carlton sent some dinner up to Philbert, and after the dessert she went up to see him. She found him a great deal better. So she said she would send his little sister Emma to talk with him and keep him company, and charged him to remain perfectly still on the bed where he lay.

“If you want any thing,” said she, “Emma will go and call Hannah. I am going out a little while. By-and-by, when it is time, Hannah will come and help you undress to go to bed. And you must lie perfectly still till she comes, for the doctor said you must be kept quiet.”

So Mrs. Carlton went away, and half an hour afterward Philbert was out on one of the roofs of the back part of the house, creeping about on his hands and knees among the chimneys, and making Emma laugh with his queer antics and evolutions. Emma stood watching him from the window where he had got out.

The next morning Philbert was determined to go down to breakfast, for he knew very well that his father would make particular inquiries about him if he were not at the table at breakfast, after being absent from dinner the day before. Philbert’s father was very strict and severe with his son. Mr. True was very strict with John too, but then he was very kind. Strictness is a most excellent trait in family government, but then it must be tempered with kindness and sympathy.

Philbert rose early the next morning, and dressed himself as well as he could, hopping about the floor, so far as it was neces-

How Philbert managed about getting to and from breakfast.

sary for him to move about at all, on one foot. The hurt ankle was so lame that he could not bear any weight upon it. When he was dressed he went down stairs, hopping from step to step, and supporting himself by the banisters. He was already at the table when his father came in, and so his lameness was not observed. After his breakfast was over, he managed to get across into a great arm-chair on castors, which he had previously pushed up to a part of the room near where he was seated at table. He called Emma to him in this chair, and then, watching his opportunity while his father was reading the newspaper, he got Emma to push him toward the door.

“This is my carriage, Emma,” said he. “Push, and give me a ride.”

So Emma began to push the chair. Philbert pushed too with his well foot, and so the chair gradually moved toward the door. Philbert continued to chirrup her all the way, and say, “Get up!” as if Emma were his horse.

“Children,” said Mr. Carlton, “don’t make such a noise.”

“We are going right out,” said Philbert. “We are close to the door.”

Emma pushed a little farther, and then, as soon as the chair was so near the door that Philbert could slip out, he suddenly disappeared.

It was several days before Philbert’s foot got well, or, rather, so nearly well that he could walk on it, so as to go to school again. He was in great haste to get well enough to go to school, lest his father should find out that he had got hurt.

Mrs. Carlton conceals the accident from her husband.

"The dear boy!" said Mrs. Carlton to herself, when she observed how desirous Philbert was to conceal the hurt from his father, "he is not willing that his father should know it, for fear of bringing the boy who hurt him into trouble."

So she told Philbert that he need not give himself any concern. She would take care that his father should not know any thing about it.

She accordingly contrived to keep Philbert out of sight as much as possible until Monday, and then to keep it a secret that he did not go to school. She also managed adroitly to get him to and from the table at meals, in such a way as not to attract Mr. Carlton's attention to his lameness.

John Trué wished to go and see Philbert the next day after he got hurt, but his mother, not wishing to encourage much intimacy between him and such a boy as she knew he must be, though John had not yet told her who he was, said she thought it would be better to postpone it for a few days.

"Perhaps he is not much hurt," said she, "and if he is not, he will come to school again on Monday or Tuesday. If he does not come by Tuesday, then you may call and see how he is."

Accordingly, on Tuesday afternoon, John went to see Philbert. As he walked along the sidewalk in front of the house, toward the front door, he heard a voice calling to him from the window above, "Halloo, John!" He looked up, and saw Philbert sitting at the window.

"Ah! Philbert," said John, "is that you? I was just coming to see you."

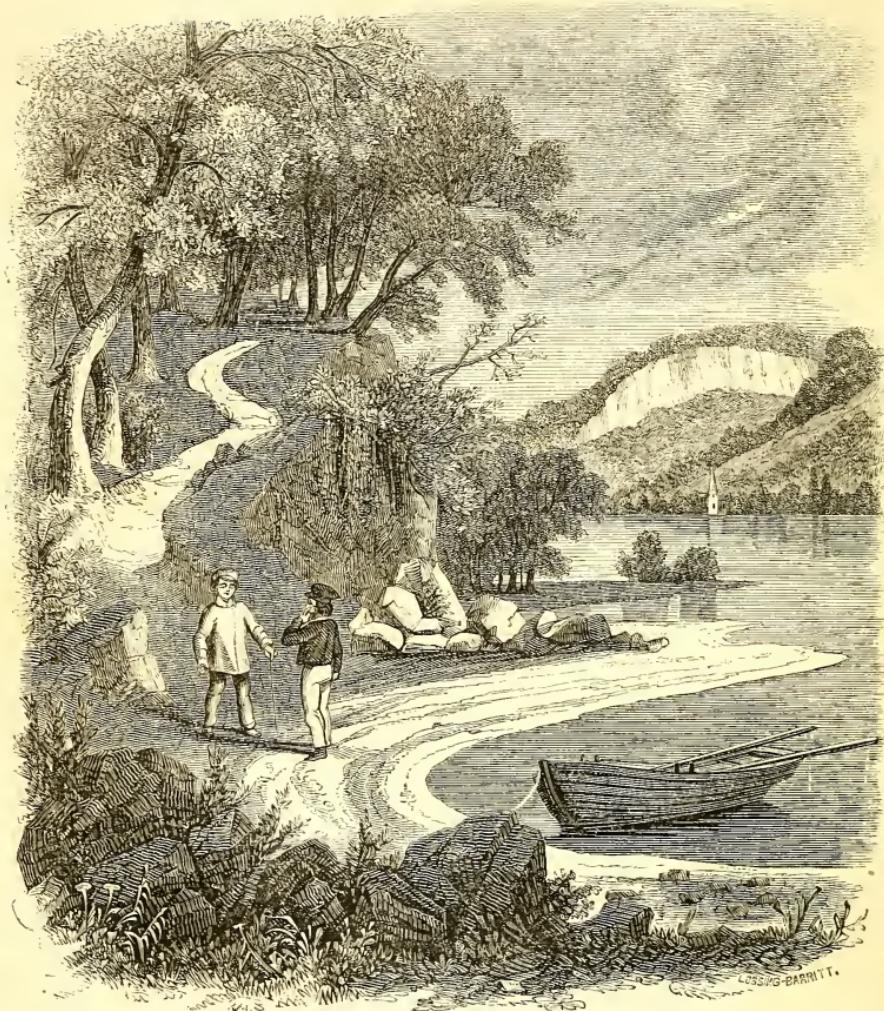
An unusually short call.

Conclusion.

“No,” said Philbert, speaking in a loud whisper, “you must not come. If you do, my mother will ask you how I got hurt.”

John stood a moment, surprised and bewildered at this sudden turn in the state of affairs. He did not know what he ought to do. After reflecting a moment, he concluded that there was nothing that he could do, and so, bidding Philbert good-by, he walked mournfully away.

THE END.



Meeting of Elfred and Park on the sea-shore.

LOSSING-BARRY.

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OR,
THE BLIND BOY AND HIS PICTURES.



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P R E F A C E.

ALL persons in such a world as this, whether old or young, are subject to their own peculiar privations and trials. The story of Elfred is intended to illustrate the spirit and temper of mind with which these evils should be borne. However severe the sorrow or suffering which we have to endure may be, or however highly valued the source of comfort and happiness, or dear the object of love that it may have pleased divine Providence to take away, our duty is to throw off the burden of sorrow, or of regret, as soon and as completely as we can, and to make ourselves happy with the innumerable sources of enjoyment which still remain.

The story of Elfred is intended to illustrate and enforce this lesson.

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ELFRED.

CHAPTER I.

TAKING RISKS.

Boys very fond of venturing.

Plan of a launch on dry ground.

BOYS are almost always very fond of taking risks. They seldom think much of any kind of danger, because they have not lived long enough to experience the dreadful consequences which sometimes result from exposing one's self to danger. Once I knew a party of boys who found some timbers and rollers at a place where carpenters were framing a house. The rollers, which were made by cutting up large poles into suitable lengths, had been used by the carpenters to move the timbers about over the ground. One day, when the carpenters had gone to dinner, the boys came to the spot, and proposed to have a launch, by placing the rollers under a timber—which, as it happened, lay at a place where the ground was a little descending—and then all getting upon it to ride down the hill.

This was quite a dangerous amusement. It would have been tolerably safe, if, instead of timber, the boys had had a *board*; but the timber was too heavy and massive to be safely used in such a way. The boys, however, did not consider this, but went to work to prepare for the launching. They pried up the timber, and put the rollers under it. Then one of the boys, standing near

The way the launch was arranged.

The rollers.

Dreadful accident.

the forward end of the timber, held it with a handspike until all the others had got upon it. Then, when all was ready, he let go his hold, and jumped on himself. Thus the timber, with the whole load of boys upon it, rolled down the slope.

The boys jumped off the timber when it stopped, and gave three cheers. They then agreed to repeat the experiment. They accordingly went to work to pry up the timber, and put the rollers under again, so as to take another ride. They determined to use more rollers this time, too, so as to go farther down the hill. The experiment succeeded very well this time too, but the third time their sport was suddenly terminated by a very serious disaster.

The boy who took his place in front, to hold the timber back until his comrades were all mounted, had a handspike, as has already been stated, which he planted in front of the timber, so as to prevent its moving until all were ready, and then his business was to let go the handspike and jump on—an evolution which it was, of course, necessary to perform in a very quick and dexterous manner. He succeeded both the first and second times in letting the handspike go, and in mounting the timber himself safely ; but the third time—whether it was that his foot slipped, or the timber started too suddenly, or he had become bold and careless by the success of his previous trials, I do not know—but somehow or other he failed in getting upon the timber in time. He fell, and the timber rolled over upon his leg, and stopped there, holding him down. He screamed out with pain and terror, while the other boys, getting off from the timber as fast as possible, ran to the place, and began to pry the timber up with handspikes. They

The boy carried home.

Manliness and boyishness.

finally succeeded in getting their comrade out, but he could not stand—his leg was broken.

Some of the boys lifted him up, and carried him out to a smooth place on the grass, while one or two of the others ran to the house where he lived to call his father. He was carried home, and the doctor was sent for to come and set the bone.

This is a true story. Boys sometimes think it is manly and meritorious to be *daring*, but they are generally mistaken in this idea. *Men* are prudent and cautious rather than daring. There are some great and extraordinary occasions which require men to take risks and to show courage; but in all the ordinary occurrences of life, sensible men are prudent, cautious, and circumspect; and a boy who wishes to be manly should imitate their example in this respect.

For example, if a manly boy and a boyish boy were walking together, and were to come to a place where there was a narrow and weak plank leading across a brook, the manly boy would stop and examine the board very carefully before he ventured upon it, for that is the way that a man would do. The boy, in doing so, therefore, would be acting like a man. The boyish boy, on the other hand, would run directly out upon the board without thinking; and break down with it, perhaps, into the water; for that would be acting like a boy. In the same manner, if a manly boy and a boyish boy were to come to a building where there was a high ladder, the manly boy would stand away from it. He would think that perhaps some of the rounds might be loose or weak, or that the foot of the ladder might not be planted firmly, or that there might be men on the roof about to throw something down.

Difference between courage and heedlessness.

Brave men are cautious and prudent.

The boyish boy would not think of such things, but would run eagerly to the ladder, and begin to climb up. So in all other cases. It is manly to be prudent, circumspect, and cautious. It is boyish to be careless, reckless, and daring.

It is true that courage is a manly quality, but the braving of danger where there is no necessity for it, and where there is no useful end to be obtained, is recklessness, not courage. The very same act, indeed, may be recklessness in one case, and courage in another. For a man to stand firm and unmoved at his post under a heavy fire from the enemy, in battle, is considered courage ; but to remain exposed in such a way when there is no reason for it, as, for example, where men are firing at a mark, would be regarded by all men as mere presumption and folly. For a boy to climb up by the lightning-rod to the third story of a house, to fasten a rope ladder, in order to enable a child there to come down when the house was on fire, would be manly and noble ; but to climb up in such a way just to show his daring, and let other boys see what he can do, is ridiculous childishness and folly. In the same manner, for a man to go across a brook, or a gully, on a weak plank or pole, when he might just as well go over on a good bridge that was near, would be boyish ; he would deserve to break down and fall in. But there might be a case in which a traveler, lost among the mountains, would show a great deal of good sense, as well as manly courage, in venturing across a wild and awful chasm in such a way.

On the opposite page we have an engraving representing such a scene. The traveler, with his two guides, have lost their way. Even guides sometimes get lost among the mountains. In at-

The traveler and his guides on the mountains.

The chasm.

tempting to find their way home, they have come to a frightful chasm, and there is no way of getting across it but by means of the stem of a small tree, which the guides found lying near, and which they have contrived to place across the chasm from one brink to the other.

The traveler was at first extremely unwilling to go over on this perilous bridge. He was afraid that it would break beneath his weight, and so let him fall into the abyss below. It did break



One guide left behind.

The manner in which he was saved.

with him, in fact, when he went over, but he was saved from falling by one of the guides, named Henry, who crossed it before him.

Now, in such a case as this, a man displays courage and fortitude, not boyishness and folly, in going over a weak bridge, for there was here no other mode by which the traveler and his guides could save their lives. They could find no other way to go. They had no food to eat, and they were far too remote from any inhabited valleys to make themselves heard by their cries. So they all summoned courage to make the perilous passage. One guide went over first. He crossed safely, though the stem of the tree bent and cracked under his weight. The traveler went next, and, just as he was reaching the opposite brink, and grasping the arms of the guide who had crossed before him, the bridge broke beneath him, and the fragments went down into the abyss, hundreds of feet, to the rocks below. The traveler, however, clung to the brink, and, with the help of the guide, was saved.

The other guide was left behind. The traveler, however, and Henry, went down into the valley, and procured assistance, and with it they returned to the chasm, and saved the guide who had been left there by means of a strong plank which they brought with them and placed across it.

Thus an act which, under different circumstances, might have been one of boyishness and folly, evinced, in this case, a manly resolution and courage, by means of which three lives were saved.

Men, however brave they may be, always keep out of all danger so far as they can. The most valiant general, for example, though he is accustomed, when in battle, to go to and fro freely on the field in the midst of a perfect storm of shots and shells, and to

The story of General Boom, and his fear of gunpowder.

feel, apparently, perfect indifference to the danger, will still, on other occasions, where there is no necessity for thus exposing himself, evince as much caution and circumspection as any other man.

One day, two boys named George and Thomas were standing in the road at a place near where some men were blasting rocks. A blast was nearly ready to go off. Two or three men, who came along in wagons, stopped in the road at what they considered a safe distance, waiting for the blast.

“They are afraid to go by,” said George.

Pretty soon the boys saw an officer coming, dressed in uniform, and mounted on a beautiful white charger.

“There comes General Boom,” said George. “He is not afraid of any thing. You’ll see that he will ride directly by. He has been in battle, and he won’t care if the stones fly about him as thick as hail.”

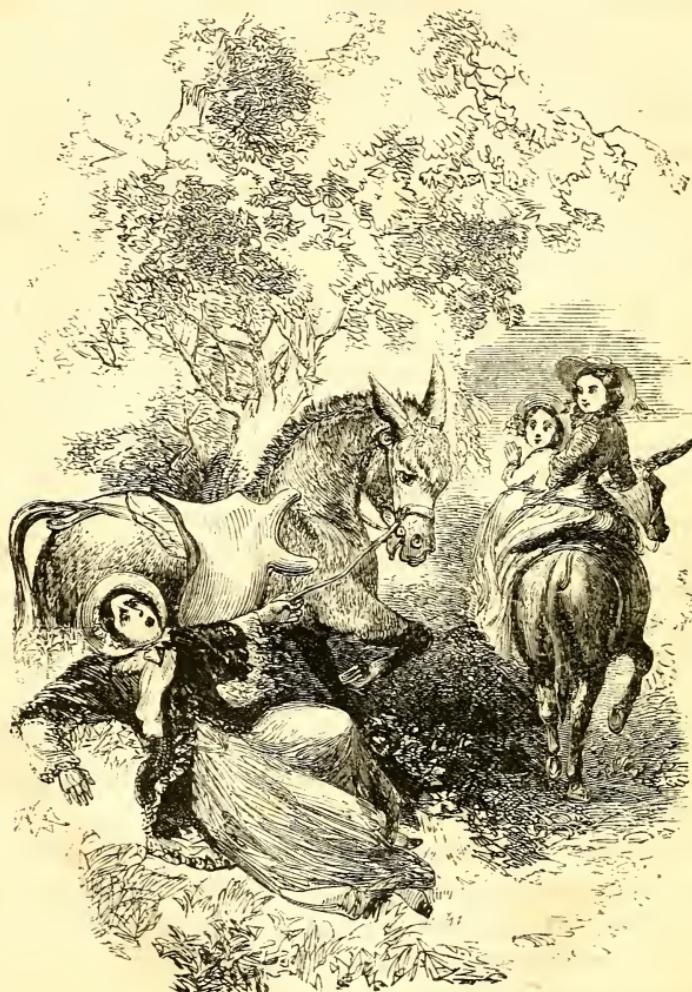
To the great surprise, however, both of George and Thomas, the general stopped when he came to the place, and, far from being more disposed to run into unnecessary danger than the other men, it proved that he was even more cautious than they. He told the other men that they were not far enough off to be safe; “he was afraid,” he said, “to stand so near.” So he led them to a greater distance from the rock, and waited there with them till the blast was over.

“I know something about gunpowder by experience,” he added; “I have learned to keep well out of the way of it, when I can.”

That is the way that men of true courage act. They are not ashamed to be afraid when there is reason to be.

Turn over the leaf, and on the following page you will see a pic-

Picture of the fall from the donkey.



Account of the fall from the donkey.

A new story begun.

ture of a young lady who has fallen off from the back of a donkey, which she had undertaken to mount and ride without proper protection and escort. It is very common in England, and in some other countries in Europe, for children, both boys and girls, to amuse themselves with riding upon donkeys. A donkey is much smaller than a horse, and so it is easier to be mounted and safer to ride, since, in case of a fall, the distance is not so great to the ground. It is, however, customary, in these rides, to have a boy to run along by the side of the donkey, to take care of him, and to be ready to help the rider in case of any accident. This young lady, however, despised this sort of help. She would not wait even for the owner of the donkey to come and see that the girth of the saddle was properly secured, so as to prevent the possibility of the saddle's turning.

The consequence was, that, as she was riding rapidly along over a piece of rough ground, the donkey, in going round a sort of corner, by a tree, made so short a turn that the centrifugal force carried her over so far as to turn the saddle, which was quite loose, and finally to throw her off upon the ground.* We see her in the engraving lying where she has fallen, grasping still the bridle in her hand, and screaming with pain and terror.

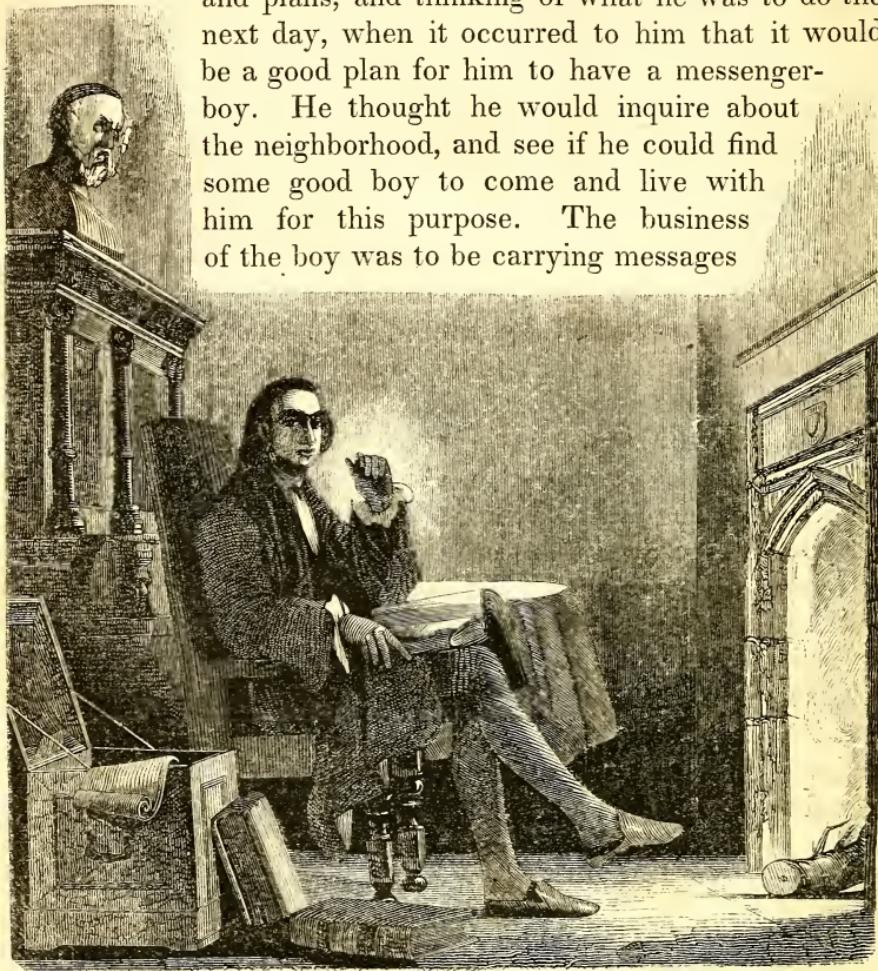
It is very unwise to incur even such dangers as these from a disposition to despise caution and prudence, as very many children do.

There was once a wealthy gentleman, that lived in a beautiful house, with fine grounds and gardens about it, which he was busily engaged in enlarging and improving. One autumn evening he

* The centrifugal force is the tendency which any thing has to fly *off* when whirled round swiftly.

Picture of the gentleman sitting in his library.

was sitting in his library, by a good fire, looking over his books and plans, and thinking of what he was to do the next day, when it occurred to him that it would be a good plan for him to have a messenger-boy. He thought he would inquire about the neighborhood, and see if he could find some good boy to come and live with him for this purpose. The business of the boy was to be carrying messages



The three candidates for office.

Examination of them.

to and fro, going of errands, bringing books from the library, and other similar things.

There were three boys who applied for the place. Their names were George, James and Henry. The gentleman sent for them all to come and see him, that he might talk to them together. So they came, and stood before him in his library, all in a row. They were all fine-looking boys.

The gentleman asked them severally a great many questions, and seemed quite pleased with their answers. At last, when he had finished, he paused a moment, and said,

“Well, boys, I like you all. Either of you would do for me, I think, very well. Though there is one point more. I want a good, *safe* boy—one that will not do mischief by his carelessness and blunders. Suppose, now, I were to send you into a chamber after a book, in the evening, how near the curtains should you dare to carry the candle, and be sure you would not set them on fire? George, how near would you dare to go?”

George said he thought he should dare to go within a foot of the curtains, and not be in the least danger of setting them on fire.

“Well, James,” said the gentleman, “how near would you dare to go?”

James, who wished to appear to surpass George in respect to dexterity in escaping danger, said he thought he should dare to go within *six inches*. As he said this aloud to the gentleman, he said also to himself, at the same instant, “I don’t believe that Henry will dare to go nearer than that.”

“Well; and now, Henry,” said the gentleman, “how near would you dare to go?”

Advice to boys about running heedlessly into danger.

“I should not dare to go near the curtains at all, sir,” said Henry. “I should keep entirely away from them, as far as I could.”

“Ah!” said the gentleman, in a tone of great satisfaction, “you are the boy for me.”

So he engaged Henry.

All boys, now, should adopt the principle which Henry acted upon in this case. Keep out of danger as much as you can. Instead of seeing how near you dare go to it, see how far you can get from it. In driving a wagon or chaise, keep as far as possible away from other carriages which you have to pass. In skating on the ice, never venture near the holes; and never ascend ladders, or climb about upon roofs, unless you have some useful purpose to accomplish by so doing.

CHAPTER II.

DANGEROUS PLAYTHINGS.

ELFRED’s father and mother lived a great many years ago, in a beautiful cottage under a hill, in a distant land. When he was a babe he was a very beautiful child. The cottage door was overhung with vines and flowers, and Elfred’s mother used to sit there, at the close of the day, with little Elfred lying in her lap, asleep. He lay so quietly that she could go on all the time with her knitting, while her husband would read to her out of some entertaining book.

At length, when Elfred would wake, and open his bright blue eyes, and smile in his mother’s face, she would rise from her seat,

Elfred and his father and mother.

Progress of his education.

and put her knitting down upon her chair, and show the beautiful babe to his father. And then both the parents would look upon him a long time with pride and pleasure.



Elfred was an only child, and his parents took great pains with his training. They first taught him to creep, then to walk, and presently they began to teach him to pronounce some words. He learned all these things very fast; and when he was, at length, about five years old, he was a very bright, and beautiful, and promising child.

Victor.

He is very badly trained.

He will not submit to his father.

Not far from the pretty cottage where Elfred lived there was a much larger house, where a boy lived whose name was Victor. Victor was several years older than Elfred. When Elfred was five years old, Victor was ten. Thus, at that time, Victor was twice as old as Elfred. He was a very self-willed and impetuous boy, and was much indulged by his father and mother. He had a great many playthings, and Elfred used very often to go to the house where he lived to play with him in the yards and gardens. Victor had a wheelbarrow, and several rakes and hoes, and also a little engine, to throw water about among the trees and flowers. He had balls too, and nine-pins, and little wagons, and other similar toys. All these things his father bought for him very willingly, for they were safe playthings.

One day Victor begged his father to buy him a gun. His father said that he could not buy him a gun, for a gun was not a safe plaything for a boy. Then Victor asked for at least a pistol. But his father refused; and Victor, after trying some time in vain to tease him into a compliance with his request, went away in a rage.

He found Elfred in the yard waiting for him. Elfred was curious to see the gun which he expected Victor would bring out.

“Have you got the gun?” said Elfred.

“No,” replied Victor, “my father won’t let me have so much as a pistol. I can’t think what makes him so cross to-day. But I’ll tell you what I’m going to do: I’m going to have a cannon. I’m going to make it myself.”

So saying, Victor walked directly by little Elfred with a very proud and self-confident air, adding as he went,

“Come with me, Elly, and you’ll see.”

Victor is determined to have a cannon.

The bellows-nose.

Work upon it.

So Elfred followed Victor, who led the way into a sort of back room that was connected with some of the out-buildings of the house, and there, after rummaging a while in a box of old iron and brass, he found a bellows-nose. This he pulled out, and, showing it to Elfred with an air of triumph, he said,

“There! that will make a good cannon.”

Elly looked at the bellows-nose, as Victor held it out to his view, with a countenance full of wonder and admiration.

“I am going to plug up the end of it with wood,” said Victor, “to make the breech.”

So Victor made a plug of very hard wood, shaping it carefully with his knife, to fit the large end of the bellows-nose exactly. He cut the plug square at both the inner and outer ends, and made it of such a length as was required. He then drove the plug into its place in the large end of the bellows-nose, and finally hammered the edge of the brass over it on the back side, so as to secure it.

“There!” said he; “now it can not be driven out.”

Then he took a small three-cornered file which he found in a drawer near by, and filed a little hole in the side of the cannon, just beyond the inner end of the plug, for a touch-hole. He also hammered down the brass a little round the touch-hole, so as to form a small hollow there, to serve as a receptacle for the priming. Thus his cannon was complete.

“There!” said Victor again, surveying his work with great satisfaction; “there it is, complete!”

“Yes,” said Elly, “that’s a good cannon.”

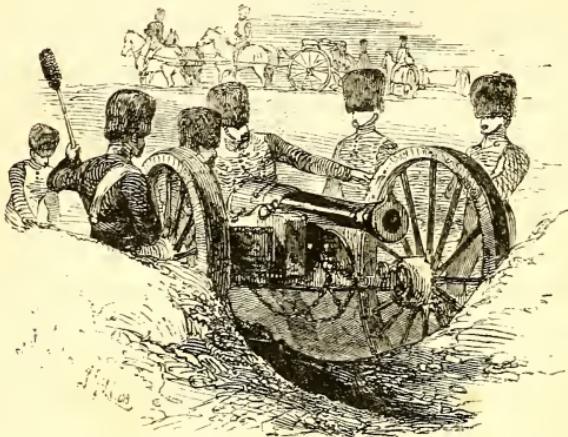
“A bellows-nose is just the thing for a cannon,” rejoined Victor.

Picture of a cannon to show its true form.

A redoubt.

“It is of exactly the right shape—big at the breech, and little at the muzzle.”

In this engraving we have a view of a cannon as it stands upon



the field of battle, presenting its form very distinctly to view. It is large at the breech, and grows small toward the muzzle. The men are just pointing the cannon through the embrasure of a redoubt. A redoubt is a bank of earth thrown up to protect the soldiers when fighting behind it. An embrasure is an opening in this embankment, made to point the gun through.

In the background, on the hill, we see another cannon, with the horses attached to it. They are waiting to receive orders, and when they receive them, they will set off with great speed to any part of the field where they may be required.

But to return to the story.

It is not always safe to judge from appearances. Victor

The bellows-nose not fit for a cannon.

Reasons why.

fell into a great error by so judging in this case. The bellows-nose is, indeed, in its external form, very similar to a cannon, but there is this very important difference, that the bellows-nose, though bigger at the breech, is thinner and weaker there, while the cannon in that part is thicker and stronger. This results from the fact that the bore of the cannon is straight and equal throughout. A ball, just large enough to enter it at the muzzle, would slide in to the breech, just filling the bore in every part as it passes. Of course, therefore, since the diameter of the gun is greater at the breech, while the bore is the same, the thickness of the metal must be greater. In fact, all the increased bigness of a gun or cannon at the breech is increased thickness of metal.

In the case of the bellows-nose the fact is quite otherwise. The bellows-nose is formed of a sheet of brass rolled up and soldered at the junction. This sheet is made actually thinner in the large part than it is near the extremity, so that, in a little cannon made of a bellows-nose, the cavity at the breech is very much larger than it is at the muzzle.

There is a reason, too, for this difference. In the case of a gun, it is the part at the breech which is exposed to the heaviest strains and concussions, because it is there that the explosion of the gunpowder takes place. Of course, the gun is made thickest and strongest at that part. But in the case of the bellows-nose, the back part, that is, the part which is inserted into the bellows—the part which corresponds to the breech of the gun—is not much exposed. It is the *extremity* of the nose which gets nearly all the knocks and concussions, and that part, accordingly, is made the thickest and strongest.

The seam produced by the soldering.

Victor loads his cannon.

There is another peculiarity in the construction of the bellows-nose which makes it unsuitable to perform duty as a cannon, however much it may resemble it in form, and that is, that the line of the seam, at the junction of the two edges of the plate out of which the bellows-nose was made, is formed by soldering, and is much weaker than the rest, and so is very likely to burst open by the explosion. This arises from the fact that the solder is not so strong as the brass. There is no such seam in the case of a cannon. A cannon is formed by casting first a solid mass, of the shape which the cannon is to have, and then the chamber is bored out afterward. Thus the metal forming the cannon is one continuous and solid mass of brass or iron, without any seam or joining whatever.

Victor was not aware of these things, and so, because the cannon which he had made looked externally very much like a real cannon, he thought that all was right. He accordingly went into the house, and brought out some gunpowder, which he found in a powder-horn in an old desk, and then he proceeded to load his cannon. He put in the gunpowder, and then he forced in a plug of paper for a wadding. As it was necessary to make this wadding small enough to enter at the muzzle of the gun, and as the chamber within grew larger and larger toward the breech, the wadding, of course, would not fit after it was fairly in, but shook about loosely there. This was, at first, quite a source of perplexity to Victor; but at length he contrived to put in other loose papers, and to ram them down after they were in, so as finally to form a very good wadding. The cannon being thus loaded, he laid it down upon a log of wood, which was to serve for a gun-carriage on the occasion,

Victor's father interposes.

Conflict between the father and the son.

and then primed it. Last of all, he went into the house to get a coal of fire with the kitchen tongs, in order, as he said, to "touch it off."

Just at this time, Victor's father, happening to look out of one of the windows of the house, and seeing the little cannon upon the log, and Elfred standing by the side, looking upon it with a countenance of wonder and awe, began to surmise what was going on. He accordingly hastened down to the door, and he came forth into the yard by one door just as Victor came out with his coal of fire at another.

Victor's father, instead of decidedly reproofing and punishing his boy for thus attempting to play with fire-arms, not only without his consent, but contrary to his express prohibition, as he should have done, entered into an argument and expostulation with him on the subject. He endeavored to persuade him to give up his cannon as a dangerous and unsuitable plaything. But Victor would not be convinced. Finally, his father consented to the firing of the cannon once. But he directed Victor to lay a train to it, on the log, long enough to be some time in burning, and then, after he had touched it, to run behind a certain fence there was near by, and look through the cracks to see the effect. He himself and Elfred went behind the fence in the first instance.

This plan was adopted. Victor laid a train of gunpowder along the log, and put a piece of paper at the end of it, with a little gunpowder on the corner of the paper. He then lighted the farther end of the paper, and immediately retreated behind the fence. The paper burned slowly for a minute or two, till it came to the corner where the gunpowder was, and then the powder caught,

The cannon is fired, and it bursts.

Victor wrong.

Bow and arrows.

The flame then ran rapidly along the train of powder till it reached the cannon, when the whole blew up with a loud explosion. The cannon was thrown violently off the log, and a large volume of smoke rolled up into the air.

The boys ran eagerly to the spot, and, on taking up the cannon, they found that the plug had been blown out, and that there was a great rent in the metal along the side. This was where the seam came that has already been referred to.

“There!” said Victor’s father; “you see what a dangerous thing it is. If you had been near it, a piece of the brass or the plug might have been blown into your head, and that would have killed you.”

Victor, however, did not seem to be at all impressed with this consideration, but he laughed heartily at the comical appearance of the cannon, and said it was excellent fun. He begged his father to let him have a real cannon, such as he could buy at the toy-shops; but he said that he could not consent to it on any account.

“But I want something or other to shoot,” said Victor, “and I must have it.”

It was very wrong for Victor thus to insist on having something for a plaything which his father thought was not safe for him. There were plenty of other modes of amusement, which were not liable to any objection. In fact, Victor, as I have already said, had a great number of toys, of many different kinds, and he was very skillful in the use of them. He had balls, and hoops, and kites, and many other such things. He was a very strong and active boy, and could play with all these things extremely

Victor trundling his hoop.

His sister has a hoop too.

well. Here we see him trundling his hoop, which is an amusement perfectly safe even for girls.



Victor had a great many other toys and means of amusement of this safe kind, but he could not be persuaded to content him-

What his father should have done.

Bow and arrows proposed.

self with them. He was very earnest to have something that would shoot.

The proper course for his father to have taken with him, when he found how obstinately he persisted in his determination to have some sort of fire-arms to amuse himself with, was to have said to him, in the most decided manner, that he could not have any thing of the kind, and then, if he persisted in his determination, he ought to be punished. In fact, he ought to have been punished for the disobedience which he had already been guilty of, in persisting in firing a cannon when his father had forbidden him to do it. Boys ought always to be willing to submit to what the superior wisdom and experience of their parents dictate, in respect not only to their amusements, but to every thing that concerns them. All reasonable boys are perfectly willing thus to yield, and those who are not should be compelled to do it.

But Victor's father did not do his duty in this respect. He would try to coax and persuade his son when he wished to influence him, and, if this method did not succeed, he generally, in the end, allowed him to have his own way.

"Well," said his father, "if you *must have* something to shoot, you may make yourself a bow and arrows. That's what the other boys do."

Victor said that he could not make a bow that would shoot far enough, but that if his father would let him go and buy a good strong bow at the toy-shop in the town, that would do. He wanted one that he could shoot birds with.

Victor's father finally concluded to compromise the difficulty by agreeing to this. So Victor was provided with money, and, the

Victor buys some dangerous arrows.

His father takes out the iron points.

next time he went into the town, he bought a strong and very elastic bow, and a dozen arrows. The arrows were all headed with sharp iron points, and were very formidable-looking weapons indeed.

The shop-keeper had not intended that Victor should buy such arrows as these. He offered him, at first, another kind, which had blunt heads, and were thus far safer and more suitable for such a boy as Victor ; but Victor would not take these, and asked for others, such as were iron-pointed. He wanted the arrows, he said, to kill birds. So the shop-keeper took down another parcel, which were kept usually quite out of sight, upon a high shelf. Victor chose a dozen of these arrows, and then, taking them and his bow under his arm, he went home.

When his father came to see the arrows which Victor had brought home, he said that they were very dangerous, and that Victor must not use them. Then followed a long and somewhat violent discussion between Victor and his father on the subject. It is useless, in such cases, to argue with a boy ; the only proper course is for the father to decide in his own mind what is best, and then, without talking about it at all, to carry his decision at once and fully into effect. But Victor's father did not do so. He argued, and remonstrated, and coaxed, but all to no purpose. At last he said positively that Victor should not be allowed to have the iron points, at any rate. So he took a pair of strong pincers from his desk, and with them he pulled out all the iron points from the heads of the arrows. He then gave the arrows, thus blunted, into Victor's hands. Victor took them, and went out, though in very ill humor.

Victor repairs the damage.

He goes a hunting with Elfred.

He found Elfred in the yard. Elfred was waiting there to see Victor shoot with his arrows. Victor, being in a very sullen mood, walked directly by Elfred. Elfred called to him.

“Victor,” said he, “are you not going to shoot your arrows?”

“No,” said Victor, “not till I have put some more points in them.”

Elfred immediately ran after Victor to see what he was going to do.

Victor led the way into the shop-room, and there he began to select some nails out of a nail-box, with the view of making new points for his arrows with them. He selected such as had the smallest heads. He took two of these nails, and drove them into the heads of two of the arrows, by inserting the points of the nails in the old holes, and then driving them in gently with a hammer. When the nails were thus driven in, he attempted to sharpen what was originally the head of the nail, but which now became the point of the arrow, by means of the three-cornered file. He found this, however, rather hard work, and he soon became tired of it. So, after sharpening the two which he had first inserted, he concluded not to attempt to point any more of his arrows, but to use the rest as they were. He accordingly left the shop, and set out with Elfred on a walk down a lane to see what he could find to shoot.

Presently he came into a pasture where several horses were feeding.

“Elly,” said Victor, pointing to the horses, “there are some wild beasts! we will go and shoot them.”

So saying, Victor selected one of his blunt arrows—being, with

Hunting the bears and lions.

Elly tumbles down.

The horses frightened.

all his inconsiderateness, discreet enough to know that it would not do to shoot the pointed ones at the horses—and, putting it to his bow, he crept softly up near to the horses, and there, drawing his bow, he let the arrow fly. His aim had been at a young black horse that was feeding quietly among the rest on a grassy slope. The aim was so good that the arrow struck the horse on the side. The horse immediately reared and plunged, and galloped away. The other horses, seeing their comrade run so suddenly, imagined that there was some danger near, and ran too. Victor seized another blunt arrow from Elfred's hands, and followed, crying out,

“Run, Elly, run! The bears and lions are getting away from us! Run!”

At these words both Victor and Elfred began to run, but Elfred, tripping against a stone, came down, and all his arrows were scattered about over the ground.

Elfred was hurt a little, and was just beginning to cry; but Victor raised him up, exclaiming, in a tone of great pretended excitement,

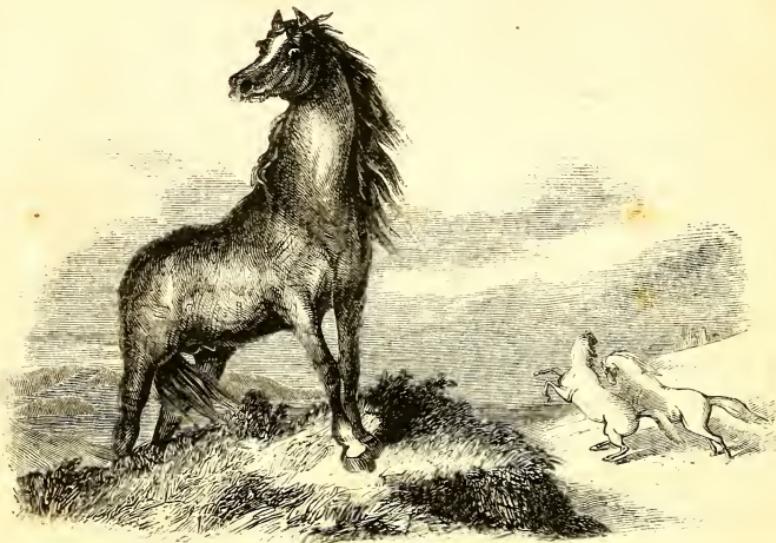
“Hi—yo! man wounded and dying on the field of battle! Pull him up! Give him his ammunition! Come! pursue the enemy! Never despair!”

So saying, Victor hurried forward, and Elfred followed him as fast as he could, bringing the arrows. The horses, looking round in their flight, and finding themselves thus pursued, were more terrified than ever. They galloped on faster and faster. Two of them went bounding away along the slope of a hill, rearing and prancing as they went, with their heads high, and their tails

The frightened horses.

The hunters change their plan.

streaming in the wind ; while the black one—the one that had been hit—stopped suddenly on the top of a small knoll, and looked



round with a wild and excited air to see what had become of his mischievous enemies.

In fact, the horse looked so wild that Victor began to be afraid of him ; he told Elfred that he believed he would not hunt the wild beasts any more, but would go and see if he could not find some birds. So he gave Elfred the two blunt arrows again, and took instead the two which had the nails inserted in them.

Now it happened that, in the back part of the pasture where the horses were feeding, there was a little pond, with trees along the margin of it. It was a very pleasant place, for the branches

Solitary place.

The pond.

The birds and their nest.

of the trees spread far out over the water, making it very cool and shady. There were many beautiful wild flowers, too, which grew along the banks of the pond, such as flags, ferns, and lilies. A pair of birds had chosen this place for their nest. There were several reasons which induced them to select this spot. In the first place, it was very secluded, and they thought that their eggs and their little birds would be safe here, in the nest, until the birds were grown. Then the water was convenient. They could go down to the margin of it to drink when they were thirsty, and they could skim about over the surface of it for play. So they built their nest on one of the trees that overhung the water. At the time that Victor and Elfred came to the place with their arrows, there were four eggs in the nest.

Here is a picture of the place, with the nest upon the tree.



There are four beautiful white eggs in the nest. One of the birds is playing about upon the water. The other has been sitting perched upon a branch of the tree near the nest, but was just going to fly down to join her mate, in his gambols on the water,

Victor attempts to shoot the bird, but shoots Elfred instead.

when she heard the voices of the two boys as they were coming down the pasture. She was immediately alarmed for the safety of her eggs ; so, instead of descending, as she had intended, to join her mate, she flew off in the contrary direction, toward the boys, in order to see who they were, and to watch their motions.

She alighted on a tree pretty near them.

“Stop!” said Victor to Elfred. “Hush! Don’t speak a word.”

Elfred and Victor both had by this time come pretty near the tree ; but Victor stepped back a little way, and also moved round to one side, in order to get a better view of the bird.

“Whist!” said Victor, as he brought the feather end of the arrow to the string, and adjusted it there. “Whist! Stand perfectly still, and do not speak a word.”

So Elfred stood perfectly still, looking up all the time into the tree to see where the bird was. Victor drew the bow, pointing the arrow up toward the tree, and, when he had strained it as far as he could, he let fly. The arrow sped very swiftly through the air, but, instead of hitting the bird, it rebounded from the under side of a branch of the tree beneath her, whence it glanced off obliquely and downward, directly toward Elfred, and struck him just over his right eye. Elfred fell to the ground, screaming with pain and terror, while the bird, equally frightened, flew off toward its nest, wondering what all this could mean.

Victor was thunderstruck at what he had done. He threw down his bow and ran to Elfred. He lifted him up and looked at the wound. It was not a large wound, the point of the nail which had caused it having struck the place somewhat obliquely. It bled a little, but not much. Victor led Elfred down to the

Elfred is taken home.

Inflammation of the wound.

water, and there he washed the wound, and wiped it with his pocket-handkerchief, endeavoring all the time to soothe and quiet Elfred by commanding his courage and heroism in bearing the pain so well, and telling him that it did not bleed much, and that he thought it would soon be well. Finally, Elfred became tolerably composed. Victor himself, however, was very anxious and unhappy, and he could not now bear even the sight of his bow and arrows. He hastily gathered them all together, and hid them at the foot of the tree that the bird's nest was upon. He then set out to lead Elfred home.

When Elfred's father and mother saw the wound that had been made, they were at first very much alarmed. As, however, on a more close examination, it appeared that the eye itself was not wounded, and as Elfred did not seem to be in much pain, they hoped that the case would not become a serious one. They immediately sent for a surgeon, who said, after he examined the case, that unless inflammation should set in, he thought it would be well in a few days.

But, unfortunately, inflammation did set in. Whether it were from the fact that there was some rust that remained on the nail, out of which the point of the arrow had been formed, or that some important nerve connected with the eye was wounded, or that the surgeon did not resort to proper means to prevent inflammation, or whatever else may have been the cause, the result was very disastrous. In the course of the night, great pain and inflammation supervened. Poor Elly suffered very much indeed. The inflammation extended to both eyes, and before morning they were both swollen so much that Elly could not open either of them.

The physicians and surgeons called in.

Elfred blind.

Victor was all this time in an agony of remorse and fear. His father, too, was exceedingly anxious and concerned. He sent several physicians and surgeons to consult upon the case, and did every thing in his power to remedy the mischief which had been done. All, however, was in vain; for when, about a week afterward, the pain subsided and the swelling went down, it was found that the sight of both of poor Elly's eyes was gone forever!

Elfred lived after this, and grew up to be a tall and very handsome boy, but he never again beheld the light of day. Victor's father gave a great deal of money to his parents from time to time, so that he was always neatly clothed, and he was furnished, in addition, with all the means of instruction and enjoyment which could be of any use or service to a poor blind boy. It was, however, a melancholy sight to see him groping his way about the fields by the help



The unreasonableness of wishing for dangerous playthings.

of his stick, the more so because he was so patient and gentle. He never complained either of the hardship of his lot, or of the wicked heedlessness of Victor in bringing it upon him. As to Victor himself, the terrible mischief which he had done was a grief and sorrow to him as long as he lived.

Some boys are so extremely unreasonable, that they murmur and complain bitterly against their parents for being unwilling that they should have dangerous instruments for playthings, such as darts, bows and arrows, hatchets, and guns, when the only motives which their parents have in these prohibitions is to save their children from such terrible calamities as that which befell Victor and Elfred. Children so unreasonable as this ought not to be indulged or argued with on the subject for a moment. Their parents should decide all such questions in the most absolute and authoritative manner, without yielding in the least to such an inexcusable spirit of recklessness and folly.

There is a story about putting money in your mouth, which contains a good lesson for children. This story will accordingly come next, and after that there is something more to say about Elfred.

Story of the gentleman playing with a sovereign

CHAPTER III.

NEVER PUT MONEY IN YOUR MOUTH.

THE place to put money is in your pocket or in your purse—never in your mouth. It is very dangerous to put money in your mouth.

Once there was a gentleman who was playing with his child, a little girl about six years old. He had a piece of money called a sovereign, and he was amusing the girl by making the sovereign disappear suddenly. A sovereign is a gold coin about as large as a half cent. A half sovereign is of course half as large.

The gentleman had his little girl on his lap, and he held the sovereign in his hand. The way that he was playing with it was this: he would open his mouth, and then, by a sudden motion, throw the sovereign into his mouth, drawing his breath at the same time suddenly, to assist in catching it. He performed the maneuver so dexterously that the girl could not see what became of the coin. At the same time that he threw the coin up, he would shut his hand, and then, when the girl opened it and found no sovereign within, she wondered very much where it had gone.

This was a very dangerous game. The gentleman performed the feat, however, quite safely for several times, but at last he threw the sovereign a little too far, and it went down his throat—or, rather, it went *into* his throat, but it was too large to go down. It stuck in the windpipe, and the gentleman was almost strangled.

Efforts to extract the piece of money.

Ingenious plan.

The people in the house were exceedingly alarmed. Some ran for the surgeon, others took the gentleman and led him to a bed. Every now and then he fell into a most violent fit of coughing and choking, which it was most dreadful to witness.

Several surgeons and physicians came to see the poor patient, and they did every thing that they could think of to relieve him, but without success. If the coin had been in the food-passage of the throat, they might, perhaps, have reached it with some instrument, or it might, perhaps, have gone entirely down ; but it was in the windpipe, the passage to the lungs, where it could not be reached. Some of the surgeons thought that they should be obliged to make an opening in the windpipe, and take it out in that way ; but this would have been a very dangerous operation indeed, and very likely would have killed the man.

In the mean time, the patient lay upon his bed, pale and exhausted, and growing weaker every hour. He was quiet most of the time, but now and then a dreadful convulsive coughing came on, which it was very distressing to see. During the continuance of the paroxysm, it seemed as if the patient would be strangled.

At length, however, the coughing fit would subside, and then the man would sink down exhausted. Thus he was growing weaker and weaker every hour, and every one thought that he would die.

After some time, one of the surgeons conceived of the plan of suspending the man with his head downward, in hopes that the coin would then fall by its weight to the opening of the windpipe, and then be thrown out by the cough. This experiment was accordingly made, and it succeeded. They contrived some way to

The patient recovers.

Caution to children.

Pins, nails, marbles.

suspend the man in such a manner that his head hung downward. This brought the coin to the entrance of the windpipe, which immediately caused the man to cough, and the piece dropped out.

The patient was so much exhausted by the convulsive coughings that he suffered, and by the excitement and terror, that he was made quite sick for several days. He, however, finally recovered.

This is a true story, and it shows that the proper place to put money is in your purse or in your pocket, but never in your mouth.

It is the same with all other small articles, such as pins, nails, marbles, or any thing else which might, by possibility, slip down the throat. Some persons, when using many pins, make their mouths a pin-case. The mouth, it is true, is a very convenient pin-case, but it is a very dangerous one. Some boys, too, when they are making a box, or nailing down a carpet, or doing any thing else which requires them to use a great many nails, make their mouths their nail-box. But nails are, if any thing, worse than pins in such a case. And then, besides the danger, it is always very disagreeable to those near you to see such things as those protruding from your lips, or, when they do not see them, to know that your mouth is full of them. It is best, therefore, always to confine the mouth to its proper functions as one of the bodily organs, and not to make a *receptacle* of it for any objects or articles whatever.

The house where Elfred lived.The duty of bearing trouble good-humoredly.

CHAPTER IV.

ELFRED A CARPENTER.

ELFRED's father and mother lived in a very pretty cottage by the roadside.

The children of the village used often to stop and talk with Elfred as he sat at the window of the cottage, or on the steps before the door. They liked to stop and talk with him. The reason why they liked it was, that he always seemed so good-natured, and so contented and happy.

If those who are suffering under any affliction or trouble are always mourning about it and looking sad, people pity them very much at first, but they soon get tired of going to see them, because it is not agreeable to any body to have melancholy objects often before their minds. Perhaps people ought not to feel so, but they do, and so they are generally much more ready to visit and to help those who, when they are in trouble, keep up a good heart, and look upon the bright side as much as possible. Every one should endeavor to do this as much as they can. No matter whether our troubles are small or great, we ought to bear them good-humoredly, and try to look on the bright side, and make as light of them as we can. If a child falls down and hurts himself, he ought not to spread the pain all over the house by his loud outcries, but should restrain the expression of his sufferings, and get the smiles back upon his face just as quick as he can.

Duty of mourners.

Elfred's happy disposition.

His sitting at the door.

So, if a mother falls into affliction by losing a beloved child, she ought not to spread the pain all over the circle of her acquaintance by wearing melancholy looks and mourning garments a long time. She should restrain the expression of her sufferings, and get the smiles back upon her face just as quick as she can.

There is, in fact, but one rule, both for parents and children, in such cases, though many parents do not see it. A mother will sometimes go on mourning many years for some loss which she has had to bear, throwing, all the time, a dark and sombre shadow over her family, her circle of friends, and the heart of her husband; and yet, when her little boy falls down and hurts himself, or loses some toy, or picture-book, or kitten, that he loved, she thinks that he ought to conquer his grief, and dry up his tears, as soon as he possibly can. It is true that the occasion for grief is very different in these two cases, but the principle which applies to them both is the same, though the mother, in such a case, is often very slow to see that the rule which she enjoins upon her child is equally binding on her.

“Rejoice evermore,” says the Scripture; that is to say, Forget your griefs and sorrows, whatever they are, as soon as you can, and make yourself happy with such pleasures as remain for you.

Elfred always practiced on that rule.

Elfred's mother was, at first, very much distressed at the great calamity which had befallen one whom she loved so well. She looked forward to future years, and pictured to herself the privations and sufferings which he would have to endure when he should grow up, and when he should at last grow old, and have

Elfred's mother is at first quite dejected.

Her thoughts.

no father and mother alive to take care of him. She thought that, perhaps, in his old age, he would be destitute and helpless,



and she imagined him roving about the world a homeless wanderer, guided by a dog, and gazed upon by the children that should

Elfred's mother contrives various ways to amuse him.

chance to see him, with mingled emotions of curiosity, pity, and fear.

After a time, however, she began to imbibe, in some measure, the spirit of resignation and cheerfulness which was manifested by her boy ; for when she found how cheerful and happy he himself was under the privation which he suffered, she became in some measure reconciled to it too. She soon began to take a great pleasure in aiding Elfred in his various plans, and in providing him with such means of amusement as he was able to enjoy. She kept every thing about the house arranged in perfect order, so that in going about from room to room he should never find things in his way. She caused the paths about the house, too, to be smoothed and leveled, and she had a bench made before the door for him to sit upon, and hear the people go by. This was a great source of amusement to him.



should sit so two or three hours.

One pleasant summer morning, Elfred was sitting on this bench, amusing himself by listening to the sounds which he heard from time to time in the road, and among the trees and shrubbery around him. Go out and take a seat on your father's door-step, shut your eyes, and listen, and you can tell exactly how it seemed to Elfred ; only, in order to understand it fully, you

The two robins.

They fly away.

The third robin.

First he heard a chirping on a certain tree that was near. It was the chirping of a robin. He knew by the note.

In a moment another robin came flying to the place, and immediately afterward both birds flew away together. Elfred could hear them both singing as they went away, and he perceived that, as they went, they were playing together, and tumbling over each other in the air.

“Ah, you little dickeys,” said Elfred, “what did you go away for?”

Next Elfred heard a whistling like that of a boy coming along the road.

“There comes another robin,” said Elfred.

It was a boy named Robin, who used often to pass by the house, and who frequently stopped to talk with Elfred.

“Robin,” said Elfred, as soon as he perceived that Robin was near enough to hear, “come here a minute.”

So Robin came up to the step of the door, and stood looking at Elfred. Elfred listened to the sound of Robin’s feet as he approached, but he did not look toward him. His eyes wandered about without looking at any thing.

“Robin,” said he, “I am going to have four chickens.”

“Are you?” said Robin.

“Yes,” said Elfred. “Three of them are hens and one is a rooster; and I am going to build a coop for them myself.”

“That’s a good plan,” said Robin.

“That is,” continued Elfred, “I am going to build a coop for the little chickens that I shall have when my chickens grow up and hatch some eggs. I’ve got a hen-house now for the hens and the rooster.”

Elfred shows Robin the hen-house.

The nests for the hens.

“Have you?” said Robin.

“Yes,” replied Elfred, “and I’ll go and show it to you now, if you will go and show me the way.”

Under such an arrangement as this, it is somewhat difficult to say which of the boys was guiding the other. Robin led Elfred along a path which conducted them behind the house, and thence they went together into a small room which was made in the corner of the cow-house. Robin showed Elfred the way, and Elfred explained to Robin what was there.

“Here is the door,” said Robin. “Lift up your foot high, for it is quite a high step.”

So Elfred stepped in, and Robin followed.

“Look down in that corner,” said Elfred, pointing; “do you see a square hole there?”

“Yes,” said Robin.

“And a shutter outside, to shut it up?”

“Yes,” said Robin.

“That’s where the hens are to go in and out,” said Elfred; “and at night, when they have all gone in, I shall come and shut the shutter.”

“And do you see the perch up there?” added Elfred, pointing up.

“No,” said Robin, “there is not any perch.”

“Then my father has not put it up yet,” rejoined Elfred. “He said that he should put it up before he went away to his work this morning, if he had time; if not, to-night. He will put it up when he comes home. That will do just as well.”

“Do you see that shelf out there?” continued Elfred, pointing toward a corner of the hen-house.

Elfred undertakes to make a hen-coop.

His brad-awl.

“Yes,” said Robin.

“Show it to me,” said Elfred, putting out his hand.

So Robin guided Elfred to the place, and let him feel the shelf. There was a narrow board nailed along the front of the shelf, and some fine hay in behind, making a very good place for nests.

“This is where they are to lay,” said Elfred, “and I am coming out here every night to get the eggs. It is a straight path here, right from the door.”

After looking about for some time at the excellent accommodations which were thus provided for Elfred’s hens, Robin went away.

A few days afterward, Robin came again to see Elfred, and he found him working in a shop, making a hen-coop. His chickens had come, or rather his hens, for the birds were almost fully grown, and he was anxious to have the coop ready. He had a quantity of laths by his side, which his father had provided for him. These he was sawing off of the proper length, and nailing one by one over the front of the large box. Of course, he had to work altogether by the sense of feeling, but then he worked very well.

“Let me nail them on for you,” said Robin.

“No,” said Elfred, “I can nail them very well. I *like* to nail them.”

Elfred had a small awl called a brad-awl, and with this he made a hole in the end of each lath, to receive the nail, before he attempted to drive it. This is an excellent way. I advise you always to do the same. The hole made by the brad-awl not only holds the nail for you while you are driving it, but guides it, and

Elfred shows Robin his hens and his rooster.

Boring holes.

makes it go straight. It also tends very much to prevent the wood from splitting.*

After observing Elfred's operations for some little time, Robin asked where the hens were.

"They are out behind the granary," said Elfred. "I'll show them to you."

So saying, Elfred groped his way to a sort of box, which was at the end of the bench where he was working, and there took out a small measure of corn. With this he went to the door, and began to call his chickens. When they heard his voice, they came running to him very fast, and he fed them with corn.

"Is not it a pretty rooster?" said Elfred.

"Yes," said Robin, "very pretty indeed."

"Do you see the white hen?" said Elfred.

"Yes," said Robin; "and one is nearly black."

Elfred now sat down on the step of the shop door, and began to scatter a little corn close to the step, and to call his hens to come nearer and nearer. He said he was going to make them so tame that they would let him take them up in his hands.

In fact, Elfred seemed so much pleased with his hens and his hen-house, and with the work of making his hen-coop, and was so contented and happy, that all the children of the neighborhood liked very much to come and see him.

* In making a hole in wood with a bradawl, it is necessary to hold the awl in such a position that the edge of it shall *cut across* the fibres of the wood, not enter wedge-like between them. Hence you must always observe which way the grain of the wood runs before commencing to make your hole. If you do not understand this, ask your father or some grown person to explain it to you.

Josephine.

Her plan of carrying a picture to Elfred.

CHAPTER V.

JOSIE.

NEAR Elfred's house there lived a little girl named Josephine. Josephine often came to see Elfred. She liked to come and see him very much. When she got a new plaything, her first thought was always to come and show it to Elfred.

Elfred liked very much to see these things. He called it seeing them, though, of course, all that he could do was to take them in his hands and feel of them. Thus he could tell what the shape of them was by feeling ; and, as Josie always told him what the color was of the various objects, or of the parts of them, if they were colored differently in different parts, he seemed at last to know them as perfectly as if he had really seen them.

One day, Josephine's uncle came to the house, and before he went away he gave Josie a picture. It was a picture of a large and handsome house, with pleasant grounds around it, and a water-fall.

"I mean to carry this picture and show it to Elfred," said Josie.

"And who is Elfred ?" asked her uncle.

"He is a blind boy," said Josie, " who lives a little way from here."

"And so you are going to show your picture to a blind boy !" said Josephine's uncle. As he said this, he laughed loud and long.

"You need not laugh, uncle," said Josie, " for he will be very glad to see it. I am *sure* he will."

Her plan is ridiculed.

She does not give it up.

Her mother's opinion.

Little Josie looked very serious, and spoke in a very positive manner in saying this.

Josie's mother was all this time sitting at the window, sewing, and she accordingly heard this conversation.

That afternoon, Josie took a walk with her mother in the fields near her house, to gather some flowers. As they were returning

from their walk, each carrying the bouquet of flowers which she had gathered in her hand, Josie introduced the subject of showing the picture again to Elfred.

“Don’t you think, mother,” said she, “that Elfred would like to have me show him that picture?”

“Perhaps so,” said her mother, speaking in a very mild and gentle tone. “He would certainly feel grati-

fied by your kindness; but do you not think that it would be better, after all, to take something else to him rather than a picture? A plaything, now, he can *feel*, and so he can form a very good idea of it. Even a bouquet of flowers like this,” she added, holding up her bouquet to Josie, as represented in the above engraving, “he could examine with his fingers, and get some idea of the form of the flowers, though he could not see the beauty of the colors. But



Josie is not convinced.

In one thing children are good judges.

a picture would be to him nothing but a sheet of paper. He can not see any of the figures upon it, or any thing else."

"Mother," said Josie, speaking in a very serious and earnest tone, "that is a very pretty picture indeed, and I am sure that Elfred would like to have me show it to him. I will not carry it there if you are not willing, but if you are willing I should like to take it there very much."

"Oh, I am willing," said her mother. "I have not the least objection in the world, if you think it will give Elfred any pleasure to have you do it."

"I know it will give him pleasure," replied Josie; "and I am sure he can see it, at least as well as he can see the birds on the trees, and he always likes to have me show him the birds. Whenever I see one on a tree, I point up to it and say, 'Elfred, there is a bird.' Then he asks me where it is, and I tell him that it is on the lower branch, or on the upper branch, just as it happens. Then sometimes I take hold of his finger, and point to the exact place."

"Well," said Josie's mother, "do just as you think best about it."

There are very few things in which children are wiser than their parents, but there are some; and one of them is in judging what other children will like. I would generally confide much more readily in the opinion of a child on such a point, than on that of any grown person living. In this case, Josie's judgment, in respect to the question whether Elfred would like to see the picture or not, was much better than her mother's. She, however, evinced a very amiable and excellent spirit in being so willing to give up the plan, unless her mother was ready to give her assent to it.

Jane Sophia's opinion.

Josie goes on.

Rundle.

That afternoon, Josie put on her bonnet, and taking her picture in her hand, she walked along the road toward the house where Elfred lived.

On the way she met a girl named Jane Sophia. Jane Sophia was about thirteen years old. She was a very kind-hearted girl, and she knew Elfred very well. When Jane Sophia met Josie coming along the road, she stopped her, and asked her what she had got, and where she was going.

"I have got a picture," said Josie, "and I am going to show it to Elfred."

Jane Sophia took the picture, and looked at it for some time.

"It is a very pretty picture," said she, "but I think I would not carry it to Elfred."

"Why not?" asked Josie.

"Because," said Jane Sophia, "he can not see it, and to have you attempt to show it to him will only make him feel his blindness and his helplessness the more, and so will give him pain rather than pleasure."

"No," said Josie, "I am *sure* he will like to see it."

"Very well," said Jane Sophia, "perhaps he will. Next time you see me you must tell me what he says."

So Josie went on. Not long after this, she saw a boy coming along the road toward her. He was rather a rude boy. Josie knew him very well. His name was Rundle.

"Josie," said Rundle, as soon as he came near to Josie, "what have you got there?"

"A picture," said Josie.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Rundle.

Incidents by the way.

Offer of an apple.

Josie declines it.

“I am going to show it to Elfred,” said Josie.

“Why, Elfred is blind,” replied Rundle. “He can not see it.” As he said this, Rundle threw his head back, and laughed loud and long, and in a very boisterous manner. He then gave Josie back the picture, and walked along the road, saying,

“Oh, Josie ! what a little fool you are ! You are a bigger little fool than I thought you could be !”

Josie thought that it was obviously not proper for her to make any reply to such rude language, so she walked on.

Presently she saw a young girl of about her own age, named Ellen, coming along the street. Ellen was eating an apple.

“What a nice apple !” said Josie. “Where did you get it, Ellen ?”

“My aunt gave it to me,” replied Ellen. “And what is it that you have got in your hand ?”

“A picture,” replied Josie. “I am going to show it to Elfred to amuse him.”

Ellen looked at the picture, and liked it very much ; and she told Josie that it was of no use to show it to Elfred, as he would not be able to see it.

“Give it to me,” said she, “and I will give you this apple for it.”

So saying, she took a very large and rosy apple out of her pocket, and offered it to Josie in exchange for the picture. Her aunt had given her two apples.

“No,” said Josie, shaking her head, “I would rather show it to Elfred.”

“Why, he can’t see it,” said Ellen.

Josephine shows Elfred the picture.

Her explanations of it.

“ But I want to show it to him, if he can’t,” rejoined Josie.

“ Well,” replied Ellen, “ go along, then, and show it to him, if you will.”

So Josie went on. When she came to the house where Elfred lived, she found him sitting on the step of the door, listening to hear the people go by.

“ Elfred !” said Josie, “ it’s me.”

“ Ah ! Josie,” said Elfred, “ I am very glad you have come.”

“ I’ve got a picture to show you,” said Josie.

“ A picture !” said Elfred. “ Have you ? what is it about ?”

So Josie kneeled down on the step of the door by the side of Elfred, and began to show him the picture. She took hold of his hand, and guided his finger to the different objects, as she successively enumerated them.

Here is the picture itself, on the opposite page.

“ It is a picture of a large house, with beautiful grounds around it,” said Josie.

“ Where is the house ?” said Elfred.

“ Here,” said Josie, guiding Elfred’s finger to the house. “ It is a very large house indeed. There are four chimneys and a great many windows.”

So saying, Josie guided Elfred’s finger to the chimneys, and also to the rows of windows.

“ There is a very pleasant yard this side of the house,” continued she, “ with a smooth place to walk. You could walk there very well, it is so smooth and level. Only you would have to take care and not run against the well.”

“ Where is the well ?” asked Elfred.

The picture which Josie carried to Elfred.



Josie describes the picture.

Elfred is very much pleased with it.

"Here," said Josie, guiding his finger to the place. "At least I suppose it is a well, though I can not see any bucket."

"There is somebody walking in the yard now," added Josie.

"Where?" asked Elfred.

"Here," said Josie, guiding Elfred's finger to the place. "It is a lady and a little girl. They like to walk there very much, I know, it is so cool and shady. There are beautiful trees all about."

"What a pretty picture it is!" said Elfred; "I am very glad you came to show it to me."

"There is one thing more," said Josie. "There are two ladies sitting on the grass, under the trees. One of them has got some long grass on her lap, and the other has a book in her hand. They are talking together. There they are. They are sitting on the grass under a tree."

"What a pretty picture it is!" said Elfred. "I like it very much. Be sure you come and show me the next picture you get."

"Yes," said Josie, "I certainly will."

After this, the children that lived in Elfred's neighborhood, finding how much he liked such things, used to send him pictures from time to time to keep for his own. Several persons also sent him presents of picture-books, with stories in them.

Then, when the children came to see Elfred, they used to look at his pictures, and talk about them, or read the stories in the story-books. Elfred liked very much to hear them talk about the pictures, or read the stories.

Josie goes to make Elfred a visit.

The sparkling snow.

Pictures.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TWO LITTLE GLEANERS.

ONE day Josie went to see Elfred. It was in the winter. The ground was white with snow.

Josie walked along a path by the side of the road. The morning had been cold, and the snow was hard and dry, so that it was very good walking. The sun had, however, now come out, and the surface of the snow was every where brilliant with sparkling reflections.

“How I wish that Elfred could see the diamonds in the snow!” said Josie.

Presently she saw two snow-birds playing together in the road. She stopped to look at them a minute or two, and wished that Elfred could see them too. Then she went on toward Elfred’s house.

Elfred was sitting by the kitchen fire in his father’s cottage. He was making a basket.

“Josie,” said Elfred, “I have got a new picture.”

“Who gave it to you?” said Josie.

“Jane Sophia,” replied Elfred. “Go and get my portfolio out of the drawer, and you will see it there. It is the first you come to. Bring it here, and tell me about it.”

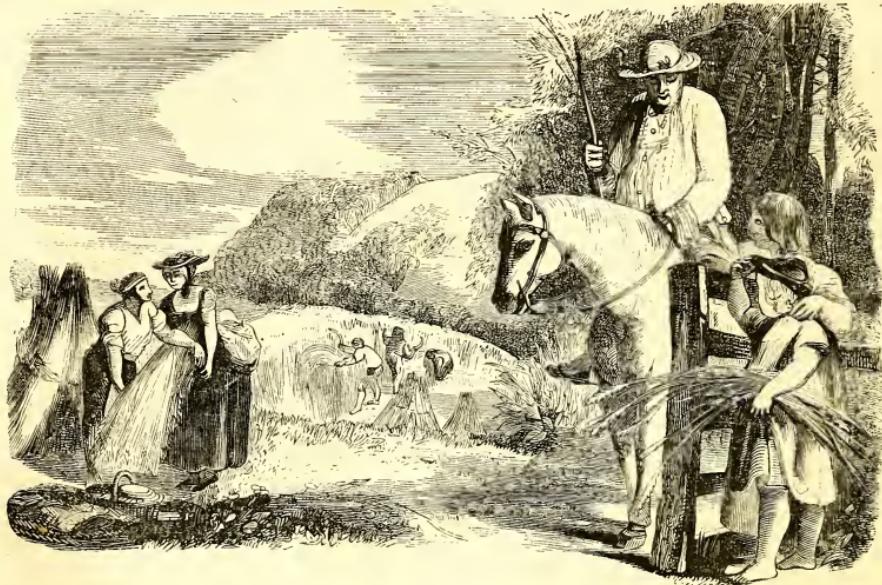
So Josie went and got the picture, and then came and sat down by the side of Elfred, and began to look at it. Turn over the leaf, and you will see the picture.

Talk about the picture of the gleaners.

The children at the gate.

“I see two children opening a gate,” said Josie.

“Yes,” said Elfred, “they are opening the gate for the farmer to go through.”



“Is that a farmer?” asked Josie.

“Yes,” said Elfred, “he is coming out into his field to see how his reapers get along with their work. Do you see the reapers?”

“Yes,” said Josie, “there are three of them back in the field, and two nearer. There is a young man and a girl, and they are taking up a bundle of straw.”

“No,” said Elfred, “it is not a bundle of straw, it is a sheaf of wheat. They are going to stand it up with the rest, to let it dry and ripen. Do you see a basket down upon the grass?”

The way to glean.

Josie and Elfred form a plan.

“Yes,” said Josie, “there it is,” touching it at the same time with her finger.

“And a little keg?” said Elfred.

“Yes,” said Josie.

“They have their luncheon in those things, I suppose,” said Elfred.

“One of the children,” continued Josie, “that are opening the gate, has got some wheat in his hands.”

“Yes,” said Elfred. “The children are gleaners. They go over the field after the reapers have taken off the wheat, and pick up all that is left. This is called gleaning. When they take it home, they shell out all the wheat, and have it ground, and make bread of it.”

“I should like to go and glean some day,” said Josie.

“Yes,” said Elfred, “that would be a good plan. I could go with you, and sit down on a stone in the middle of the field, and you could bring all the wheat you could glean to me, and I would shell it out, and then we could bring home the grain in a bag.”

“Yes,” said Josie, “let us do it.”

“Only we can’t do it now,” said Elfred, “because it is winter. We must wait. When the spring comes, the wheat will begin to grow. When the summer comes, the wheat will ripen, and when the autumn comes, the reapers will reap it, and then we can go and glean.”

The family of Laplanders and their hut.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAPLANDERS.

“MAY I look at some more pictures?” said Josie.
“Yes,” said Elfred, “as many as you like.”

So Josie took up the next picture which she found in the portfolio, and said immediately,

“Ah! this is a winter picture, Elfred; the ground and the trees are covered with snow.”

“I expect, then, it is one of my pictures of the Laplanders,” said Elfred. “Are there two men in sledges, racing as hard as they can go?”



“No,” said Josie; “they are sitting still on a stone, and one of them is drinking something out of a mug.”

The reindeer.

The sledge.

The hut.

The smoke coming out.

“Ah, yes,” said Elfred, “that’s the encampment picture. The men that are racing are in the next picture. But there are two men racing on this picture too, or at least riding very fast. They are away off on the ice.”

“Ah, yes,” said Josie, “I see them.”

“They are riding in sledges,” added Elfred, “and the sledges are drawn by the reindeer. Do you see what large, branching horns they have got?”

“Yes,” said Josie; “and strings fastened to them.”

“The strings are the reins,” said Elfred. “The Laplanders guide the reindeer in that way when they are driving.”

“What is this behind the reindeer?” asked Josie.

“That is the sledge,” replied Elfred. “You can see the forward end of the runners of it, under the reindeer.”

“Ah, yes, I see them,” said Josie. “But how did you know so much about this picture?”

“Jane Sophia explained it all to me,” said Elfred, “when she gave it to me. Do you see the hut?”

“No,” said Josie, looking carefully all over the picture, “I don’t see any hut.”

“It is right behind the Laplanders that are sitting down,” said Elfred. “It is made of skins, put over poles.”

“Ah, yes,” said Josie, “I see it.”

“You can see the ends of the poles,” said Elfred, “at the top of the hut, and the smoke coming out through the opening.”

“Have they got a fire in the hut?” asked Josie.

“Yes,” said Elfred; “that hut is where they live. It is a family—a man, a woman, and a child.”

Josie and Elfred talk about the picture of the Laplanders.

“Yes,” said Josie, “I see the child. He is asking his father to give him a drink out of the mug. And I see some fishes hanging against the side of the hut. There are three of them. They are strung on a stick. Do you suppose they caught those fishes in the lake, Elfred?”

“I think it very probable,” said Elfred.

“If they did,” said Josie, “they must have cut a hole in the ice, for I can see that the lake is frozen over every where. And it must be frozen very hard, or it would not bear the men who are riding on it.”

Josie surveyed the picture a moment or two longer, and then she said,

“Now I’ve seen all, I believe, that there is in this picture.”

“No,” said Elfred, “there is one thing more.”

“What is it?” asked Josie.

“It is a town over on the farther side of the lake,” replied Elfred.

“Yes,” said Josie, “I see it. The men who are driving the sledges are going toward it. It is a very pretty town. The houses are white.

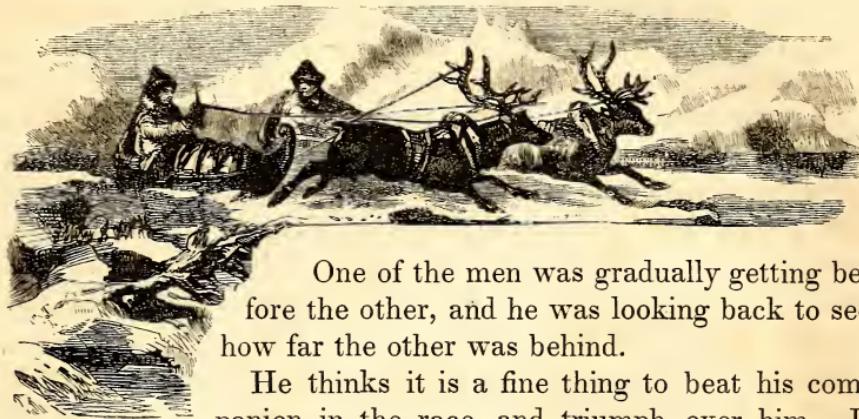
“Altogether,” added Josie, “it is a very pretty picture. And what a pretty tree it is which hangs over the hut, with the long, thick branches all covered with snow!”

The next picture which Josie saw was that of the two men racing in their sledges. They were riding along very swiftly through the snow. The reindeer were running as fast as they could run.

The race.

Co-operation better than rivalry.

Getting eggs.



One of the men was gradually getting before the other, and he was looking back to see how far the other was behind.

He thinks it is a fine thing to beat his companion in the race, and triumph over him. It would, however, be a much more noble thing if he would check his reindeer a little, so as to allow the other to keep up with him, and then they would go on happily together.

It is much more generous and noble to help our companions and friends along with us wherever we are going, than try to keep them back, so that we may get before them.

CHAPTER VIII.

GETTING EGGS.

ELFRED's pictures served him a double purpose. In the first place, they were the means of bringing him company; for the children liked so much to see them, that they used to come oftener to his house on account of them than they would otherwise have done. Elfred was always glad to have them come, for their con-

Elfred's disposition.

Advantage of being patient and good-natured.

versation entertained him. It was, in fact, a great pleasure to him even to hear the sound of their voices in the yard.

If he had been mournful and melancholy in his disposition, and had spent his time in brooding over his misfortune, and, instead of amusing himself with such pleasures as were within his reach, had been always complaining and lamenting because he was blind, and so, when the children brought the pictures to him, had told them that they would not do him any good, because he could not see them, it would have made the children feel gloomy and sad to come to the house, and so they would have kept away.

Another advantage of these pictures was, that in hearing the children talk about them, and read the stories about them, Elfred formed so vivid a conception of what they represented, that it was almost as if he could see them. He pictured to his own mind every thing that the children described, and he did it so distinctly, that he almost fancied the scenes were visibly before him.

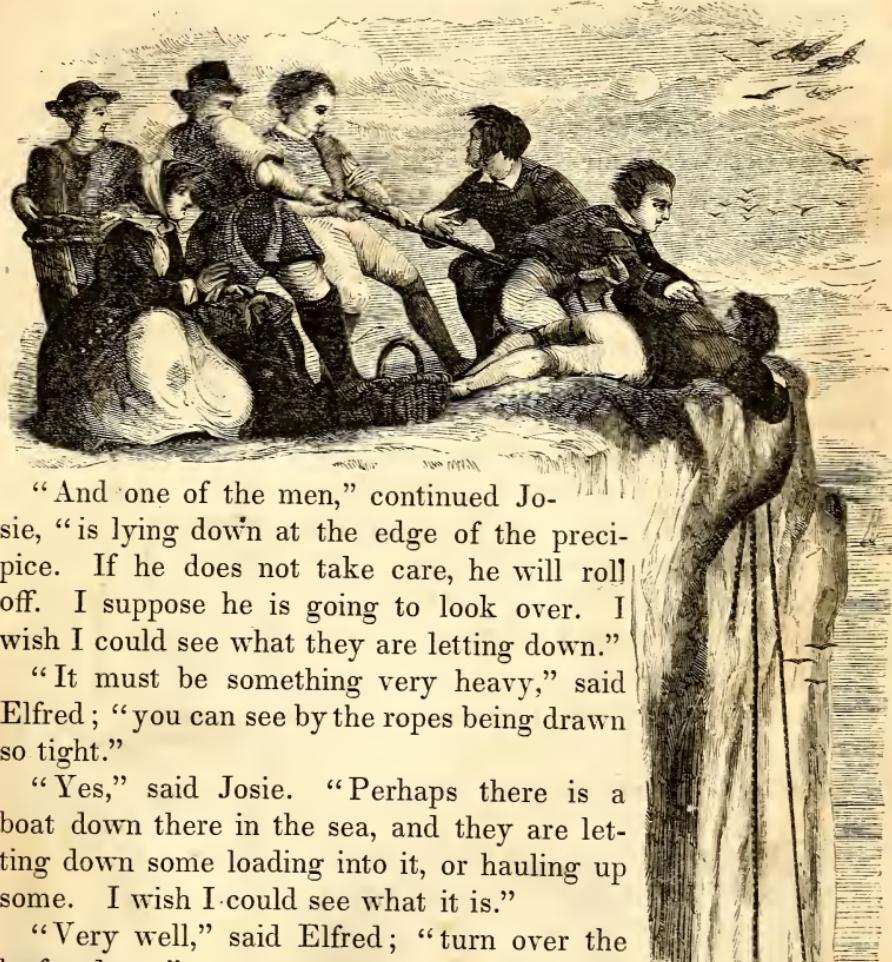
One of the pictures which he liked the best was in two parts. The first part represented some men on the top of a precipice letting something down by a rope.

"What is that they are letting down?" said Josie, the first time she saw this picture.

"Oh, you will find out by-and-by," said Elfred.

"How hard they are holding on," said Josie. "One, two, three, four—four men holding on, and one behind has got the rope wound round a post. There is a woman kneeling down, and clasping her hands. She looks afraid. There is a basket on the rocks before her. I wonder what is in it?"

The men on the rocks letting something down.



"And one of the men," continued Josie, "is lying down at the edge of the precipice. If he does not take care, he will roll off. I suppose he is going to look over. I wish I could see what they are letting down."

"It must be something very heavy," said Elfred; "you can see by the ropes being drawn so tight."

"Yes," said Josie. "Perhaps there is a boat down there in the sea, and they are letting down some loading into it, or hauling up some. I wish I could see what it is."

"Very well," said Elfred; "turn over the leaf and see."

So Josie turned over the leaf, and saw that it was a man that

The sea-birds' nests.

The use of the stick.

The boiling sea.

they were letting down. Here you see him hanging by the ropes. The man is gathering eggs. The eggs are laid by the sea-birds on the shelves of the rocks, where there is no way to get at them except by letting men down in this way with ropes from above; for the cliffs overhang the sea, and thundering surges are dashing continually against the rocks below.

Some of the eggs are so far in among the crevices of the rocks that the man can not reach them with his hands, so he has a stick, with a crook on the end of it, and with this he draws the eggs toward him till he gets them within his reach. He finds it necessary to take care not to pull them too far, lest they should roll down over the edge of the rocks. If they should do so, they would be lost forever, for they would fall down hundreds of feet into the boiling sea.

The birds do not like to have their



Description of the picture.

The tremendous precipices.

eggs taken away from their nests, and they fly about the man as he hangs in the air, screaming in his ears, and endeavoring to drive him away.

These birds are ducks. There is one of them sitting on her nest, where the man can not see her. *Her* eggs are safe.

Below, at the foot of the precipice, we see the surge boiling against the broken rocks. It would be a dreadful thing for the man to fall among them. He would be dashed to pieces, and immediately killed.

In the first picture we behold a sail-boat in the distance, slowly gliding over the surface of the sea.

Elfred liked these two pictures very much indeed, partly because the children were always very much interested in seeing them, and partly because he was accustomed to go on an egg-hunting expedition himself every night in his hen-house.

It is true that going out into a quiet hen-house, across a level yard, after the eggs which his hens had laid there, was a very different thing from being let down with ropes from the brink of a precipice, over a raging sea ; but then Elfred was blind, and the egg-hunters of the pictures could see. And yet, after all, one would think that this could hardly be of any advantage to them ; for it seems to me that a great many people, if they were to be let down in this way over such tremendous precipices as these, would wish to shut their eyes, and keep them shut all the time as tight as possible.

Elfred's walks.

The path by the lake.

A fine view.

CHAPTER IX.

PARK.

ONE day Elfred, when out on an excursion at a short distance from home, met with a very singular adventure.

He often went away from home on short excursions alone, for there were many paths in the neighborhood of the house where he lived that it was quite safe for him to walk in. He could find his way along these paths very easily by means of a little cane which he carried in his hand. He would move this cane back and forth before him as he walked along, so as to feel his way, and also to ascertain if by chance there were any obstruction in the path.

One of the paths which Elfred used to walk in led to the shore of a lake, where there were some rocks on a cliff overhanging the water, with a smooth and pleasant beach below. The rocks above were overshadowed by trees, and one of them was of a very convenient form for a seat. The place was very cool and pleasant, and it commanded a fine view of the waters of the lake, and of the surrounding shores. Elfred used to climb up there to enjoy this view; for, though he could not see the lake or the shores, still he knew exactly where every object was, and he could imagine that he saw them. Besides, it amused him to listen to the sounds —such as the singing of the birds that were perched on the trees over his head, or the rippling of the water on the beach below. Sometimes, too, there would be a boat moving on the pond at a

greater or less distance from the shore, and Elfred could hear the dashing of the oars more or less distinctly as it passed by. If the boat belonged to boys who were out a fishing, they would often row up to the place where Elfred was sitting, and invite him to come down to the beach and get on board with them, for there was a very pleasant path leading down from the cliff to the shore, and Elfred could go up and down very easily. The boys, when they took Elfred on board on such occasions, would go out upon the pond, and let him fish with them. He could fish very well if there was only somebody near him to bait his hook ; and if not, he could bait his hook himself tolerably well.

The rocks where Elfred sat on these occasions would have seemed to most persons rather a dangerous place for the blind boy to climb up upon. It would, in fact, have been somewhat dangerous for Elfred to have attempted to climb up upon them, for the first time, alone ; but he had been familiar with them from his infancy, and had climbed about them a great many times—often in company with other boys, who showed him the way, and helped him up ; so that he was as well acquainted with them as he was with the steps of his father's door.

One day, when Elfred was sitting on these rocks, he heard the noise of oars out upon the lake. He immediately began to listen very attentively to the sound.

“Ah !” said he, “there's a boat coming along.”

Then he was silent, and listened again.

“Yes,” said he, “it is certainly a boat ; and I believe it is coming this way. I hope they are coming to take me on board. I wonder who it is that is in it.”

The deaf and dumb boy.

Park.

Elfred listening.

Now it happened, singularly enough, that the person who was coming in the boat that Elfred heard was a deaf and dumb boy. His name was Park. He had come a short time before with his parents to live in that part of the country, and Elfred had never heard of him. Neither had he ever heard of Elfred. The cottage where Park lived was on the opposite side of the lake from Elfred's house, so that the distance was a mile or two by the road, though it was much less across the water. Park's father had a boat, and as Park could see, though he could not hear or speak, he could manage the boat very well.

On the morning that we are speaking of, he had come out a fishing.

After fishing for some time, and rowing back and forth in various places wherever he took a fancy to go, Park happened to get a view of Elfred sitting on the rocks. He did not know who it was, but supposed, of course, that it was some boy who lived in the neighborhood, and had come out there to play ; and he immediately conceived the idea of going and inviting him to come on board the boat. So he rowed along toward the shore in the direction of the cliff, and it was the sound of his oars that Elfred heard.

“It must be some of the boys,” said Elfred, “I am sure. They are coming for me, to take me a fishing with them.”

So he waited and listened, expecting every moment to hear the voices of the boys calling out to him.

“As soon as I hear their voices,” said he to himself, “I can tell who they are.”

The voices were not heard, however, and yet the boat came on

" Halloo the boat !"

Park's gestures.

An animated dialogue.

nearer and nearer. At length it seemed to have come quite near to the shore, under the cliffs where Elfred was sitting, and then the sound of the oars ceased. Elfred could plainly hear that the oarsman was taking his oars in.

" Halloo the boat !" said Elfred, calling out aloud.

There was no answer.

" Halloo the boat !" said Elfred, repeating his call in a louder voice.

Still no answer.

" I say," said Elfred, calling louder yet, " who is that on board that boat ?"

He listened for a reply, but all was perfectly still.

The fact was that Park, being deaf and dumb, could not hear a word that Elfred said. He could only see him sitting on the rocks, and, as he did not imagine that he was blind, he was engaged all the time that Elfred was calling him by words in attempting to call Elfred by gestures, that sort of language being the only one that he could employ.

As soon as he had found that he was near enough to the cliffs, and had stopped the boat and taken in his oars, he stood up in the bottom of the boat, looked up toward Elfred, and beckoned to him to come down ; and he went on beckoning all the time that Elfred was calling to him, wondering all the time why Elfred did not come.

Thus there was a very animated dialogue going on between the two boys, neither being, in the least degree, conscious of what the other was doing, and each surprised that the other took no notice of what he was trying to say to him.

Incomprehensible signs.

What can be the matter with him ?

Elfred called out " Halloo the boat ! "

Park beckoned for Elfred to come down.

" Who are you down there in that boat, and why don't you answer ? " screamed Elfred.

Park pointed out over the water, and then made believe pull up a fishing-line, to denote to Elfred that he wished to have him come down and go a fishing with him.

" Who are you ? " vociferated Elfred again, louder than before.

Park beckoned again, more earnestly than before.

All this time, Elfred, on listening very attentively, could perceive nothing but a dead silence, and he wondered why the boy in the boat did not reply.

All this time, too, Park saw that Elfred sat motionless, and he wondered why he did not come down.

" What can be the matter with him ? " said Elfred.

" What can be the matter with him ? " thought Park.

" I'll go down to the beach and see, " said Elfred.

" I'll go up on the rocks and see, " thought Park.

So Elfred climbed down from the rocks, and began descending the path toward the shore, while Park, taking his oars again, began to row his boat to the land.

Elfred reached the upper margin of the beach just as the boat touched the sand at the lower edge of it. Park saw now, at once, by the manner in which Elfred felt his way along the path with his cane, that he was blind.

The five senses.

Park's maneuvers.

Talking by feeling.

CHAPTER X.

DIFFICULT TALKING.

MAN has five senses—seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling. As Park could not hear, and Elfred could not see, those two senses were, of course, out of the question as between the two boys, so far as the use of them as a means of intercommunication was concerned. There remained, therefore, the other three, feeling, tasting, and smelling. As it would obviously be impossible to communicate ideas on any general subjects by means of the senses of tasting and smelling, it is clear that the only available medium that was left to the boys was the sense of feeling.

“I must make him *feel* what I wish him to understand,” thought Park; “and the first thing is to let him know that I am deaf and dumb.”

So Park stepped out of the boat, and, going up to Elfred, took him by the hand. Elfred wondered what all these strange maneuvers could mean, and what Park was going to do. He, however, perceived at once that the stranger, whoever he might be, was friendly to him, and so he made no resistance, and did not attempt to get away, but stood still and allowed Park to do what he pleased.

Park accordingly took Elfred’s hand, and brought the finger of it up to his ear, and then shook his head, intending to denote by that that he could not hear.*

* See Frontispiece.

Conversation between a blind and a deaf and dumb boy.

He immediately reflected, however, that Elfred could not see, the shaking of his head, and that, consequently, he must make him feel it. So he touched Elfred's finger again to his ear, and then putting Elfred's hand against the side of his head, he shook it again. He repeated this sign several times, bringing up Elfred's finger to his ear, and then his hand to the side of his head, and shaking it.

Very soon Elfred began to understand.

"Do you mean by that," said he, "that you can not hear?"

Park took no notice of this question, as of course he did not hear it, but went on with his gesticulations.

"I will put his hand to my lips," thought he, "and then shake my head again, to show him that I can not speak."

Park accordingly did this, and Elfred understood it. "It must be that you are deaf and dumb," said he. "But I did not know that there was any deaf and dumb boy living any where near this lake."

Elfred said these things aloud, forgetting for the moment that Park could not hear them. Park, of course, said nothing aloud. He did not even speak the words in his mind. He only *thought*.

"Now," thought he, "how shall I make him understand that I wish him to go a fishing with me? I'll go and get the fishing-line, and let him feel of that."

So Park, leaving Elfred for a moment on the sand, went to the boat. Elfred thought that he was going away. He concluded, however, to remain where he was, and *hear* him go away, and then go up on the cliffs again. He expected to hear him take up the oars, and push the boat off, and then to hear the dashing of the oars in the water, as it moved out into the offing.

Directions to the reader.

Park's invitation.

Elfred accepts it.

Instead of this, he heard that Park got into the boat, and walked along to the stern of it, and that immediately afterward he came back, and got out again.

To understand distinctly how this seemed to him, you must shut your eyes, and imagine that you are on the shore of a lake listening to such sounds.

To understand exactly how it seemed to Park, you must stop your ears, and imagine that you are bringing a fishing-pole out of a boat to a boy on the shore who can not *see* you, while it is equally impossible for you to *hear* him.

Park brought the fishing-line to Elfred, and let him feel it. He then took both of Elfred's hands and placed them upon his cane in such a manner as to make a fishing-pole of it, and then made believe pull up a fish. He then took one of Elfred's hands, and pointed with it out over the lake, and finally took hold of his arm gently, as if he were going to lead him to the boat.

"If you mean that you wish to have me go a fishing with you," said Elfred, "I'll go."

Park did not hear these words, but as the utterance of them was accompanied, on the part of Elfred, by a readiness to move along where Park was leading him, Park understood that he consented to go a fishing. So he showed him the way to the boat, and they both got in. Park placed Elfred on a good seat by the stern, and then taking the oars in his hands, he pushed off, and began to row away from the shore.

Circumstances are certainly not peculiarly favorable for social intercourse and enjoyment when the party consists of a blind boy and a dumb boy, and they are alone in a boat in the middle of a

Elfred and Park in the boat.

Elfred learns to paddle.

solitary lake. Yet still Park and Elfred had a very good time. Elfred was pleased that Park had invited him to go, and Park was pleased at having Elfred under his charge.

Elfred too, blind as he was, was not wholly incompetent as a fisherman. In fact, in this case he caught the first fish. Park baited the hook for him, and put the line in his hands. Elfred immediately let it down into the water, and before Park got *his* line out, Elfred had a bite. He pulled his line in, and found that he had a fine trout on the end of it.

At the commencement of the excursion, Park propelled the boat himself by paddling at the stern. Elfred could have paddled very well, but he could not see where to go. In coming back, however, they devised a way for surmounting this difficulty. Elfred took the paddle at the stern, while Park, sitting at the bows, indicated to him which way to go, by rapping with Elfred's cane on the larboard or starboard side of the boat, whichever way he wished it to incline. By this means Elfred was enabled to paddle the boat very well. He took it straight to the land, being guided and governed in his work all the way by the rappings of the cane.

The boys remained on the water more than two hours, and caught a fine basket full of fishes. During all this time neither of them spoke a word. For Park to speak would have been, of course, utterly impossible, and for Elfred it would have been utterly useless.

The swan.

Elfred's picture.

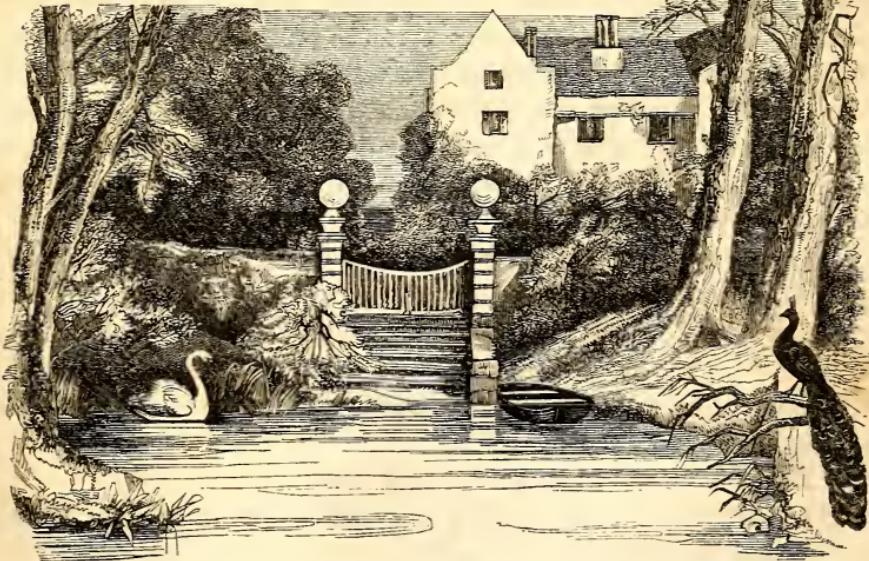
Jane Sophia's story.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SWAN.

ONE afternoon, when Jane Sophia went to see Elfred, she amused herself and him by pasting some of his pictures in a book of white paper, and then writing a story about each picture on the paper beneath it. Here is one of the stories which she wrote about a picture of a swan.

There are two large birds to be seen in this



The swan and the peacock compared.

Lucy and James.

picture. On the right is a peacock. The peacock stands perched upon the branch of a tree. On the left is a swan, under the bank. The swan is floating on the water. His wings lie smoothly by his sides, and his neck is long and beautifully arched.

The swan has a long neck. The peacock has a long tail. The neck of the swan is beautiful in its form. The tail of the peacock is beautiful in its colors. There is a beauty of form and a beauty of color; the swan is distinguished for one, and the peacock for the other.

This pond is at the foot of a garden. The garden has a great many fruits and flowers in it, and a walk coming down from the house. - The gate is at the foot of the walk, and there are stone steps outside the gate leading down to the water. There is a boat floating in the water near the steps, to sail in upon the pond. It is secured by a chain, which is hooked into an iron ring, fastened into the stones. Neither the ring, however, or the chain are visible.

One day some children, who had been playing in the garden, came to the gate, and looked down to the pond. Their names were Lucy and James.

“I wonder,” said James, “if we may go and sail in that boat?”

“No,” said Lucy, “I should think not.”

“Yes,” said James; “I am not afraid.”

“First let me go and ask Aunt Anne,” said Lucy.

“Oh no,” said James; “the boat is so large, I am sure there is not any danger.”

“But it is better to be sure,” said Lucy.

So Lucy went to the house, and asked her aunt Anne if she and James might sail in the boat.

A discussion.

Aunt Anne's permission.

The sail.

“Yes,” said her aunt Anne.

“But is there not any danger,” said Lucy, “that the boat will upset?”

“No,” said her aunt; “but there is some danger that you may fall out of it.”

“Well,” said Lucy, “then we must not get into it.”

“Yes,” said her aunt; “for, if you do fall out of it, it will do no harm.”

“Why, we shall be drowned,” said Lucy.

“No,” said her aunt; “the water is very shallow. It would only wet you up to the knees.”

“Well, that would be too much,” said Lucy. “I am sure I do not wish to fall in the water, and get wet even up to my knees.”

“But there is no probability that you will fall in,” said her aunt. “The boat is large and steady, and you can push it about all over the pond, and if you are careful, I presume you will not fall in. And if, by any chance, you should fall, you would only get wet a little, and that would do no great harm.”

So Lucy went down the garden again, and descended the steps to the margin of the water. James had already unfastened the boat, and drawn it up to the landing. Lucy stepped in, while James held the boat still. Next James got in, and then, with a pole, he pushed the boat away over the water. For half an hour the boat and the swan sailed together about the pond.

The children could see the bottom of the pond very distinctly wherever they went. The water was very shoal, and the bottom was formed of yellow sand.

Lucy's remonstrances.

A curious phenomenon.

The sail finished.

"Aunt Anne said that the water was not deep," said Lucy, "but I mean to be very careful not to fall in."

"I do not mean to be careful," said James. "I should like to fall in."

"Oh no," said Lucy; "you would get wet up to your knees."

"Well," said James, "I should like to get wet up to my knees."

"Oh, but you would not only get wet yourself, but your trowsers, and your stockings, and your shoes would get wet, and that would make a great deal of trouble."

Just then the swan, which had been swimming about all this time, went out of the water, and walked up the bank, near the two great trees on the right of the picture. The water immediately rolled off from his breast and his sides, and he was as dry as if he had been basking on the sunny bank all the day.

"I wish I had a dress of feathers," said James, "and then I could wade in the water and come out dry."

"Yes," said Lucy, "so you could."

"How curious it is," said James, "that the feathers are not made wet by being plunged in the water."

"Yes," said Lucy; "I wonder what the reason is."

"I suppose," said James, "it must be something in the way the feathers are made. If we should examine a feather in a microscope, perhaps we could see."

The children sailed about upon the pond until they were tired, and then they pushed the boat up to the steps again, and got out. They fastened the boat, and went up through the gate into the garden. They met their aunt Anne on the walk, coming down to find them.

Lucy's questions.

The answers.

The story ended.

They asked their aunt several questions as they were walking together back toward the house.

"Why is it that the feathers of the swan do not get wet," said Lucy, "when he swims in the water?"

"I do not know," said her aunt; "it is very wonderful."

"Why is it that the swan has such a long and slender neck?" said Lucy.

"So that he can reach down to the bottom of the pond to get his food," replied her aunt.

"And why does the peacock have such a short neck?" asked Lucy.

"Because he gets his food on the land, and never requires to reach down to the bottom of the water."

"Why does the peacock have such a long and spreading tail, and with all these beautiful eyes in it?" asked Lucy.

"I am sure I don't know," said her aunt Anne.

"It must be for some reason or other," said Lucy.

"Yes," replied her aunt. "I think there must be some useful end answered by the beautiful plumage of birds, but I do not know what it is."

At this point in the conversation between Lucy and her aunt Anne, Jane Sophia got to the bottom of the page, and so she ended the story here.

Josephine has a conversation with her father and mother and uncle.

CHAPTER XII.

AN INTERPRETER.

ONE evening, when Josephine was sitting at the supper-table with her father and mother and her uncle, she told them that she had been to see Elfred that day.

“Ah!” said her father. “Well, that’s right. I am glad to have you go and see him sometimes. I suppose he likes company.”

“Yes,” said Josephine, “and he likes the pictures which I carry him. I was very sure that he would like them.”

“I am very glad to hear it,” said Josie’s uncle. “I am very glad that in that case you were right, and I was mistaken. You were wiser than I.”

“Besides,” added Josephine, “to-day I read him a story.”

“*You* read him a story!” said her mother. “I did not think that you could read well enough to read any body a story.”

“Yes,” rejoined Josephine, “I did read him a story, and he said that he understood it very well.

“He said, too,” continued Josephine, “that he liked my reading very much, because I read slow. You see I can not read fast, and so I have to read slow; but then Elfred likes it.”

It was true that Josephine read very slowly, but then she pronounced all the words in a very distinct and audible manner. She paid close attention to the sense, too, when she was reading, and a person who does so always makes the sense more apparent to the

Joseph's style of reading.

Josephine feels pleased.

hearer than one who runs over the sentences in a rapid and careless manner, and without thinking of the meaning.

In fact, there was a boy named Joseph who used sometimes to go to visit Elfred, and one day he undertook to read a story to him. But he was rather a self-conceited boy, and was quite vain of his powers as a reader. He seemed to think, as such boys almost always do, that the excellence of reading consists mainly in the rapidity with which the performer gets over the ground. So he was accustomed to run on, skipping some words and mispronouncing others, so as to make sense and nonsense of his author indiscriminately. He hurried over his reading in this way in order to make a display of his powers, and to let Elfred see how fast he could read. Now, inasmuch as what Elfred wished for was the pleasure of understanding the story, and not that of wondering at the reader's dexterity, he of course did not like such work as this. But when Josephine came, and read plainly and distinctly, and in such a manner as to express the sense, Elfred liked it very much indeed.

Josephine herself was greatly pleased to find that she had made so much progress in the art of reading as to be able to turn her skill to practical account. This was, in fact, the first time that she had ever attempted to read really and truly for the benefit of the hearer, and not for her own improvement.

Josephine's mother was very much pleased too. She thought it would be quite useful for Josephine to read to Elfred in this way, especially if she would read the stories that Jane Sophia wrote in Elfred's book, because that would teach her to read writing. She proposed this plan to Jane Sophia, and Jane Sophia said that she

The plan adopted.	The copartnership.	Reading the story.
should like it very much. She would write the stories, she said, in a very plain and legible hand.*		

This plan was adopted ; and after the children had begun to carry it into effect, it happened that Park was brought into it. Park had been taught to read, though of course he could not pronounce any of the words that he read. He read *with his eyes* altogether. There were a great many words, however, in ordinary books, that Park could not understand. Whenever, in his reading, he came to such a word, if he had any friend near him who could talk by signs, he would point out the word, and his friend would explain it by signs.

Thus there was a sort of copartnership formed of four persons. Whenever Elfred got a new picture, Jane Sophia would take it home and write an explanation of it, or a story about it. Then she would paste the picture into Elfred's book, and transcribe her story in a very plain, neat, and careful hand under it. Then, once a week, Josephine and Park would go to Elfred's house, and have a meeting to read the story. They would get the book out upon a table, and Josephine and Park would sit where they could see. Sometimes, if the weather was pleasant, they would sit down together upon the step of the door. It was always necessary that Park should sit where he could see, as he depended wholly on looking over for all his understanding of the story. Of course, he could not *hear* any thing that Josephine said. As to Elfred, it made no difference where he sat, as he could not see. It was only

* *Legible*, easy to be read. *Illegible*, difficult or impossible to be read. It is very important that every one, in learning to write, should take pains to form such a hand as shall be legible.

necessary that he should be near enough to hear. Accordingly, Elfred would sit, while Josephine was reading, wherever it happened to be most convenient, but Park and Josephine always sat side by side.

Thus, when it was summer, and they were reading in the yard, Josephine and Park would establish themselves, perhaps, on a step of the door, or on a small bench that stood under a woodbine that grew against the wall, and Elfred would sit in a small chair near by, and amuse himself by knitting while he was listening to the reading ; or he would lie upon the grass in the corner of the yard, under a pear-tree that grew there.

Josephine would always keep the place with her finger while she read, so that Park could follow her precisely, and always be looking at the words which Josephine was reading to Elfred at the time she was reading them. If they came to any word which Josephine thought it probable that Park did not understand, she would stop and point at the word, and look inquiringly at Park to know whether he understood it or not. If he did not understand it, then Josephine or Elfred would explain it to him by signs. Sometimes Josephine would explain it, and sometimes Elfred.

For example, at one time they were reading a story about a gentleman and his boy taking a walk, and coming to a yard where there was a very fierce dog chained up near the door of his kennel. It was said in the story that the dog was very fierce, and that, when he saw the gentleman and his son coming, he sprang out to seize them, barking furiously, and he would have actually seized them if he had not been prevented by his chain, which was drawn very *tense* by his exertions.

A picture.	Description of it.	Manner of reading.
	<p>Here you see the picture of this dog. His chain is drawn very tense. The dog is at the uttermost limit of it. He is barking furiously. The gentleman and the boy are in the background, to the right. They keep at a good distance from the dog. The gentleman has a cane in his hand, but still he thinks it is not prudent for him to go near the dog.</p>	

Behind the man and boy is a barn, with the great doors partly open. To the left of it is a house, but the lower part of the house is concealed by a fence which intervenes.* There is a lattice window above.

The kennel is behind the dog. We can see the door where the dog goes in and out. There is a round dish on the ground before him. The people feed him out of this dish.

When Josephine was reading this story, Elfred was sitting on one side of her, and Park on the other; for, whenever there were pictures to be explained, Elfred wished to sit near, so that Josephine could guide his finger to the various parts of the picture while she was reading the description of it. In such cases, Josephine was obliged to instruct one of her pupils at a time. She would

* *Intervenes*, comes between. An intervention of one person in respect to two others is his coming between them, to reconcile them, for example, if they are at enmity. Good boys often intervene to prevent quarrels among their companions.

An illustration.

Tense.

Elfred's definition.

first take Park's hand in hers, and, pointing with his finger along the lines, she would read the story, Elfred listening, but not seeing. Then, having finished the reading, she would take Elfred's hand, and, pointing to the various parts of the picture with *his* finger, she would explain it all to him, Park looking, but not hearing. In case there were any words which Park did not understand, Elfred would explain them to Josephine, and Josephine to Park. Thus Josephine acted as an interpreter.

For instance, when Josephine, in reading about the picture of the dog, came to the word *tense*, she stopped, for as she did not understand the word herself, she supposed that Park perhaps did not. So she pointed to the word, and looked to Park with an inquiring expression of countenance, which was meant to ask him whether he understood it or not.

Park shook his head.

"I am asking him," said she to Elfred, "whether he understands *tense*, and he says he does not."

It was necessary to *say* this to Elfred, for he could not see Josephine point to the word and look at Park, nor could he see Park shake his head in reply.

"I don't think I understand it myself," continued Josephine. "There is some kind of a tense in grammar, but I don't think this can be such a one as that."

"No," said Elfred, "it means tight—strained tight. Any thing that is drawn tight is said to be *tense*."

Park was looking at Josephine and Elfred while they were talking thus, but of course he could not tell what they were saying. He waited patiently, supposing that they were talking about

Elfred explains to Park the meaning of the word tense.

the word, and that they would make some signs to him to explain it to him as soon as they had finished what they were saying.

“Yes,” said Josephine, “I understand it now. I can see in the picture that the chain is drawn very tight indeed. If I were where the boy is, I should think it would break. But how can I explain it to Park?”

“I’ll show him,” said Elfred.

So Elfred drew a piece of twine out of his pocket, and then, taking the two ends of it in his two hands, he held it up so that Park could see.

“Is Park looking?” said Elfred.

“Yes,” said Josephine.

Elfred then held his hands at such a distance from each other as to allow the string to hang down loosely between them.

“There!” said Elfred; “now tell him that that is *not* tense.”

So Josephine pointed to the word tense in the book, and then at the loose string, and shook her head, to indicate that the word did *not* denote such a condition of the string as he saw before him.

“Have you told him?” asked Elfred.

“Yes,” said Josephine.

Elfred then moved his hands to a greater distance apart, so as to draw the string tight between them.

“Is he looking?” asked Elfred.

“Yes,” said Josie.

“Then tell him,” rejoined Elfred, “that now the string *is* tense.”

So Josephine pointed to the tight string between Elfred’s hands,

Josephine refers back for another illustration.

and then to the word *tense* in the book, and nodded her head to denote that that was the condition of the string which the word *tense* signified.

Park understood perfectly at once, and nodded his head in turn very earnestly, and with his countenance full of intelligence and pleasure. Josephine then pointed to the chain in the picture, and to the word *tense* immediately afterward, and looked to Park with a smile. Park smiled in his turn, and nodded more, showing that he was perfectly satisfied with the explanation.

Then Josephine turned back in the book until she found the picture of the man who was let down over the precipice to gather eggs from the rocks in the Orkney Islands, and showed Park the ropes by which the man was suspended. After showing them to him, she pointed to the word *tense* again, to indicate to him that those ropes were *tense*. Park smiled and nodded, and then pointed to that part of the rope which was seen passing through the hands of the men who stand on a cliff, and nodded again, to show that he understood the meaning of the word perfectly.

Thus, although he did not know, and never could know, how the word would sound when spoken, he understood perfectly well what condition of a string or chain it denoted.

It was by various ingenious contrivances of this kind that Elfred and Josephine communicated to Park a knowledge of such words as they came to in their reading that he did not understand. Josephine learned the meaning of the words herself at the same time.

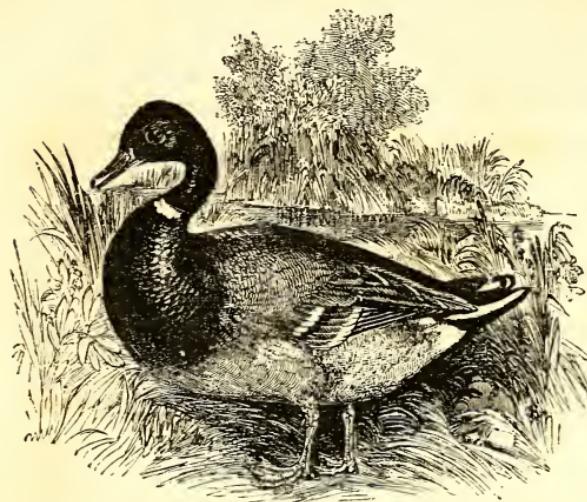
Sometimes Josephine would explain the meaning of words by actions which she would perform herself, and these actions were often such as to make considerable amusement for all the party.

The duck.

Three modes of locomotion.

Locomotion defined.

For example, there was a picture of a duck, and the explanation which Jane Sophia wrote under it contained an account of the habits and mode of life of the duck.



He has three modes of locomotion, said she, in the story. He can swim on the water, fly through the air, and walk on the land. His swimming is excellent, his flying is very good, but his walking is bad.

It is waddling rather than walking.

Park pointed first to the word locomotion.

“He wishes to know what locomotion means,” said Josephine. “What does it mean?”

“It means any way of getting along,” said Elfred; “walking, running, swimming, flying, or any other way of getting from one place to another.”

“Then I had better write it down,” said Josephine.

So she took a slate, which was always kept at hand for such purposes, and wrote upon it all the words expressive of locomotion that she or Elfred could think of. She wrote walking, running, creeping, flying, swimming, and several others. Then she made

- Waddling.

Josephine's manner of defining it.

Park satisfied.

a great bracket, and wrote *locomotion* opposite, in order to show to Park that all those actions were locomotion. Park seemed to understand.*

Park then pointed to the word *waddling*.

“*Waddling*,” said Josephine, reading the word aloud to Elfred—“he wishes to know what waddling means. I can show him that myself.”

So she got down from her chair, and began to walk across the floor to and fro, in an awkward, waddling gait, imitating as closely as possible the movement of a duck. She made such a grotesque exhibition in doing this, that Park was very much amused, and laughed aloud.

“What are you doing?” said Elfred.

“I am waddling,” said Josephine.

So Josephine waddled across the floor again, and now Elfred laughed himself. He laughed partly from sympathy with Park, and partly from the conception which he formed in his own imagination of Josie’s waddling.

Josephine came back to the table and pointed to the duck, and then waddled a little more. This conveyed very clearly to the mind of Park the idea that the word in question denoted the peculiar gait which characterizes the locomotion of the duck when waddling on land.

* The word *locomotive* means, on the same principle, that which has power to move from place to place. A steam-engine in a cotton mill remains stationary. It moves the machinery, but it can not move itself away from the place where it is fixed. But an engine on a rail-road has power to move itself from one place to another. Hence it is called a locomotive engine, or sometimes simply, for shortness, a locomotive.

Advantages of the readings.

Dame Annsley.

The two Maries.

Both Elfred and Park enjoyed these readings very much indeed, and Josephine's mother thought they were a great means of improvement for her as well as a benefit to them. Perhaps the person who derived the greatest advantage from the plan was Jane Sophia, as she wrote most of the stories. The advantage of writing such stories, or explanations of pictures, as a literary exercise, is very great indeed.

And yet, when such an exercise is assigned to children by their parents or teachers as a means of intellectual culture, they generally make innumerable objections and difficulties, and evince a great reluctance to attempting it.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAME ANNSLEY.

THIS is a story which Josephine read one day out of Elfred's book.

“There were once two children who lived in the same farmhouse together, and who were very similar to each other in age and appearance, though they were quite dissimilar in manners and character. They were both originally named Mary, but when they came to live together in one house, it was found necessary to devise some way of making a difference in their names, so that each might know, when she was called, that she herself was meant, and not the other. The people accordingly devised the plan of calling one of the children Mariella, and the other Marianna. They designated them in this way, however, only when they

The family described.

George.

The two Maries compared.

wished to make a distinction between them. When there was no occasion for this—as, for example, when only one of them was in the room to hear—they called her Mary, whichever of the two it might be.

“These girls were not sisters. This, in fact, would naturally be inferred from their having the same name, as two sisters would not probably be both named Mary. They were cousins. Mariella was an orphan. Her father and mother had both died, and at their death she came to live with her aunt, Marianna’s mother. Marianna had a brother whose name was George; so that there were three children of nearly the same age living in the same family, namely, the two Maries and George.

“The name of the mother and aunt of these children was Dame Annsley.

“The two Maries, as has already been said, were quite dissimilar in manners and character. The reason of this difference was, that Marianna was her mother’s favorite, and so she became a spoiled child, while Mariella, being only a niece, was not so fondly indulged. George too, being a boy, was treated more reasonably. Mothers are often more proud of their boys than of their girls, but they are generally more indulgent to their girls than to their boys.

“If George or Mariella wished for any thing, or asked for any thing which it was best for them not to have, the Dame could deny them, and she had firmness enough to persevere in denying them.

“On the other hand, if Marianna wished for any thing, or asked for any thing, the Dame could not bear to deny her at all; or if

Mistaken fondness of mothers for their children.

she did deny her at first, it was done very faintly, and Marianna could always, by perseverance, carry her point in the end.

“The consequence was, that George and Mariella learned to submit to restrictions and disappointments when duty required, but it was very hard for Marianna to submit to any necessity at all. Thus Marianna became insubmissive, exacting, and stubborn, while Mariella and George were amiable, gentle, and kind.

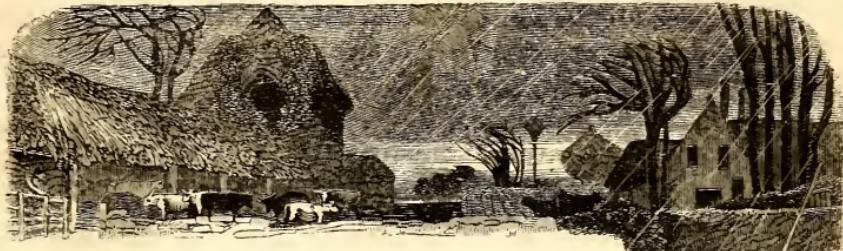
“It is sad to think that a mother should thus injure the disposition and character of her child, and jeopardize so seriously her prospects of future happiness by the very excess of her love. But so it is in ten thousand cases. The affection of the mother is so strong for the child, that she can not bear to subject her to any restriction or privation whatever. The child is then often ungenerous and ungrateful enough to take advantage of this weakness, and she gains sometimes in the end such an ascendancy over her mother, and exercises it so recklessly, as actually to rule and reign over her with the spirit of a tyrant. It is mournful and melancholy in the extreme to see such weakness in a mother, and such unnatural ingratitude and cruelty in a child.

“One afternoon, in the fall of the year, there was a great storm. The trees waved, the wind roared, the rain fell. The cattle gathered together under the thatched sheds, and the poultry sought shelter in a corner, where some nestled under the straw, others perched upon the rounds of a ladder, and others quarreled for the food which they scratched up from the ground.”

“Is there a picture of it?” said Elfred, when Josephine had read thus far in the story.

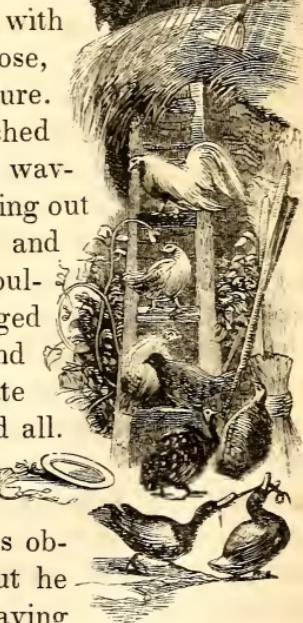
“Yes.” said Josephine; “I will show you.”

The picture, and Josephine's explanation of it to Elfred and Park.



So she took Elfred's hand in hers, and with his finger, which he extended for the purpose, she pointed to the various parts of the picture. She showed him, in this manner, the thatched sheds, and the driving rain, and the trees waving in the wind, and the cattle, some standing out where they were exposed to the storm, and others sheltered under the shed, and the poultry in their corner, and the three-pronged pitchfork in the straw over their heads, and the ladder, and the broom, and the plate which the poultry had been fed from, and all.

While Josephine pointed out all these things to Elfred, Park looked on with great interest. He could see the various objects as Josephine pointed them out, but he could only imagine what Josephine was saying in describing them. Elfred, on the other hand, could hear the words which Josephine spoke, but he could only imagine how the various objects would appear to the eye. Then Josephine resumed her reading.



The story continued.

Clearing off.

Dame Annsley's decision.

“The scene was very dark and gloomy, and it would have been very dark and gloomy indeed had it not been for some lines of light in the west, where the sky seemed brighter.”

“Then it is going to clear up,” said Elfred. “It always clears up when it looks bright in the west.”

“Yes,” said Josephine; “it did clear up, as you will see by the rest of the story.” Then she read on.

“About half past six o'clock in the afternoon it cleared up, and then Marianna wished to go out to play.

“Her uncle came in about this time to pay the family a visit. She asked him if it was pleasant out of doors. He said that the sun was shining very pleasantly indeed. The rain had ceased, the clouds had disappeared, the air was calm, and millions of drops hung glittering under the branches of the trees.

“The children all wished very much to go out and see.

“Dame Annsley said that they must not go. It was too wet.

“‘Do you think we should take cold, Aunt Annsley?’ said Mariella.

“‘No,’ said Dame Annsley, ‘I don't think you would take cold, but you would get your shoes and your dresses wet and muddy, and that would make me a great deal of trouble. No, I can not let you go out, on any account. You must take your books and your slates, and amuse yourselves as well as you can in the house. To-morrow morning it will be dry, and then you can go out.’

“So Mariella and George at once gave up the point, and went away to play.

The game of Choosing Pictures.

Description of it.

“They got some books in order to look at the pictures, and they soon began to play a game which they called *Choosing Pictures*. They played this game with a certain book which they had that contained pages of pictures here and there—a great many pictures on a page. The pages were divided into squares, and in each square was a small picture. The children would hold the book in George’s lap, and open it at a page of pictures. Then Mariella, after looking all over the page, would choose one of the pictures for hers—the one which she thought was the prettiest. Then George would choose one from among those that were left. Then Mariella would choose again, and so they would go on alternately, until all the pictures on that page had been taken. The choosing of the picture in this way was, in fact, a mere form, as, of course, they could not take those which they chose out of the book ; but the act of looking over them to make a selection led them to examine the engravings closely, and so was the means of enabling them to derive more pleasure from them ; for the pleasure which we take in looking at pictures of any kind depends very much on the closeness and attention with which we examine them.

“Thus George and Mariella acquiesced in the Dame’s decision.

“Marianna, too, seemed to give up, but she secretly meant to come back again soon, and tease her mother to let her go.

“So she took her slate and book, and sat down on the floor, and amused herself a few minutes drawing pictures. She got tired of this, and then, leaving her book and slate upon the floor, she took her skipping-rope and skipped a little while. Then she threw down her skipping-rope upon the table, and came to her mother, and began to tease her again to let her go out.”

Description of the room, and the various objects in it.

On the opposite page is a picture of Marianna teasing her mother to let her go out. First, I will describe the room and the things that are in it.

The room is a very pleasant one. There is a large window in the background, with curtains, which are drawn up on each side. We can see through the window to the trees and the sky beyond. The sky looks bright and clear. On the window-sill is a bowl with a spoon in it, and an inkstand with a pen in it, and two flower-pots with flowers in them. To the left of the window is a clock. It has no case. It is fastened against the wall. We can see the weights hanging down. By this clock the time is seven minutes of seven.

In front of the window is a table covered with a cloth. Marianna's jumping-rope is lying on the table, and also a ring which she took off from her finger. By the side of the table is a chair. The Dame is sitting in another chair ; there is also a third chair, a small one, near where George is sitting, and near also to the fire. The fire is not seen in the engraving. It is too far in the foreground. We can see the hearth-brush, however, hanging by the chimney-corner.

There is a table, too, by the side of the fire, and above the table are various objects hanging against the wall. There is a cage with a bird in it suspended from the under side of a shelf. The shelf is supported by braces. Higher up is a hanging-shelf, supported by a frame, and a string near it fastened to the beam. The end of the string is hanging down. Such hanging shelves as this are very convenient in a farmer's cottage. The mice can not get upon them. So they make safe places to put bread or pies upon.

Picture of Marianna teasing her mother.

Marianna would have yielded very readily and cheerfully to her mother's decision, if she had been properly taught, on previous occasions, to submit and obey. But always heretofore, when her mother had refused her requests, she had found that, by means of a little importunity, she could easily be induced to consent to what she had at first refused. Children very soon learn whether their parents mean to abide by what they once say, or whether they are vacillating and yielding, and Marianna, being taught



Conclusion of the story.

Mothers often reason falsely.

by former experience that her mother's refusal is not probably final, is now encouraged to persevere in her teasing.

The remainder of the story was as follows :

“ After Marianna had teased some time, her mother consented to let her go out.

“ Marianna took a great deal of pains not to get muddy and wet, and she did not take cold, so she returned from her walk with very little outward damage ; but her disposition and temper of mind, in respect to submission to duty, and, consequently, her prospects of happiness for future life, were very seriously injured.”

It is a great misfortune to a child to have a mother who will ever allow herself to be teased into consenting to that which her judgment condemns.

There is another reason which sometimes operates to prevent mothers from properly controlling and governing their children, besides their instinctive fondness for them, and that is, their unwillingness to alienate their affections. “ I wish my child to love me,” says a mother to herself ; “ and if I disappoint him in his hopes, and thwart him in his wishes and desires, he will soon consider me as an obstacle to his happiness, and so he will, in the end, learn to hate me.” But this is a great mistake. All persons who are under government of any kind, whether parental, political, or military, are best pleased and satisfied when it is administered in such a manner as to command their respect. A king or a general who exercises his command in a firm and decided manner, and exacts submission to it, is always far more likely to be loved by his

The authority of great generals.

An indulgent parent makes an undutiful child.

subjects or his soldiers than one who is weak, irresolute, changeable, and unreasonably yielding. No commanders were ever more popular with their troops than Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, and none were ever more decided in insisting upon the most implicit obedience from all who were under their authority.

It is so with parents and children. The children that love their parents most are those who are trained best to obey ; and in all cases when one of the parents requires the child to obey, and the other does not, the former is always the most beloved.

On the other hand, the mother who yields to her children's caprices and unreasonable desires, who never requires submission of them, but allows them to incline her this way and that by their importunities, or their sullenness, or their tears, to the sacrifice of their best and highest good, will soon be despised by them, and, of course, will forfeit their love. It is impossible for us to love any one whom we despise.

Accordingly, when we hear of a child who is ungrateful and undutiful to his father and his mother, and who treats them, when he grows up, with harshness and cruelty, we almost always find, on inquiry, that he was treated with fond and foolish indulgence when he was young. The mistaken kindness which his mother showed him, in the vain hope of winning his affection by it, and binding his heart to hers by the strongest bonds of gratitude and love, proved, in the end, the means of making her the object of his contemptuous neglect, and perhaps even of actual cruelty.

Whenever, therefore, your parents evince a disposition to act firmly and decidedly in their government of you, yield submissive-
ly to their authority, and make their task as easy as you can.

Johnny's school.

The apple-tree.

Johnny tries for an apple.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHNNY AND THE APPLES.

THIS is another story from Elfred's book.

“Once there was a little boy named Johnny. He was a very good-natured little fellow, and a great favorite in the school that he went to, which was a very small school, kept in a country town in England.

“Now it happened that near the place where the school was kept which Johnny used to go to, a farmer lived, who had a very excellent garden, with many fruit-trees in it, trained against a wall. Fruit ripens better in England when it is trained against a wall, for the wall reflects upon it the beams of the sun. Besides the wall-fruit, this farmer had many fruit-trees standing detached in different parts of his garden. Among others, there was an apple-tree that stood not far from the hedge which divided the garden from the play-ground of the school.

“It happened that one day, when little Johnny was coming to school, he contrived to look through a thin place in the hedge, where it fronted upon the play-ground, and there he saw a fine large apple lying upon the ground under the tree. This apple had become ripe, and had fallen off the tree. It was very large and rosy, and it looked very tempting. Johnny got a stick, and laying his satchel—which contained books that he had brought with him to the school—down upon the grass, he put the end of the stick

Joseph and Hodge come by.

Their reasoning on the case.

through the hedge, and attempted to get the apple. But he could not reach it.

“Just at this time, two other boys belonging to the school came by. The name of one of them was Joseph. Joseph wore a sort of frock, like a cartman’s frock, and he had a bag, which contained his luncheon, swung over his shoulder by a strap.

“‘Johnny,’ said Joseph, as he came up, ‘what are you trying to do?’

“‘I want to get that apple,’ said Johnny, still working with his stick through the hedge.

“Joseph came up to the place, and looked through the hedge. He saw the apple lying upon the ground.

“‘Let us get it for him, Hodge,’ said he.

“The name of the boy that came with him was Hodge.

“‘Let us get the apple for him,’ he repeated; ‘Farmer Roland will not care.’

“The name of the farmer who owned the garden was Roland.

“‘Well,’ said Hodge, ‘I will see if I can’t find a longer stick.’

“So the boys looked about for some time to find a longer stick, but they could not find any. At last Joseph said that he believed he could creep through the hedge at a place which he found where it was quite thin.

“He had a vague and ill-defined feeling that this was wrong, but he did not stop to consider very distinctly what he was doing. In fact, he was in a peculiar state of mind that people very often get into, in which they are perhaps more than in any other case liable to do wrong; that is, he had a good motive and end in view, and so he did not pay sufficient regard to the means by

Joseph attempts to get the apple.

His success.

The dog.

which he was about to attempt to attain the end. The motive which influenced him was kindness to Johnny. The end he had in view was to give Johnny pleasure by obtaining the apple for him. In his interest in accomplishing this, the dishonesty and the wrongfulness of breaking into an inclosure, and taking apples that belonged to another person, did not come much into his mind.

“ He succeeded without any great difficulty in getting through the hedge. Hodge assisted him by holding back some of the branches of the thorn-bushes of which the hedge was made. Joseph took up the apple which was lying upon the ground, and then was about to retreat, when he happened to spy a branch hanging down near him, loaded with apples that were larger and finer even than the one which had lain upon the ground. He could not resist the temptation of taking some of these too. He hastily gathered three of them, which made four in all, and then, putting all four in his pockets, he came back to the hedge. Just at this instant a furious dog, which was kept in the garden to watch, came rushing down the alley, barking violently. Joseph, however, pressed eagerly on, and contrived to scramble through the hedge before the dog could seize him. Of course, he was very much rejoiced at his narrow escape. He put three of the apples which he had succeeded in getting into Johnny’s satchel, and the other he gave to Johnny to hold in his hands. Johnny, being thus put in possession of the booty, went off toward the door of the school-room; while Joseph, with Hodge’s assistance, was brushing and smoothing down his clothes, and preparing to follow him.

Some account of the teacher.His singular punishments.

“Now it happened that the teacher of the school had heard the barking of the dog, and he supposed that the meaning of it was, that some one of the boys of the school had been making encroachment on the farmer’s garden. He had several times had trouble on this point before. So he began to watch the door to see who should next come in, expecting, of course, that he must be the one that the dog had been barking at. The teacher was a very stern and rough man. He was rough in his appearance and dress, and very severe in his demeanor. He was not, however, unjust. He was a good teacher, though very strict, and he was kind to all the good boys who attended faithfully to their work. Nor did he punish those who did wrong too severely. Sometimes he would require a boy who would not attend to his duties to stand up alone for half an hour in a corner, and sometimes he would make him wear a high, conical paper cap, which was called the fool’s cap.* But, though he never punished the boys unjustly, and seldom severely, he would often talk to them, when they did wrong, in so rough and stern a manner as to frighten them excessively.

“His punishments, though not very severe, were often very disagreeable. If a boy whispered to the other boys when he ought to be studying his lessons, he would make him sit for some time

* *Conical* means shaped like a cone. A cone is round at the bottom, and then, growing smaller and smaller above, runs at length to a point at the top. A coffee-pot cover is conical, a sugar-loaf is conical, the point of a pin is conical, the stem of a tree with all the branches stripped off to the top would be conical. Do not forget the meaning of conical.

There is another word very much like this in sound, which has a very different meaning. It is the word *comical*. *Comical* means *droll* or *funny*. A boy wearing a conical paper cap makes a very comical appearance.

Ludicrous punishments.

Johnny comes in with the apples.

with a cork in his mouth, under pretense that, as the boy could not keep his mouth shut, it was necessary to have it corked up like a bottle. For a boy to sit in this way half an hour, perhaps, with the end of the cork protruding from his mouth, was very vexatious and mortifying. The boy who is seen in the picture in the next page, at the back side of the room, with the fool's cap on, was punished in that way for sitting idle instead of attending to his duties. The teacher said that idleness in a school-boy tended to make him a dunce, and so he would put on the fool's cap, as the most appropriate decoration that he could find. 'By having a fool's cap on,' he said to the boy, 'the outside of your head will correspond well with the inside.'

"It is not a good plan, I think, to punish children by such methods as this. The feeling of shame is one of the most delicate and sensitive of the susceptibilities of the human heart, and it should be touched very gently. It should be cherished and preserved, not trampled upon and destroyed. This teacher was, however, in the main just, though he was sometimes rough and severe.

"When the teacher heard the great wooden latch of the door lifting up, he looked to see who would come in ; and when he saw Johnny come, with one apple in his hand, and the shapes of the others plainly visible in the satchel, he immediately supposed that Johnny had been getting the fruit in some way or other from the garden. So he came up to him with a very stern countenance, and with his rod in his hand, saying,

"'Johnny ! Johnny ! you young buccaneer, where did those apples come from ? I know those apples very well. They came from Farmer Roland's garden.'

Picture of Johnny coming in.



JOHNNY AT THE DOOR.

H

The teacher's questions.

Joseph's magnanimous conduct.

“ Johnny was very much terrified. He dropped his bag from his hand. One of the apples rolled out of the bag upon the floor. He, however, still clung unconsciously to the one which he held in his hand.

“ Just at this instant the door opened again, and Joseph and Hodge came in, Joseph being foremost. The teacher paid no attention to them, but was proceeding to threaten poor Johnny, who did not know enough to say any thing in self-defense. But Joseph was too magnanimous to allow the affair to pass so. He might have gone to his seat, and thus escaped all responsibility of what had been done. But he would not do this. So he said,

“ ‘ Johnny did not get the apples, sir ; I got them for him.’

“ ‘ You, you young vagabond ! ’ said the teacher ; ‘ you ! And how did you get them, pray ? ’

“ ‘ I crept through the hedge, sir,’ said Joseph.

“ ‘ I helped him, sir,’ said Hodge.

“ Hodge, though he did not go through the hedge himself, nor touch the apples at all, was still what is called in law an *aider* and *abettor* in the transaction, and, of course, was nearly as guilty as the principal in it, though not quite so guilty. He was conscious of this, and he did not consider it honorable, therefore, to allow Joseph to take the whole of the blame. So he said of his own accord that he had helped.

“ ‘ You helped, did you ? ’ said the teacher ; ‘ you young burglars ! And what punishment do you think you deserve for this ? ’*

“ The teacher then, after a moment’s pause, told all three of the

* Burglary is the crime of breaking into a house in order to steal, or with any other evil intention. He who does this is called a *burglar*.

The teacher and Joseph discourse about the case.

boys to take their seats, saying that he would attend to the case at the close of the school.

“Accordingly, when the school was closed, and the other boys were dismissed, the teacher called Joseph and Hodge to his desk. The boys felt a good deal of fear, but they were not sorry that they had honestly confessed their fault.

“‘And now, Joseph, what punishment do you think you deserve for breaking into Farmer Roland’s garden? Don’t you think you merit a merciless whipping?’

“Joseph did *not* think that he merited a merciless whipping, but he did not like to answer directly in the negative; so, after reflecting a moment, he said,

“‘That kind of punishment would not make any amends to Farmer Roland, whose apples we stole.’

“‘Surely not,’ said the teacher. ‘And what kind of punishment could there be that would make him amends? You can carry back the apples, that is all.’

“‘Yes,’ said Joseph; ‘and we might work for him in his garden long enough to pay for the value of the apples, perhaps about four times—or ten times.’

“‘That’s a thought,’ replied the teacher. ‘But then I don’t believe he would trust such rogues as you in his garden, with all that fruit growing.’

“‘Then we could work in his *fields*,’ said Joseph. ‘We could dig for him, or hoe.’

“‘Well,’ said the teacher, ‘you are a sensible boy. We will see what Farmer Roland says to that plan. Take the apples and carry them round to him, and see if he will set you at work.’

The punishment.

All parties are well satisfied.

“ So Joseph and Hodge took the apples, and went round to the farmer’s house. They found the farmer out in the yard by a well, watering his horses. They told him their story. The farmer heard them with much surprise. He took the apples, saying that they were from a particular tree, which he valued very much, and that he had sold all the apples which should grow on that tree that season to a gentleman that lived in the neighborhood, so that they did not really belong to him.

“ He said that he was perfectly willing to trust the boys in his garden, since they were honest enough to confess their fault, and to bring the apples back ; and that they might come the first afternoon when there was no school.

“ So the boys went to the farmer’s the first holiday afternoon, and worked industriously there three hours. Their work consisted of hoeing over all the paths, and then raking up the weeds and rubbish, and wheeling the whole away in a wheelbarrow. They worked so carefully and so well, that when the farmer came home he said that they had done good to the amount of more than ten times the value of the apples. So the boys went away, and all were satisfied.

“ In fact, they said to one another that the work they did in the garden was no punishment to them at all. It was good play. And afterward they used often to go to the farmer’s garden on Saturday afternoons, to work there for pleasure.”

CHAPTER XV.

THE PUSH-CART.

SOMEBODY gave Elfred a small cart or wagon, such as boys use to play with, and he contrived to attach it to a frame behind, with a round bar extending across from side to side, in such a position that he could stand behind and take hold of this bar, and push his cart along the road by means of it.

There was a pole or tongue, too, in front of the cart. Elfred could take hold of the pole if he chose, and so draw his cart along the road by means of that.

When he was alone, he used always to *draw* his cart, feeling his way along the path with a cane. In this manner he would sometimes bring wood in from the shed to the house. He would load his cart with wood at the shed, and then draw it along the path to the kitchen door. The path was straight, and he knew the way very well.

When, however, he had company, or any person to help him, he would always *push* his cart by taking hold of the handle or bar behind. His company would take hold of the pole to *draw*, while he would push behind. When Josephine was his company, he would often make excursions along the road with his cart, Josephine riding in it, and steering it by lines fastened to the pole, while Elfred pushed it behind.

The lines by which Josephine steered the cart were attached

Elfred's plan for clearing the road.

The bag of corn.

to the cross piece at the end of the pole. The pole was set into the axle-tree of the forward wheels, and thus, by moving the pole toward one side or the other, the wheels were turned to the right or to the left. Thus Josephine could guide the cart by means of the lines. She called these lines her reins.

Elfred liked to propel his cart by pushing much better than by pulling, if he only had Josephine or some one else to steer it, and he used it more in this way than in the other; so he was accustomed to call it his push-cart.

In fact, pushing his push-cart was the safest of all possible ways by which Elfred could go over the road; for the cart, keeping always immediately before him, cleared the way, as it were, so that there was no danger of his running against any thing when he was pushing it along; for in case there chanced to be any thing lying in the road or path where Elfred was going, the cart would strike against it first, and this, as Elfred always went along quite carefully, did no harm.

In fact, on one occasion Elfred performed quite a useful service with his push-cart. It was at a time when he was going with it along the road in front of his father's house. The road was very smooth, for Elfred had picked up all the stones from it. His practice had been, whenever the wheels of his cart struck against a stick or a stone, to stop and pick it up, and put it into his cart, and so take it away. Thus, in process of time, the road, for a considerable distance each side of the house, had become cleared of all obstructions.

One day, when Elfred was running up and down in this road, driving his push-cart before him, he found himself suddenly stop-

Adonijah.

Propelling the cart.

Josephine's proposal.

ped by an impediment, which proved, on examination, to be a bag of corn that had been accidentally dropped there by a wagoner. Elfred put the bag of corn into his cart, and carried it home, and kept it there until the wagoner called for it.

CHAPTER XVI.

ADONIJAH.

SOMETIMES when Park came to see Elfred, the two boys would go out together to propel the push-cart. Park, who could see where he was going, would take hold of the pole and draw, while Elfred would push behind. Josephine in such cases, if she was there at the time, would ride. As the cart was strong, and both Elfred and Park were swift of foot, they could go along in this way with great speed where the road was smooth. Park could, of course, see where he was going, so as to avoid all rough and stony places ; and Elfred, having the cart before him, and feeling confidence in Park's choosing the way well, had no fear, but pushed as vigorously and ran as swiftly as he would have done if he could see. Josephine, of course, in such cases, being seated in the cart all the time, would have an excellent ride.

One day, when the party were amusing themselves in this way in front of the house where Elfred lived, Josephine proposed that they should go and give Adonijah a ride.

“Who is Adonijah ?” asked Elfred.

“He is a lame boy,” said Josephine, “who lives a little way from here. I lend him books to read sometimes.”

The cart stopped.

An important moral principle.

Park puzzled.

“ Well,” said Elfred, “ let us go. Tell Park about it.”

So Josephine pulled the reins for Park to stop. Park stopped accordingly, and looked around to see what was the matter.

Josephine reached her hands up toward him. This was the signal which she was accustomed to make for him to take her out of the cart. So Park lifted her out, and as soon as she was put upon the ground, she made a sign to Park to denote that they were going away to some distance, and then she stooped over and began to hobble along the ground in imitation of the gait of a lame boy. She walked as nearly as possible as she imagined that Adonijah would walk if he were to attempt it ; but, in point of fact, poor Adonijah could not walk at all.

This action of Josephine, in mimicking the walk of a lame boy, illustrates a very important principle in morals, which is, that the character of an act depends almost altogether upon the motive and design with which it is performed ; the same thing being in some cases right, and in other cases wrong, according to the intention of mind which a person has in performing it. To mimic the walk of a lame boy for the purpose of making fun of him, is cruel and wicked in the extreme ; but to do precisely the same thing for the purpose of leading a deaf and dumb boy to go and help to do him a favor, is very right and proper. The one is a very selfish and heartless act, the other is a very kind and benevolent one.

Park did not understand very well what Josephine meant by her pantomime, and, as he looked somewhat puzzled, Josephine said to Elfred,

“ He does not understand me very well.”

“ Write it on the ground for him with a stick,” said Elfred.

Josephine's writing.

Donny's chair.

Donny in the cart.

“Yes,” said Josephine, “I can do that.”

So Josephine took a little stick, and wrote on the ground, at a sandy place by the side of the road, these words :

“Lame boy—give him a ride.”

Park read the words as Josephine wrote them, and, when she got to the end of the inscription, he began nodding his head very vehemently, and smiling, showing that he understood what they were going to do. So he put Josephine back into the cart again, and then Josephine turned him in the right direction by means of the reins, and the whole party went off very rapidly toward the place where Adonijah lived.

When they reached the house, they found Donny, as Josephine called him, sitting in a chair on wheels at the door. There were two turning handles at the sides of the chair. By turning these handles, Donny could roll the wheels, and so move himself about the floor. He was very much pleased to see the wagon coming, and still more so when he heard that the boys who were propelling it had come to give him a ride.

“Do you see him, Josie?” said Elfred, as soon as Park stopped before the gate.

“Yes,” said Josephine ; “he is in his chair.”

“Donny,” said Elfred, calling out so that Donny could hear him, “we have come to give you a ride. Park will bring you out.”

So Josephine got out of the push-cart, and, making a signal to Park—who by this time began to understand the affair more fully—she went into the yard, and then Park, in obedience to her signs, took Donny up in his arms, brought him to the gate, and put him into the cart.

The ride.

A merry party.

Picture.

The whole party immediately set off along the road in a very merry manner. Park pulled by means of the pole, or tongue, in



front, while Elfred pushed behind. Josie ran along by the side of the cart, as happy as a queen.

Individually, the members of this party were rather helpless and forlorn. One was deaf and dumb, another was a cripple, and

Park, Donny, and Elfred compared.

Hide and go seek.

the third was blind. But then they had senses and faculties enough among them. In fact, among the three, each faculty had two representatives. Thus there were two that could see, Park and Donny; and there were two that could hear, Donny and Elfred; and two that could walk, Elfred and Park. In the same manner, each person possessed two of the three important faculties, and was deprived of the third. Elfred could walk and hear, but he could not see; Donny could hear and see, but he could not walk; and Park could walk and see, but he could not hear. Thus the party had senses and faculties enough among them, though individually they were rather insufficiently supplied. So they got along without any difficulty or trouble. The cart went very rapidly along the road, and all the party had an excellent good time.

CHAPTER XVII.

HIDE AND GO SEEK.

In one of the small picture-books which Elfred had, there was a picture representing a martin-house on a pole, with a great many martins flying about. When the boys came to this picture, at one time while they were looking over the book with Josephine, Josephine asked Elfred why he did not make a martin-house.

“Then you could hear the martins singing about in the morning,” said she, “and that would amuse you.”

“Well,” said he, “I would, if Park would help me. Ask him if he will.”

So Josephine pointed to the picture of the martin-house in the

The martin-house.

An accident.

Park's whistle.

book, and then she pointed out into the yard, and then to himself and to Elfred, and finally she made gestures to denote sawing and planing, pointing, at the same time, to the shop.

Park understood very well by this that Josephine wished to ask whether he would be willing to join with Elfred in making a martin-house to be put up in Elfred's yard. He immediately began to nod his head very vehemently, and look very much pleased.

So it was agreed that they should make a martin-house, and a few days afterward Park came, and they commenced the work.

In carrying their plan into effect, the boys met with rather an untoward accident at the beginning, though afterward they went on very prosperously. The accident was this :

Park had a small whistle, which he carried in his pocket, and which he was accustomed to use for making signals in his intercourse with Elfred. For example, when he was coming along the road toward Elfred's house, he would blow this whistle as soon as he got within hearing, in order to let Elfred know that he was coming. It is true, he could not hear the whistle himself, but then he knew that Elfred could hear it, and so he took particular pleasure in blowing it. Elfred would perhaps be sitting at the door of the house, or he would be at work in the shop, or walking about the yard ; but, wherever he was when he heard this whistle, he knew at once that it was a signal that Park was coming, and so he would leave his work, and grope his way out to the gate to meet his friend when he came in.

In the same manner, when the two boys were fishing on the shore of the pond, or playing in the yards, or rambling about in

The signals.

Elfred hides.

His hiding-place.

any other place, Park would blow the whistle now and then to let Elfred know where he was. He would always look at Elfred, also, when he made the signal, in order to ascertain whether Elfred wished for any thing. If he did, he would make a sign for it. For example, sometimes he would beckon for Park to come to him, or he would make some other sign. In a word, the whistle was the means which Park employed, in general, for calling Elfred's attention when he was not near enough to touch him.

Now, on the day which had been appointed to begin the martin-house, Park was coming along the road pretty early in the morning, and, as soon as he got within hearing, he blew his whistle, as usual. Elfred was already in the shop. Instead, however, of going out to the gate to meet Park, as he usually did, he concluded to hide, in order to make a little fun.

"I'll go and hide in this closet," said he, "and see if Park can find me. I don't believe he can, with all his seeing."

So Elfred went into the closet, and shut the door.

This closet was in the corner of the shop, and was used as a place to keep garden-seeds and such things in. There was a box on the floor of it. Elfred sat down on this box. There was no necessity of trying to keep very still, for Park could not hear any noise that he should make, whatever it might be. So Elfred sat on the box quite at his ease, waiting to see if Park would be able to find him.

Now the fastening of this closet door was a hasp on the outside, and, unless the door was fastened, it would not keep shut—that is, it would not keep entirely shut, but would swing open a little way. It would not, however, swing open far enough to enable a person

The closet door.

Park commences work.

Elfred locked in.

coming in at the door to see any one in the closet. When Elfred went in and had taken his seat on the box, he pulled the door to closely, but as soon as he let go of it, it swung open a little way. Elfred, of course, did not see this, and so did not know but that the door was shut close. The door did not open far enough to let Park see into the closet when he should come in, and thus it did not expose Elfred to any particular danger of discovery. It led, however, to another result, which for a little time was quite serious for poor Elfred.

Park, when he came into the yard, looked about for Elfred, but not seeing him any where, he went into the shop, expecting to find him there. Not finding him, however, he inferred that he must be in the house, and supposed that he would come out soon. So he concluded that he would wait for him, and that, in the mean time, he would commence the preparations for making the martin-box. He accordingly went first to the corner near the closet door, to get some boards that were standing there, and, seeing the door open, he shut it and hasped it.

Elfred immediately began to knock on the door, and call out, saying that he was in the closet, and asking Park to open the door again and let him out. Park, however—who, of course, did not hear any of this noise—paid no regard to the calls, but went quietly on, getting materials together for the martin-house, while Elfred continued thumping on the closet door, and hallooing, and making in every way all the noise he could. All this uproar, however, was of no avail, and Elfred began to think that he might be kept in the closet all day.

After about fifteen minutes, Park began to be tired of waiting

Park's inquiries.

Elfred's mother alarmed.

Elfred found.

for Elfred to come in, and so he concluded to go and see if he could find him. He accordingly went into the house, and asked the people where Elfred was. The way that he asked this question was by touching his eye with his finger, which was the sign for Elfred, and then looking around as if he was searching for him, and finally looking to Elfred's mother with an inquiring look. By these means he easily made her understand that he wished to know where Elfred was. In reply, Elfred's mother pointed out toward the shop. Park shook his head, meaning that he was not there. Elfred's mother nodded her head two or three times very decidedly, meaning that he certainly was there. Whereupon Park shook his head very earnestly, and looked very serious, to express the idea that he certainly was not there.

Elfred's mother was then alarmed. She was afraid that Elfred had wandered away, and had got into some difficulty. So she went out with Park to see if she could find him. By the time she had got half across the yard, she began to hear him in the closet, pounding on the door, and calling on somebody to come and let him out.

Park was extremely astonished when he found out where Elfred was. As for Elfred, he laughed when his mother let him out, but he concluded that he would not play hide and go seek with a deaf and dumb boy any more.

Indian wigwam.

Description of the picture.

How to hang a kettle.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FOUR WIGWAMS.

ON the opposite page is a picture of some Indian wigwams, which are built, as is very obvious, very much like the Laplanders' huts shown in another part of Elfred's pictures. There are four of these wigwams. Two of them are seen very plainly, and the other two are partly concealed by being behind.

These Indians are encamped in a very pleasant place, on the bank of a river, and, as it is a bright summer's day, they have come out from their wigwams, and are sitting around their fire in the open air. They have a kettle hanging over their fire, in which they are cooking their dinner. Observe the manner in which the kettle is suspended, so that, if at any time you should undertake to make a fire in the fields or woods, and wish to hang any thing over it, you will know how it may most easily be done.

A usual way of accomplishing this object is to get two crotched stakes, and drive them down into the ground, and then lay a pole across on the top. The crotch in the tops of the stakes will then support the pole. That is not the way, however, that the kettle is suspended in this picture. In fact, it often happens that that method can not be adopted, for you can not always find crotched stakes of a suitable form. In such a case, two straight sticks may be driven into the ground in such a manner as that the upper ends of them shall form an artificial crotch, which will be nearly, though not quite, as good as a natural one. Such are used in the picture.

Picture of the Indians cooking their dinners.



One of the Indian women has a baby. She has wrapped her

Hunting.

Hardships of the Indian life.

How to build a wigwam.

baby up in a blanket, and slung it over her back. That is the way that Indians generally carry their babies.

There are two other older children seen in this picture. They are playing with a dog. They keep at a good distance from the bank of the river, as they ought to do, for the bank is very steep, and if they were to go near it, there would be great danger that they would fall into the water.

There are two boats near the bank. They are of the kind called canoes. They are fastened with a rope to a stake which the Indians have driven into the ground.

There is a thick wood beyond the wigwams, where the Indians go to hunt wild animals for food. Sometimes they can not find any game, and then they suffer a great deal from hunger. They also suffer much in winter from cold and rain, for the coverings of their tents are not tight. The rain comes in from above, and the wind and the cold enter pretty freely through the openings below.

When they can no longer find any more wild animals in these woods, the Indians will take down these wigwams, and roll up the coverings, and put them into their canoes, and so sail away, up or down the river, to some new place.

Boys can make wigwams like these pretty easily, if they can only obtain some old carpets or mats to cover them with. The first thing is to get poles of suitable length, and then, marking out a circle on the ground of the right size for the floor of the wigwam, you make holes in the ground, around the circumference of the circle, with an iron bar, or crow-bar, as it is commonly called. You must leave a wide space between two of the holes on one side, where you wish the door to come.

Making the holes.

Tying the poles together.

Precaution against fire.

The holes must, of course, be made in an oblique direction, so that the poles, when the ends are inserted into them, shall converge together, and meet in a point at the top of the wigwam.

When the poles are set in the holes thus made for them, it is well to tie them together where they meet at the top. This will strengthen them much. When this is done the work is complete.

But perhaps you will wonder how you are to get up to the tops of the poles, so as to tie them together, as directed above. That is a difficulty, but there are two methods of surmounting it. One is, to take the precaution, when you are setting your poles, to place two or three of the strongest ones near together, and then choose out from your company a small, but strong and capable boy, and let him climb up outside. Some of you can stand underneath, on the inside, and support the poles while he is climbing up. When he gets to the top, you must pass him up a strong cord, and let him tie the poles together where they cross.

Another way is to put a bench or a box, or something else that is suitable to stand upon, on the ground inside of the wigwam, and then let the tallest and strongest boy of the party stand on that and do the tying.

The carpets, or mats, or whatever else it may be that you use for covering, must be tied to the poles when they are laid on, by means of twine passed through them here and there, and wound about the poles. There should be an opening left at the top for the smoke to go out, in case you should have a fire.

Of course, if your roof is made of matting, you must take care not to let it get on fire. If it should be made of old carpets of woolen, there is no danger.

Picture of the wigwams built by the natives of Australia.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TWO WIGWAMS.

HERE is a picture showing two wigwams, or huts, such as are



made by the natives of Australia. They are made much like those seen in the last engraving, only they are entirely open on one side,

How the wigwams are made.

Description of the picture.

Beautiful foliage.

and the fire is without, in the open air. Such wigwams as these are suitable for warm climates or for summer weather.

The frames are made of stakes or poles set up in the ground, and they are covered with sheets formed of the bark of trees. A great portion of the rain that falls runs down the slope of the bark to the ground, but some of it comes through the crevices, and often makes it wet and uncomfortable within.

In one of the wigwams there are two women, seated upon some sort of mat which they have spread upon the ground. One of them is smoking a pipe. There is a mug upon the ground by her side. The Indians must have bought this mug, I think, of some civilized traders near them. There is also a kettle on the ground outside. Indians buy such things as these from civilized traders, and pay for them by furs and skins, which they get by trapping wild animals. There are no men about these wigwams. They have all gone away a hunting.

There is one woman besides the two that are sitting in the wigwam. She has a baby slung upon her back. Her hair hangs down neglected, and she looks forlorn and wretched.

The Indians, though they enjoy a great deal of freedom in their wild and roving modes of life, and are saved many of our anxieties and cares, are still obliged to endure a great deal of misery.

These wigwams, like the others, are situated on the margin of a wood. Some of the trees in this wood have a long and feathery foliage that is very beautiful.

A lesson of contentment.

A tacit understanding.

The work begun.

CHAPTER XX.

MAKING THE MARTIN-HOUSE.

IT may seem very strange that a blind boy and a deaf and dumb boy could do any thing at all in working together on a job of carpentry. It certainly was a difficult work, but sagacity, patience, and good nature will triumph over difficulties which might at first seem insurmountable ; and those children who are always ready to fret and complain because they can not have all the facilities and accommodations which they require at their play, should learn a lesson of contentment and good humor from the manner in which these boys bore up under their misfortunes. It is for this end, in fact, that this story is written.

There was a tacit understanding between Elfred and Park, in all such cases as this, that Park was to be master-workman, because he could see, and of course he could plan and arrange work more easily than Elfred. Accordingly, on this occasion Park took the book which contained the picture of the martin-house, and placing it up before him on the bench, where he could refer to it easily, in order to see how the martin-house was made, he began to plan the work. He observed how long and wide the house appeared to be in the picture, and he determined to make the real one of the same dimensions. He then selected a suitable board, and measured off a distance upon it corresponding to the length of the martin-house. He laid this board across the saw-horses in a proper position to be sawed, and then led Elfred to the place,

Elfred a carpenter.

Slow work.

Elfred's care.

and set him at work to saw off the board. In setting Elfred at work, Park put the saw into his hands, and made him feel the little notch which he had made in the edge of the board, as a mark to show where it was to be sawed off. He also guided Elfred's hand to another place farther along the board, and held up two of his fingers, and let Elfred feel them, first touching one and then the other. He meant thus to indicate to Elfred that he was to saw off two lengths of the board. Elfred understood him very well, and immediately went to work at his sawing.

One might suppose that a blind boy could not do much at sawing, and it was, in fact, rather slow work for Elfred, for he was obliged to stop very frequently to feel the sides of the board and the line of the cut, in order to ascertain whether he was going square across. By proceeding very carefully in this way, he finally succeeded in sawing off the board quite well. The sawing was much straighter, in fact, than a great deal that I have seen done by boys who could see out of both eyes. A boy who can see, however, has never any excuse for sawing crooked, for he can always, before he begins, lay down a square or a straight-edge, and so draw a line, and guide himself by that ; though, in fact, most boys, in order to save themselves this trouble, choose to guess their way across the board, and so find, when they have done, that they have sawed it wonderfully crooked. Then the box, or whatever else it is that they are going to make, will not come well together.

When Elfred had finished sawing one length off, he laid the piece upon the end of the board which was left, in order to mark off another length. When he had thus marked off his work, he began to saw again, and thus, proceeding with great care, he soon

Park's calculations.

Elfred's inquiries.

Talking by signs.

had the second length cut off. These two pieces were for the front and back of the martin-house.

While Elfred had been doing this, Park had been making calculations about the ends, and marking off suitable lengths for them on another board, and also a piece for the bottom, and two others for the top. The reason why there were to be two pieces for the top was because there was to be a roof on the top, and so it required two boards, one for each of the slopes. It required some calculation, too, to mark out the end pieces of the proper form, so that the roof-boards would fit to them. All these calculations and markings were left to Park, because he could see, while Elfred went on doing the work which was required, acting always under Park's direction.

While Elfred was resting a moment from the labor of sawing, the question occurred to him how many divisions it would be best to make in the martin-house, because there must be that number of openings cut in the board which was to form the front of it for doors. He thought that he would ask Park.

So he groped his way to the bench where Park was at work making his measurements and calculations, and, taking Park by the arm, he led him to the door of the shop, and made him feel it. He then brought him back to the bench, and with his finger marked out the form of a little opening for a door in one of the boards that he had sawed off. He then held up one of his hands, and opened out his fingers, one after another, in the way commonly practiced by the deaf and dumb, as a mode of asking *how many*. He turned his face at the same time toward Park with an inquiring look. Park understood very easily from this that Elfred wish-

Park's answer.

Robin.

Elfred's actions.

ed to know how many doors it would be best to make in the martin-house.

Elfred could not see, himself, the signs that he made, but he knew that Park could see them, just as Park could not hear the whistle when he blew it, but knew that Elfred could hear it.

Park held up his right hand with *three* fingers extended, and then with his left he took hold of Elfred's hand, and guided it so as to make him feel the three fingers. Elfred nodded his head when he had felt them, and seemed satisfied.

At this moment Park perceived that Elfred suddenly stopped, and assumed the attitude of listening, and a moment afterward he began to grope his way toward the door.

"He hears something," thought Park. "I wonder what it is."

Elfred walked fast along the path which led through the yard, feeling his way with his cane. He had heard Robin coming, and he was going out to meet him. Robin, and, in fact, nearly all the other boys who used to come and see Elfred, had a particular call which they made when they got near the house to announce their coming, and so Elfred, especially if he was in the yard or in the shop, hearing the sound, was satisfied that he had a visitor near; and as each visitor had a different call, he knew, usually, who it was that was coming. So, when he suddenly started to go out of the shop, he said to himself, "There comes Robin." Park, of course, did not hear these words, but he knew by Elfred's actions that he heard somebody; and when he saw Elfred coming back, led across the yard by Robin, he was very glad. "Now," thought he, "we shall have an interpreter."

When Robin came into the shop, Elfred explained to him all

Plan of the martin-house.

Elfred's explanation.

Robin looks at the pictures.

about the plan of the martin-house. Park looked on all the time with a countenance beaming with animation and pleasure, though, of course, he could not understand what was said. He knew by the actions of the two boys, all of which, of course, he could see, pretty much what they were saying.

“We are making a martin-house,” said Elfred.

“I am very glad of that,” said Robin; “martins sing so prettily in the spring mornings.”

“We have sawed out the bottom piece and the two sides,” added Elfred. “You can see them somewhere about here.”

“Yes,” said Robin, “I see them. Here they are, lying on the bench.”

Robin then told Park that Elfred had explained to him that those boards were to make a martin-box with. The method of telling him was this: he placed the bottom board square on the shelf, and put the two side pieces up to the edges of it in a proper position to form a box, and looked to Park, and smiled, moving his hand to and fro through the air, around the box, at the same time, to imitate the flight of birds. Park nodded his head, and smiled, to denote that he understood what Robin meant to say, and he took up the book, which had been lying on the bench all this time, and showed Robin the picture there, which had been serving them for a model.

Robin took the book, and went a little aside to a place where there was a bench, and began looking at the pictures, talking about them, from time to time, with Elfred and Park. With Elfred he talked, of course, by words, remaining on his seat; but when he wished to say any thing to Park, he would carry the book to him,

The picture of a man going up a ladder.

Climbing animals.

and show him the pictures, and so express any idea that he wished to communicate by means of signs.

“Here is a picture,” said Robin, “of a man going up a tall ladder. He is carrying up a hod full of bricks on his shoulder.”

“Yes,” said Elfred; “they are building a house in that picture. Do you see the dog at the foot of the ladder?”

“Yes,” said Robin; “he is looking up to the man.”

“He belongs to the man,” said Elfred, “and he is waiting for him to come down again. I suppose he wishes that he could climb up the ladder himself.”

“Do you suppose that a dog could be taught to climb up a ladder?” asked Robin.

“No,” answered Elfred, “I think not easily. A cat could be taught very easily. It comes natural for a cat to climb.”

“And why does it not come just as natural for a dog?” asked Robin; “he has got claws.”

“I don’t know,” replied Elfred. “Perhaps he has no occasion for climbing when he is living wild in the woods. Cats are always climbing. They climb up upon trees, and get on the top of roofs, but dogs never do; they always keep on the ground.”

“The man’s coat is hanging on a post near by,” continued Robin, looking at the picture again.

“Yes,” said Elfred; “and at the foot of the post there is a pail. The man’s dinner is in that pail. That book is all about building. Turn over four leaves, and you’ll see a funnier kind of building than that.”

So Robin turned over the leaves, and he came at length to this picture.

A picture.

Mice building their nest.

Ingenious work.

It was a picture of two mice building a nest. Here it is.

The nest is built of dried grass. It is perfectly round, and very pretty. It is supported very ingeniously, at a distance from the ground, on the stems of grain. No one stem would be strong enough to support it, and the mice have accordingly worked in a great many into the substance of the fabric of which their nest is composed. One of the mice is upon the nest, busily at work. The other is coming up by one of the stems from below, bringing up some more sprigs of dry grass or straw to finish the structure.

“It is very ingenious work,” said Robin, “for mice.”

“Yes,” said Elfred, “I think it is.”

“They are more ingenious even than you are,” continued Robin. “I thought that you were very ingenious to be able to build a martin-house when you can not see, but it is more ingenious in them, for they not only can not speak, but they have no hands and no tools.”

“No,” said Elfred, “they have not.”

“Nor any materials to work with except old grass and hay,” added Robin.



Martin-house pole.

Robin's gesticulations.

The work done.

“No,” said Elfred.

“But, Robin,” said Elfred, “I don’t see what we are going to do for a pole to put up our martin-house upon, when we have got it done. I wish you would ask Park.”

“How shall I ask him?” said Robin.

“Show him the pole in the picture,” replied Elfred, “and then make the sign for *where*, and he will understand.”

So Robin took the book to Park, and pointed to the pole that supported the martin-house in it, and then made the sign for *where*. He made this sign by looking about him as if he were searching for something, and then spreading out his hands with the palms up, and looking inquiringly at Park, as if he could not find what he wanted.

Park understood this gesticulation at once, and he touched his forehead, and then nodded his head. Then he touched the pole in the picture, and pointed to the parts of the box on the bench, and then touched his forehead, and nodded his head again.

“He says that he has got a plan for a pole in his mind,” said Robin, speaking to Elfred.

“Well,” said Elfred, “then it is all right, and so we will go on with our work.”

So Elfred and Park went on with their work, and in due time the martin-house was finished. Park’s plan for putting up the martin-house was to mount it on the roof of the shop by means of a short support made of a piece of plank, and nailed on with stout nails.

These plans were all carried into effect. The martin-house was finished in due time, and mounted on its support, and a few days after it was finished, a family of martins took possession of it.

Different sources of pleasure.

The serpent.

The art of composition.

The martins lived in this house a long time, and they were always a source of great entertainment and pleasure, both for Park and Elfred, when the boys were at work or at play in the yard. It is true that the two boys enjoyed the company of the birds in totally different ways. Park could only see them, while Elfred could only hear them. Park was consequently entertained by watching with his eyes their endless frolics and circumvolutions in the air around their dwelling, and Elfred by listening with his ears to their joyous songs. All was bright, but silent, for the one, and dark, but musical, for the other. Thus both drew pleasure from the same fountain, though it was pleasure of two totally different kinds. The boys used often to sit together on the step of the door for half an hour at a time, the one watching the forms, and the other listening to the music of the birds, neither able to express his pleasure, or to understand in the least what the other was enjoying.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SERPENT.

To be able to express your thoughts in writing in a clear and lucid manner, is a very great and very valuable attainment, and the exercises in composition which are often required of young persons in schools or at home, are intended to teach them this art. Pictures form very good subjects for articles of composition. Any picture whatever will answer for a subject.

I say that any picture will answer, for there is no one whatever

Considerations in respect to writing composition.

which, when seen, will not suggest some ideas or other to the mind ; and the expressing of those ideas, whatever they may be, will be a useful exercise for the pupil.

Young persons often seem to imagine, when they have a subject given them for writing composition, that they must think of something to say which must be novel and striking—something which no one else has ever thought of before. But this is a great mistake. The object of such an exercise is not to learn to *produce* thoughts, but to *express* them. What the ideas shall be which come into any person's mind is a question which depends upon the native constitution of the mind itself, and upon the images and recollections which have been treasured up in it in previous years.

Whatever these ideas may be, you practice writing composition for the purpose of learning to *express* them, and you can sometimes gain as much advantage in studying the expression of a simple and familiar idea, as of a new and far-fetched one. You will understand this subject better, however, by reading what follows.

One day, when Robin was looking over Elfred's picture-book, where Jane Sophia had written explanations of the pictures for Josephine to read, he told Jane Sophia, who happened to be there at the time, that he wondered how she was able to think of so much to write about the pictures.

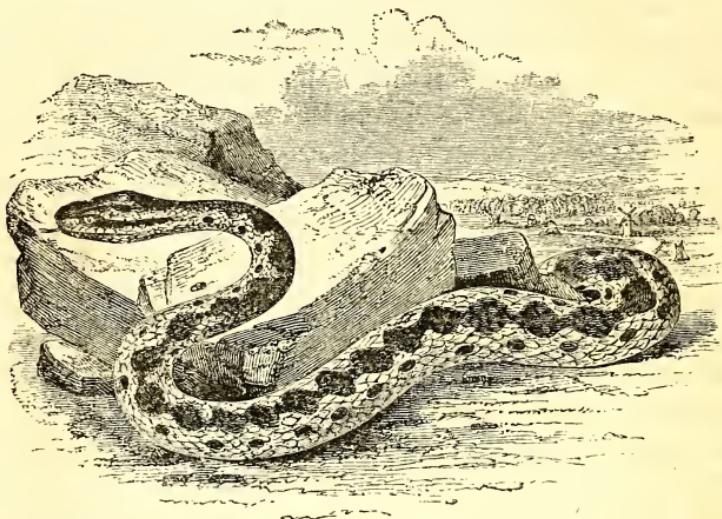
“There is no difficulty,” said she. “I have no doubt that when you see a picture, you always *think* of enough which you might say, but you don't notice what you think. There are ideas enough in your mind, but you are not accustomed enough to look in upon your mind to observe them. Here, now,” continued Jane Sophia, “is a picture that I have not written about yet—that of a serpent.”

A pretty picture

A strange fact.

Jane Sophia's statement.

So saying, Jane Sophia took out from between the leaves of the book a picture of a serpent. Here it is.



“Yes,” said Robin, “it is a very bright and pretty picture, but I could not think of any thing to write about it. It is a picture of a serpent, and that is all.”

“Now the fact is,” rejoined Jane Sophia, “that the picture, as I have no doubt, awakens a great many different ideas in your mind, but you do not perceive that it does so. You don’t know what the ideas are which it awakens.”

“That is very strange,” said Robin, “that I can have ideas in my mind, and not know that they are there.”

“It *is* very strange,” replied Jane Sophia, “and yet it is true. I presume that I can enumerate five or six distinct ideas which

A conversation.

Six ideas.

Robin's answers.

were awakened in your mind in looking at that picture, and yet you think that the only idea that is awakened is that the picture represents a serpent."

"Well," said Robin, "what are the six ideas?"

"I will state six things," said Jane Sophia, "and you may say, as I state them, whether you did not get the idea of each one from the picture when you looked at it."

"Very well," said Robin.

Before beginning to make her statements, Jane Sophia put the picture between the leaves of the book again, so that in answering her questions Robin should depend solely upon his recollection of the ideas which it awakened in his mind at first seeing it.

"The snake lies upon the ground, by the side of a rock," said Jane Sophia. "Did you have that idea?"

"Yes," said Robin, "I noticed that."

"His head is raised," said Jane Sophia.

"Yes," answered Robin.

"His tongue is out."

"Yes," answered Robin.

"The rock is flat."

"Yes," answered Robin.

"The serpent is spotted."

"Yes," said Robin.

"And his tail is concealed."

"No," said Robin, "I did not think of that. Let me see the picture again."

"Wait a moment," replied Jane Sophia, "till I name another idea for the sixth. I should not like to have such a serpent bite me."

An exercise in composition.

The plan.

It is carried into effect.

“Yes,” said Robin, “I thought of that.”

“Then there are six ideas. I presume I might name twenty more.”

“Oh, Jane Sophia!” exclaimed Robin; “not twenty.”

“Well, at any rate, there are six that were all distinctly in your mind, and yet you did not know that they were there; at least, you seemed not to know. You said that the only thought you had was that the picture represented a serpent. Now, if you were to take a pen and express those six ideas only, it would be an excellent exercise in composition for you.”

“I mean to try,” said Robin.

“That’s right,” replied Jane Sophia; “only, instead of expressing *those* ideas, look into your mind, and see if you can not find some other ideas there which the picture awakened. You may rely upon it that there are plenty there. And if there are not, if you look at it again, plenty more ideas will be brought into your mind by it.”

“I will,” said Robin.

“Then I will lend you the picture to take home,” said Jane Sophia. “You may write your composition, and then send the picture to me. I will then write mine. Then we will come here, and read them to each other.”

This plan was carried into effect, and the two compositions produced will be given in the next chapter.

Robin's composition.	Description of the picture.	Success of the plan.
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CHAPTER XXII.

THE TWO COMPOSITIONS.

THE composition which Robin wrote on the picture of the serpent was this :

THE SERPENT.

He is spotted. He has a row of large spots along his back, and a row of smaller ones along his side. I suppose there is another row of small spots on the other side, but we can not see them. Yes, I can see two or three of them near his tail.

His tail is concealed behind the rock. It looks as if it were coming up out of the ground. I suppose that his hole is there, and that he has just come out of it.

His body is very gracefully curved.

His eye is bright, and he is darting out his tongue as if he were angry. Perhaps he sees his enemy coming.

In the background of the picture is a wind-mill standing on the banks of a stream, near a grove of trees. A little nearer is a sail-boat sailing slowly along the water.

That is all that I observe.

When Jane Sophia read this composition, she said that she liked it very much indeed. She read it to Elfred, and he said that he liked it too, and he wished to have Robin copy it in his book, underneath the picture of the serpent. Robin was quite gratified

Jane Sophia's composition.

Character of the serpent.

His mode of locomotion.

that they seemed pleased with his composition, and was very glad that he had written it.

He then wished to hear Jane Sophia's composition, and she accordingly read it as follows :

THE SERPENT.

In almost every situation in nature where a living thing can exist and gather food, we find some animal fitted expressly, in his habits, to the place he occupies. For high rocks, there are goats that can climb ; for great, grassy plains, there are horses that can run ; for shallow ponds of water, there are cranes and herons that can wade ; for banks of earth, there are foxes and rabbits that can burrow ; and for the chinks and crevices of rocks, there are serpents that can creep and glide.

A serpent is thus an animal formed for moving in spaces so narrow and low that limbs of any kind could not be used there. He accordingly has no limbs, but he glides along by means of a mechanism of rings, very simple and beautiful in its results, but too complicated and wonderful in its structure for me to understand. His body is covered with scales, so as to protect it from the sharp edges of the rocks along which he glides. It is long, and slender, and gently tapering, so that, wherever his head can enter, his whole length can pass through. Thus his form, his mode of locomotion, and his covering, are exactly adapted to the nature of the habitation in which he is designed to live.

His back is beautifully variegated in its colors. Whether these configurations serve any useful purpose or not, I do not know.

Remarks about the two compositions.

Elfred inquisitive.

It will be observed that the ideas expressed in Jane Sophia's composition were more elevated and mature than those of Robin's. That was because Jane Sophia was older than Robin, and her thoughts, therefore, were more extended and profound. But Robin expressed his thoughts as well, perhaps, as Jane Sophia expressed hers, though they were more elementary and simple in their character.

It is never best for children, in writing compositions, to reach forward after ideas more lofty or more profound than those which belong to their years. Consider your subject with attention, and then attempt only to express such ideas as easily and naturally arise to your minds.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BOYS ON THE GATE.

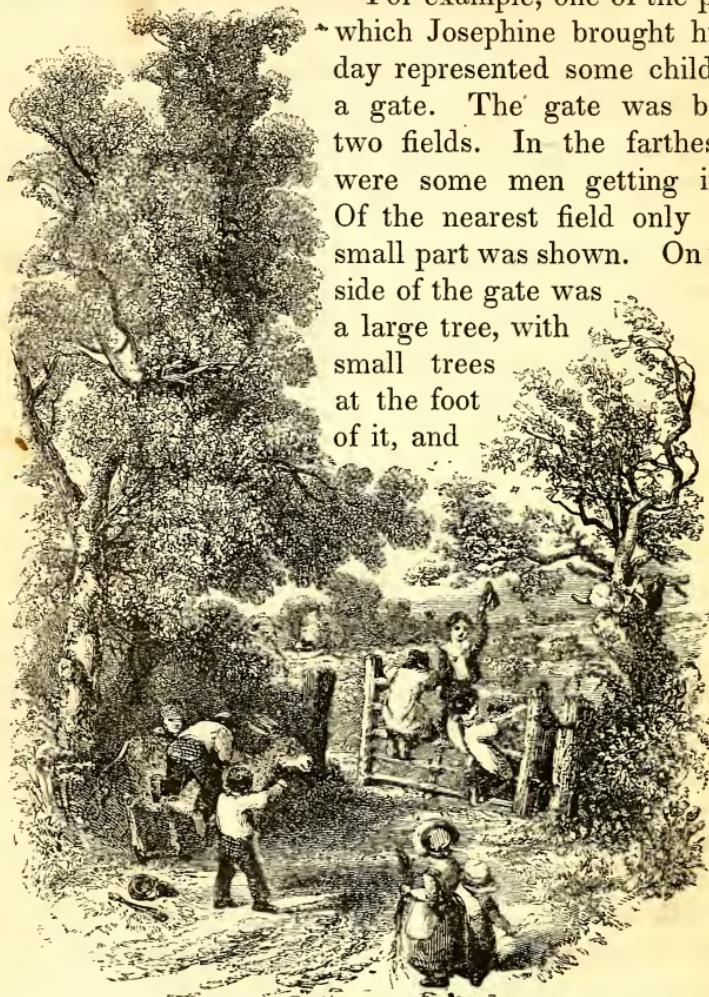
THERE is nothing strange in the fact that Josephine could explain pictures to Elfred, but some of the readers of this story may be surprised to learn that he could often explain them to her. This was, however, really so. Whenever he obtained any new picture, he would always ask a great many questions about it, and reason about what the children told him was in it in such a manner as to lead them to see a great deal more in the picture than they would otherwise have done.

Thus, though he was blind, and could not see the pictures, he often succeeded in acquiring a more perfect knowledge of them than many children that could see them with both eyes.

A new picture.

The boys on the gate.

The picture described.



For example, one of the pictures which Josephine brought him one day represented some children on a gate. The gate was between two fields. In the farthest field were some men getting in hay. Of the nearest field only a very small part was shown. On the left side of the gate was a large tree, with small trees at the foot of it, and

Conversation about the picture between Elfred and Josephine.

under these trees were two boys climbing up upon a donkey. Nearer in the foreground were two girls, apart from the rest of the children, who seemed to be standing still. One of them was holding some straw in her hand, but Josephine could not tell what she was going to do with it.

When Josephine brought this picture, Elfred was sitting by the kitchen fire, for it was a cold day.

"Elfred," said Josephine, "I have brought you a picture, and I want you to explain it to me, for I don't understand it very well. I understand it pretty well, but I don't understand it very well."

"Well," said Elfred, "sit down by me, and tell me what you see on the picture."

"In the first place," said Josephine, "there are some boys swinging on a gate."

"How many?" asked Elfred.

"Three," replied Josephine.

"Are they all swinging on the gate?" asked Elfred.

"No," said Josephine; "one is swinging his cap. The other two are pushing the gate as hard as they can."

"How are they dressed?" asked Elfred.

"Two of them have got frocks on, and the other has a black jacket and a white vest."

"Ah! then he is a gentleman's son," said Elfred, "and the other two are farmers' boys."

"Yes," said Josephine, "it must be so, I see, though I did not notice it before. His white collar is turned over upon his shoulders. He is a very pretty boy indeed."

"Can you see his face very plainly?" said Elfred.

Elfred's explanation.

Interpretation of the picture.

Description of the gate.

“Yes,” replied Josephine, “he is higher up than the rest, and his face is turned this way. He is up on the top of the gate. The other two boys are lower down.”

“Yes,” said Elfred, “now I understand it. The artist who made the picture has put the rich man’s son high up, and turned his face this way, and made him very pretty, and dressed him handsomely, and below he has put two poor men’s sons to work hard for him, swinging him on the gate.”

Elfred was right in his interpretation of this picture, and the group is an apt emblem of the social condition of man. The wealthy and the powerful have generally contrived, in all countries and in all ages, to get to the top of the gate, and to sit there at their ease, while they keep the poor below, working hard to swing the gate for them. This state of things is, however, now gradually changing, and every just man ought to desire to hasten the time when the arrangements of society shall be such that the classes which are most industrious in performing the useful work of life shall themselves enjoy the pleasures they procure.

After Elfred had thus explained the group on the gate, Josephine saw a meaning and an expression in it which she had not observed before, and now she wished to look at it more attentively than ever.

“How is the gate made?” asked Elfred.

“It is made of round bars,” replied Josephine, “with round posts at each end, and great hinges. There are two braces in the middle.”

“They are to stiffen the bars, I suppose,” said Elfred. “Does the gate swing pretty well?”

The donkey.

Elfred's inquiries.

The little girls.

“No,” replied Josephine; “it seems to me that it drags upon the ground.”

“Three boys are too many,” said Elfred. “They will break the gate down altogether if they do not take care.”

“Besides the gate and the boys swinging on it,” said Josephine, “there are two boys trying to get on a donkey in another part of the picture.”

“Where are they?” asked Elfred.

So Josephine took Elfred’s finger, and guided it to the part of the picture where the two boys and the donkey were standing.

“Here is the donkey’s head,” said she, “and here are his ears. Here is the boy climbing up, and over there we can just see the head of the other boy; he is standing behind the donkey.”

“How does the donkey look?” asked Elfred.

“Why, we can’t see a great deal of him,” replied Josephine.

“Does he look quiet and patient?” said Elfred.

“No,” said Josephine; “his ears are turned back, as if he felt cross; and now I see by his hind legs that he is just going to kick. I did not think it before, but I see now he feels very cross indeed.”

“Is there any bridle on the donkey?” asked Elfred.

“No,” replied Josephine.

“Then the boys have caught the donkey in the field, and are going to ride him without leave.”

“What else do you see in the picture?” asked Elfred.

“There are two little girls right here,” replied Josephine, guiding Elfred’s finger to the place.

“Yes,” they are in the foreground,” said Elfred. “What are they doing?”

Remarks about the gleaners.

The Studio.

“They are not doing any thing,” replied Josephine; “they are standing still.”

“Well, there must be some meaning or idea in the group,” said Elfred. “What is it? what is their attitude? what do they seem to be thinking of?”

“Why, the biggest girl,” replied Josephine, “is looking to see the boys swing on the gate. But she keeps away from them. She does not like to go very near. She has some straws in her hands.”

“She has been gleaning, I suppose,” said Elfred.

“Yes,” replied Josephine, “that must be it; and the little girl with her—or the little boy,” she added, looking more closely—“I think it must be a little boy—has been gleaning too. He is looking down upon the ground as if he saw another straw there, and was going to pick it up.”

It was by such conversations as these that Elfred explained to the children the pictures which they brought him, and enabled them to see a meaning and an expression in the various groups of figures which they contained that they would not have discovered without.

Children who have the use of their eyes might acquire the power of understanding the pictures they see as fully as Elfred understood his, if they would exercise their faculties upon them in the same way. The necessary instructions to enable them to do this will be given to them in a future volume of this series, which is to be called **THE STUDIO**.

The band of music on horseback.

The trumpet.

The drums.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TRUMPETS AND GUNS.

ONE day Robin carried Elfred a picture which represented



a band of music on horseback, in battle, galloping across the field. The instruments of music consisted of trumpets and drums. This is the picture.

In the foreground is a trumpeter, on a fiery, prancing horse. Behind him comes the drummer. He is mounted on a horse. He has two drums. They are fastened before him, on his saddle, one on each side. He has his drum-sticks in his hands.

Robin attempts to give Park some idea of sound.

The musicians are all gayly dressed, and the horses are splendidly caparisoned.

Elfred liked this picture very much, and he was particularly pleased with the trumpeting and drumming sounds which Robin made, when explaining it to him, in imitation of those which might be supposed to come from the instruments represented.

Park, too, was very much pleased with looking at the picture, but of course he could not hear the sounds which Robin and Elfred made, as the accompaniment to it, nor could he obtain any idea of them.

Afterward Robin brought a picture of a boy firing a cannon, in hopes that would enable him, in some way or other, to explain to Park what sound was. He did not see exactly how it was to be done, but still, as the report of a cannon is so martial and distinct a sound, he had some vague idea that Park might be made to understand it.

"He certainly can understand the sound of a cannon, if he can understand any sound at all," said Robin to himself.

This was unquestionably true.

So Robin showed Park the cannon, and the boy touching it off, and the flash, and the smoke; and then he started suddenly, and put his hands upon his ears, and struck his ears with his hand, to denote the concussion produced by the impulse of the sound.

But all was of no avail. Park could obtain no perception at all of the nature of sound. It was something startling and violent, he plainly perceived, something that affected the ears, and produced a shock of a certain kind; but he was as far from gaining any idea of the actual sensation as ever.

The three lessons.

Thomas's mode of reasoning.

Fallaciousness of it.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

THERE are three lessons which I hope the reader of this book will learn from the story of Elfred.

1. Beware of dangerous playthings and of dangerous plays. Boys, when they are very young, feel sometimes a great desire to have hatchets, axes, bows and arrows, cannons, and guns to play with. Sometimes it would seem that they like these things partly for the very reason that they are dangerous. They do not consider the dreadful consequences which sometimes follow from accidents occasioned by them.

A boy sometimes thinks that there is no danger from using these things, because he has known many instances in which they have been used without any accident following.

“Mother,” said Thomas, “please let me have a hatchet to play with.”

“No,” said his mother; “you will cut yourself if you have a hatchet.”

“Oh no, mother,” replied Thomas; “George has got a hatchet, and he never cuts himself, and he is a year younger than I am.”

This reason seemed to him very satisfactory. But a boy may use a hatchet a long time without meeting with any accident, and then suddenly an accident may occur which may make him

The duty of submission.

Necessity of a contented and happy heart.

a cripple for life. The question is not whether any one boy who has used a hatchet for a certain time has cut himself, but whether, among all boys who use hatchets, any accidents, and if any, how many, occur.

If one boy in a hundred cuts himself, then there is one chance in a hundred that you will, and that is too great a risk to run, when the consequences which may follow are so serious in their character, and so lasting in their duration.

Submit good-humoredly, therefore, to all the restrictions which your parents think it best to impose upon you, in respect to the use of what they consider dangerous playthings or dangerous plays.

2. Learn from the story of Elfred that your happiness in life depends more upon your temper and disposition of mind than upon your outward condition. There may be discontent and wretchedness in the midst of the greatest abundance, and, on the other hand, a life of hardship and privation may be one of continued satisfaction and happiness. On the adjoining page is a picture of a child who is possessed of a profusion of playthings and toys. She has three dolls, two balls, a large baby-house, with a door and windows, a bureau, a table, a desk, two chairs, and boxes filled with a great many other curious things. Yet you see by her looks how far she is from being happy. On the other hand, Elfred and Park, though the one lived in silence and the other in darkness, perpetual and profound, were always contented, and were never at a loss for the means of occupation and amusement. Learn from this that your happiness in life will de-

An unhappy child.

Too many playthings.



pend, not upon the abundance of the means of enjoyment which come within your reach, but upon the manner in which you use

The last lesson.

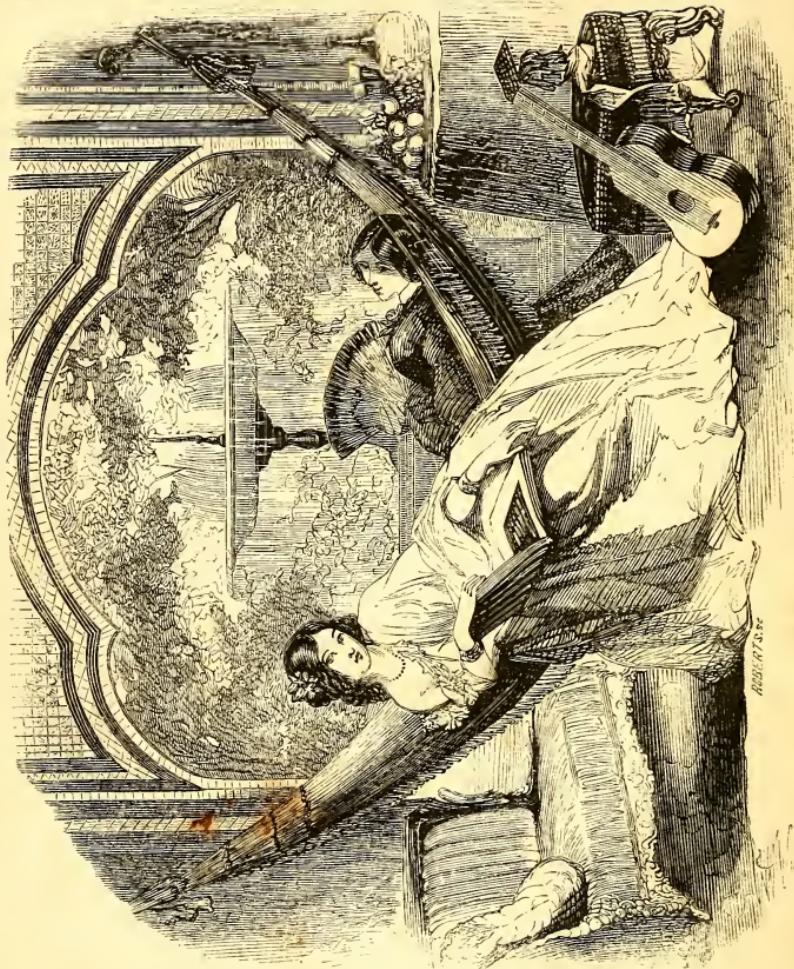
Duty of kindness to the unfortunate.

them. With a contented and happy heart, and a disposition to make the best of your lot, whatever it may be, you will find yourself almost always happy. On the other hand, a spirit of repining and discontent will make any one miserable, though possessed of every thing that the heart can desire.

3. Do all you can to befriend and assist the unfortunate, wherever you meet them. If there are any persons near where you live that are lame, or deaf, or blind, do all you can to cheer their loneliness, and to interest and occupy their minds. Lend them your books, show them your pictures and toys, and go often to visit them. And always, when you go, carry with you cheerful smiles and a happy face, and act, in every way, in such a manner as to help them to forget their privations and sorrows.

THE END.





THE LADIES IN THE HAMMOCK

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

A SERIES OF NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND TALES,
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE YOUNG.

BY

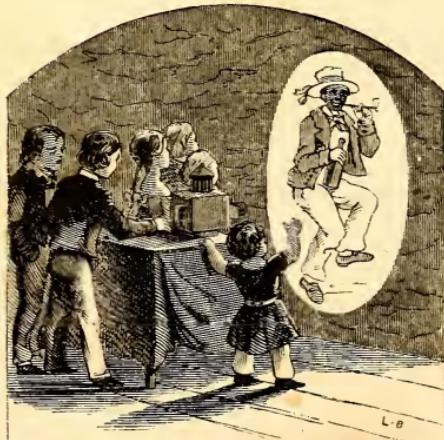
JACOB ABBOTT.

Embellished with

NUMEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



THE
MUSEUM;
OR,
CURIOSITIES EXPLAINED.



NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



Entered, according to an Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight
hundred and fifty-six, by

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P R E F A C E.

TO THE READER.

IN going through this Museum, you will see a great many strange and curious things ; and you will also be able, in reading the explanations of them, to obtain some useful instruction. I hope you will read the book not merely for the purpose of amusing yourself with looking at the engravings, and reading the descriptions, but that you will study it carefully and with close attention, in order that you may fully understand the principles which the articles illustrate and explain to you, and treasure them up in your mind.

An excellent way to impress upon your mind any new ideas or new information that you may acquire, is to talk upon the subject with other persons. In order to secure this benefit to their children, many parents take pains to ask them, at suitable times, what they have been reading about, and what new things they have learned. They do this sometimes at table—at breakfast,

or at tea—and sometimes when walking or riding with them. This is a very excellent plan.

You can also, in the case of such a book as this, show the pictures to your younger brothers or sisters, who can not read themselves, and read the explanations to them, or make the explanations verbally—that is, in your own words. Pursuing such a course as this will be very beneficial both to yourselves and to them.

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THE MUSEUM.

I.

SAPPERS AND MINERS.

Soldiers besieging a town approach it by a trench.

THIS is the way that an army, in besieging a fortified town, make their approaches to the walls. They dig a trench, and throw up the earth from the trench on the side toward the town,

so as to form an embankment to shelter them from the guns of the fortifications as they go forward. The foremost man is throwing up the earth which has already been loosened by the pickaxe. Behind him another soldier is attempting to pry out a large stone which is in the



way by means of his pickaxe, but I think he will not be able to

The officer with a spy-glass.

The direction of the trench.

do it. Behind him is another soldier with a pickaxe, cutting into the bank, so as to widen the passage-way. Near him is an officer with a spy-glass in his hand, reconnoitring the enemy. If he should see the flash of a gun from the ramparts of the town, he might immediately drop his head below the embankment, and thus be protected from the ball.

The trench which these men are digging does not run directly in a straight line toward the walls of the town, for then, of course, it would afford no protection to the soldiers who are digging in it. It would, in that case, be entirely open to the guns from the town. Nor, on the other hand, does it go parallel to the walls, for in that case the end of the trench would be no nearer to the walls than the beginning of it, and thus the besiegers would have gained nothing



SOLDIERS ON PARADE.

in approaching the town by making it. The line of the trench, therefore, advances obliquely, gradually drawing nearer to the town, but still advancing in such a way that the embankment on the side nearest the town shall protect the men. If they

were to march forward on the open plain, exposed like soldiers on

Zigzag.

How soldiers plant cannon to attack a town.

parade, they would all be shot down before they could reach the walls of the town by the fire which the besieged would direct upon them from the ramparts.

After advancing in this way as far as is thought expedient, the men make a short turn with their trench, and run in the opposite direction, drawing all the time nearer and nearer to the town. After a while they make another turn, and thus the trench advances in a zigzag direction toward the town, the men at work in it being all the time protected by the embankment which they raise as they proceed.

When they get as near to the town as they wish, they throw up a broad and high embankment there, and make a platform behind it for cannon, working all the time carefully behind the bank that they have raised, so as to avoid the guns of the enemy. When their own cannon are mounted on the platform they have made, they begin in their turn to cannonade the town, with a view to make a breach in the walls wide enough to enable them to force their way in. It requires great bravery and skill, and very nice engineering, to approach a town in this way, and protect the men all the time from the cannon of the besieged. The corps of men in an army that are employed to execute works of this kind are called the Sappers and Miners. Those are sappers and miners that are seen at work in the picture.

Ships of war.Cannonading a castle.

II.

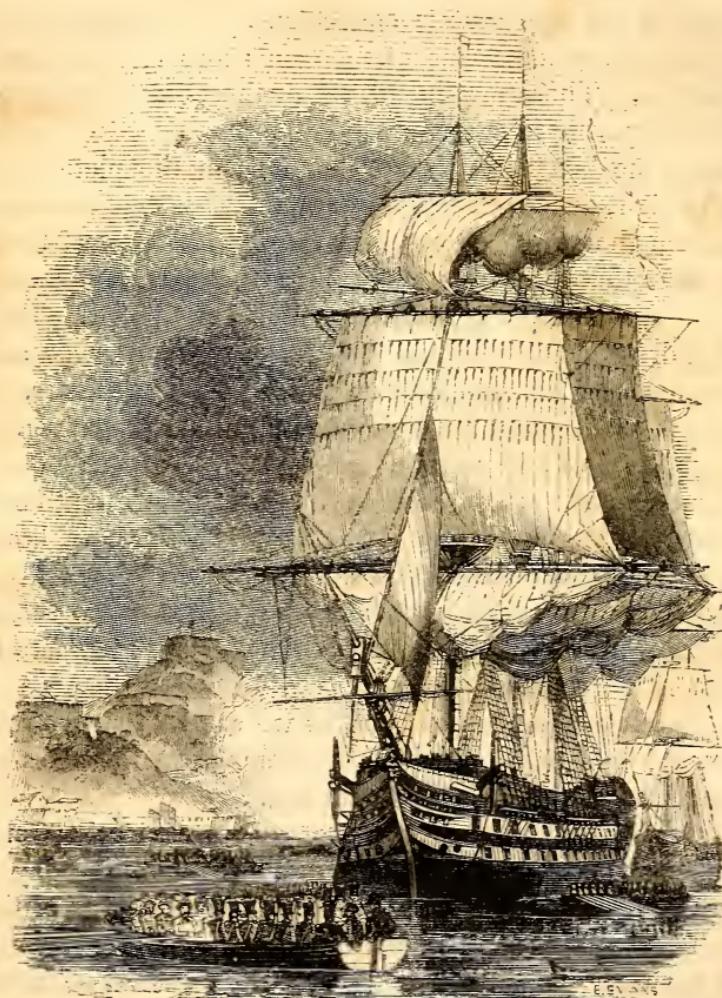
CANNONADING FROM A SHIP.

WHEN the town or fortification which an army are attacking lies near the margin of the sea, instead of making approaches by digging trenches in the ground, as described in the last article, the attack is made by ships of war, which advance as near as is practicable, and cannonade the place with the heavy ordnance that they always have on board such ships. In this case they generally aim the guns at some particular part of the fortification, where they suppose the wall is weaker or more exposed than the rest, and where they hope they can make a breach. The balls fly swiftly through the air from the ship, and those that are correctly aimed strike the wall of the fortress with dreadful concussions. The stones of the masonry are broken into splinters, and, as ball after ball strikes in nearly the same place, the wall is at length battered down at that point, and a wide breach is made.

The engineers and other officers of the ship watch the progress of the breach from the deck of the ship, and when they judge it is sufficiently opened, they send men in boats to land and force their way in.

On the opposite page we see a representation of ships of war cannonading a town. There are castles and batteries on the heights to defend the town. Flags and banners are flying from the battlements. The town itself is below, on the shore. It is defended by walls and bastions. The ship has made a breach in

Picture of the cannonading.



A NAVAL ATTACK.

B

Boats landing.

The dress of the sailors and the dress of the soldiers.

a portion of the wall that is concealed by the smoke, and now they are sending boat-loads of men on shore to land and force their way in. There are, in all, six of these boats going to the shore, or preparing to go.

Observe the boat that is nearest to us in the picture. It is rowed by eight oarsmen, four on each side. These oarsmen are sailors from the ship. They sit in the forward part of the boat. The soldiers that they are conveying to the shore sit behind. Observe how differently the soldiers and sailors appear. The soldiers are dressed for carrying muskets, and other arms and accoutrements, and for marching on the field. The sailors, on the other hand, are dressed for climbing up and down the mast, and handling the ropes and rigging.

The sailors are rowing the boat to the shore, while the soldiers sit idly in the stern. When the boats reach the land, however, the soldiers will take their turn in active duty. They will be left alone to form in a column on the shore, and to force their way into the breach, while the sailors will return with the boats to the ship, out of the way of danger.

The ship has two tiers of guns, as we see by the two rows of port-holes. The port-holes are the openings in the sides of the ship made for the mouths of the cannon.

We observe that the lower tier of sails, that is, those nearest the deck, are clewed up, so as to have them out of the way of the men, and also to prevent their being cut by the balls of the enemy. They hang loosely, however, in order that they may be spread again at a moment's notice, in case it should be necessary to move the ship from her position.

The sails of the vessel of war.

Dragging cannon.

The second tier of sails are all spread to the wind. They are called top-sails. The third tier of sails are partly furled. They are called the top-gallant sails. From the top of the main-mast we see a long streamer waving in the wind.

In the distance we see a second ship, which is engaged, like the first, in cannonading the town.

Sometimes, when a town is to be attacked by ships from the sea, a plan is formed for cannonading it at the same time on the land side. For this purpose, cannon are sent on shore from the ships, at some point behind the town, and then are dragged by the soldiers, with infinite labor and difficulty, up to some commanding elevation, from which they can be pointed toward the town.

The work of dragging the cannon up to these heights is extremely toilsome. Usually there is no road, and there is not time to make one. Often the ascent is so steep that horses could not go up if a road were made. Then, besides, sometimes there are no horses. Accordingly, the soldiers themselves have to drag the cannon up, which they do by means of sledges and ropes—a hundred men being sometimes attached to one gun.

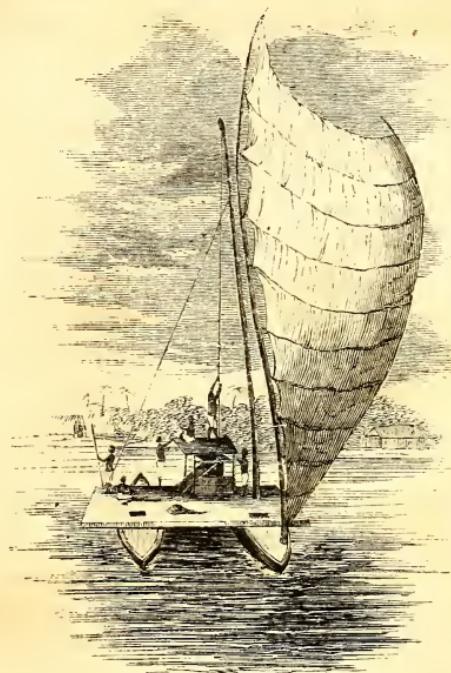
III.

THE FEEJEE CANOE.

THE contrast is very great between the man of war of European nations and the canoes of the savages that live on the islands of the Pacific, though some of these canoes are very ingenious, and quite complicated in their structure.

The double canoe.

A good boat for boys.



FEEJEE CANOE.

The mast is very long and slender, and the sail is of a very peculiar form.

Such a boat as this would be a very good one for boys to use upon a pond, as it could not be easily upset. For boys, however, it would be necessary to have a railing around the platform, to keep them from falling off into the water.

In the distance we see one of the fertile islands of the Pacific.

Here is a picture of a Feejee canoe. It is made double, with a platform extending across from one part to the other. This is to prevent its being easily upset. Upon the platform is a little hut, where the savage navigators are sheltered from the sun and rain. One of the men is now standing upon the roof of his hut, pulling upon one of the lines of the rigging.

Near the forward edge of the platform are two square openings, made through the planking, which serve as hatches, leading down into the holds of the boat, where the cargo is stowed.

Nineveh and Babylon.

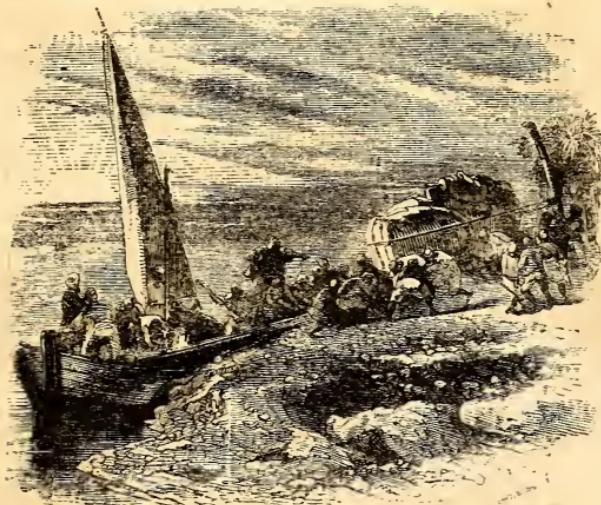
The mounds.

It is covered with groves of trees. We see among the trees some large buildings, such as are built under the direction of the missionaries.

IV.

THE GREAT IMAGE.

THE immense mass lying on the bank in this engraving is



THE IMAGE.

but great mounds covered with grass and other vegetation, like natural hills. A few years ago, some people began to dig into these mounds to see what they contained. A great many curious

a sculptured image dug up from among the ruins of Nineveh. Nineveh and Babylon were formerly magnificent cities, but they have gone more entirely to ruin than almost any other of the great cities of ancient times. For hundreds of years nothing has been visible at the places where they stood

Removing the great image.

Machinery for moving great weights.

things were found ; among the rest, this monstrous head, which they are now attempting to lower into the boat, in order to take it down the river to a ship and send it to England, to put it into the museum. They have brought it to the river side on a great truck which they made for the purpose, and now they are endeavoring to lower it into the boat, in order to take it away. They have built a platform under it leading to the boat, and now they are trying to slide the image down the platform. When they have placed it in the boat, they will push off from the shore and go down the river.

The sun is setting, showing that the day is drawing to an end.

It is always a very difficult undertaking to move great weights of this kind, and especially to embark them on board boats or vessels, when there is no suitable machinery for the purpose, and when there is no wharf or pier to which the boat can be moored. The machine commonly used for moving heavy masses to and from a ship or barge is called a *crane*. The crane consists of a monstrous arm, sometimes twenty or thirty feet in length, made prodigiously strong, and mounted on a frame which is constructed to turn on a sort of pivot below. From the farther end of the crane a very strong and heavy iron chain hangs down, with hooks or grapples at the lower end, which are intended to take hold of the weight to be moved. One end of the chain passes through a pulley at the extremity of the arm of the crane, and the other end of it, passing down along the arm, is wound around a windlass at the foot of the crane. When, now, any heavy mass, such as a large stone, or the boiler or the machinery of a steam-engine, are to be put on board a ship, it is first deposited on the pier near the

The crane.

Pulleys.

Platform and rollers.

crane. The arm of the crane is thus turned on its huge pivot until the chain hangs down directly over it. The hooks or grapples of the chain are attached to it, and the men who are appointed to work at the windlass turn it until the weight is lifted from the ground. The arm of the crane, then, with the mass hanging to it, is turned round on its pivot again, until it comes over the hatch of the ship—that is, the opening through the deck leading down into the hold. The men then slowly unwind the windlass, and the monstrous stone or iron—whatever it may be—goes gently and safely down.

When, however, heavy masses like that in the picture are to be put on board a boat or a vessel in uncivilized countries, or on uninhabited shores where these conveniences do not exist, the best way is to lay a platform, and so move the mass over on rollers. Heavy artillery is landed in this way in the operations of war; so are horses, sometimes; though, in some cases, horses and cattle are thrown overboard, and left to swim to the land. Of course, at first the poor animals are dreadfully frightened; but, seeing land near, they turn their heads that way, and soon reach the shore.

V.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

WHEN a young girl allows herself to forget the modesty and reserve which the instinctive feelings of her heart prompt her always to maintain, and to be drawn by the influence of flattery, or other similar enticements, into familiar intercourse with gay and

The career of the thoughtless girl.

Sinful pleasure.

dissipated men, she commences a career which, though it begins with pleasure, ends, almost always, in misery and despair.

She is at first flattered and courted for her beauty. She is pleased with these attentions, and soon learns to neglect her duties, and gives herself up, like those who tempted her, to a life of idleness, pleasure, and sin. Her conscience condemns her, but she disregards its voice. Her friends remonstrate with her, and warn her of her danger, but she will not listen.



THIS IS THE BEGINNING.

The consequences of sin.

A contrast.

Idleness, sooner or later, leads to want, and sin brings remorse and despair; and the poor girl, despised and rejected by those who led her astray, is left at last to die in the street of starvation and misery. Houseless, homeless, and friendless, she sinks fainting to the ground, and dies neglected and alone, while some great pageant, perhaps, of chariots and horsemen, is advancing through the street, attracting thousands by its magnificence and splendor. No one of all the crowd will pay any heed to the despised and broken-hearted outcast.



AND THIS IS THE END.

VI.

GLASS-BLOWING.

ONE evening, two children, named Malleville and Phonny, were playing together before the fire in their father's parlor.

“How bright the fire is!” said Malleville to Phonny.

“It glows like a furnace,” said Phonny.

“That reminds me,” continued Phonny, “that Beechnut promised to take us some time to see a glass-house. Let us go and ask him about it now.”

So the children went out into the kitchen where Beechnut was sitting, and asked when he would take them to see a glass-house.

“We can't go to-night very well,” replied Beechnut, “as it is a cold winter night, and there is no glass-house nearer than ten miles; but I can show you a picture of one, perhaps—if you would like that.”

“Well,” said Phonny, eagerly, “let us see the picture.”

“The picture is in a book,” replied Beechnut, “which is up stairs in my room. Take a light, and go up and get it. Look on the second shelf from the top, in the book-case by the windows, and there you will find the book, near the middle of the shelf. The name of the book is ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.”

So Phonny and Malleville began to turn round to go away.

“Stop a moment,” said Beechnut. “The curtains of the windows are very near the book-case, and perhaps you will set them on fire. I think it is very probable that you will. It is no mat-

How to put out a fire without a disturbance.The picture of the furnace.

ter if you do ; only, in that case, don't make a disturbance by screaming, and frightening every body in the house, but put the fire out yourselves, quietly."

"Oh, Beechnut !" exclaimed Phonny, "*we* could not put it out."

"Yes," said Beechnut, "there is a pitcher of water in a corner of the room, and a basin. Don't throw the water all together on the fire from the pitcher, but pour it out carefully into the basin, and then sprinkle it up against the curtain with your hand, as if you were watering a bank of roses. Malleville will hold the basin for you."

Beechnut said all this with a very grave face, and both Phonny and Malleville listened, looking at him very earnestly all the time, and wondering whether he truly meant what he was saying. The idea of setting the curtains on fire, and then proceeding so coolly and quietly to put them out, was so new, that they were quite bewildered to understand whether Beechnut was in jest or in earnest. So they took a lamp and went away.

When they went into Beechnut's room, they were particularly careful not to let the lamp get near the curtains.

They found the book named **ARTS AND MANUFACTURES** very easily ; and, taking it down from the shelf, they brought it to Beechnut.

Beechnut opened at the picture. You will see the same picture in this book, by turning over two or three pages.

"This great round chimney," said Beechnut, "in the middle of the glass-house, is the furnace—rather, the furnace is inside of it."

"Yes, I see the mouth of the furnace," said Phonny. "That is where they put the ashes in, I suppose."

What glass is made of.

Preparation of potash.

Phonny had heard it said that glass was made of sand and ashes.

“It is not exactly sand and ashes,” replied Beechnut. “There is a certain substance *in* ashes which they extract, and that is what they make glass of, and not of the ashes itself. The substance which they get out looks like loaf-sugar when it is properly prepared, but it is very different from sugar except in appearance. They call it potash.”

“How do they get it out of the ashes?” asked Phonny.

“They make a *ley* first,” replied Beechnut, “by pouring water upon the ashes, and then drawing it off. You see the potash is, at first, diffused through the ashes, and the water dissolves it and washes it all out. The water, as it comes off from the ashes, with the potash dissolved in it, is of a dark color. We call it *ley*.”

“Yes,” said Phonny, “I have seen *ley* very often.”

“Well,” continued Beechnut, “the potash is now in the water, and, in order to get it out, they boil the water away. They put it in a great kettle, and build a fire under it. Very soon the water begins to boil. While it is boiling, the water all goes off in vapor, and leaves the potash behind. It becomes first as thick as syrup, and then like candy; and finally, when all the water is boiled away, what is left in the kettle is hard. At first it is of a dark color, but they break it up into lumps, and whiten it by heating it in the fire. This is potash.”

“And do they make glass out of potash?” asked Malleville.

“Yes,” said Beechnut, “of potash and sand—a certain kind of sand.”

“What kind of sand?” asked Phonny.

“It must be what they call *silicious* sand,” said Beechnut.

Silex.

Difference between silicious and calcareous stones.

“What kind is that?” asked Phonny.

“I don’t know how to describe it,” said Beechnut; “but it is a very common kind of sand. Almost all the sand we see in sand-banks, and on the shores of rivers and of the sea, is silicious sand. It is sand made of silicious rocks that have been ground up fine. Any other kind of rocks ground up fine would make a sand, but it would not be silicious sand. The material of silicious rocks and sand is called *silex*. Flint-stones are composed of silex; so are the crystals which the boys find sometimes, and call diamonds; and also nearly all the hard, glossy-looking stones that you find among the rocks about here. Pound them up, and mix them with potash, and put them in a furnace, and they will make glass. So people often say that glass is made of sand and ashes.”

“What other kinds of stones are there?” asked Phonny.

“Why, there are *calcareous* stones,” said Beechnut. “The calcareous stones are formed chiefly of lime. Calcareous stones are generally softer than silicious stones. Marble is calcareous—so is limestone—so is chalk.”

“Oh, Beechnut!” exclaimed Phonny, “chalk is not a stone.”

“Why not?” asked Beechnut.

“It is too soft,” said Phonny.

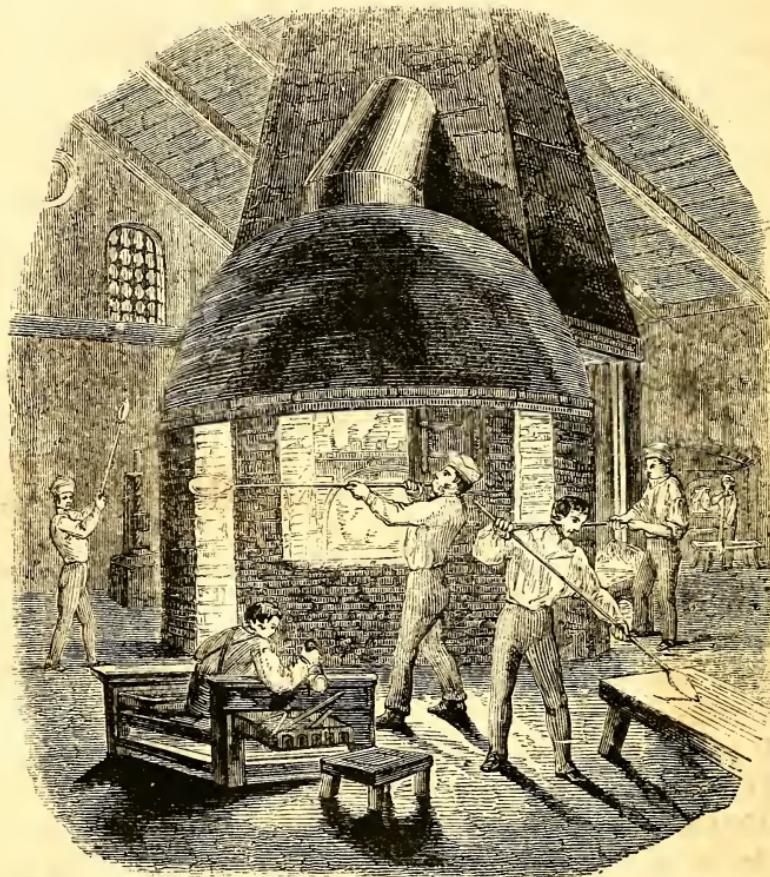
“How soft can any thing be, and yet be a stone?” asked Beechnut.

“It must not be soft at all,” said Phonny. “Don’t you know we always say, Hard as a stone?”

“That is true,” said Beechnut, “and I believe you are right. We do not commonly call any thing a stone unless it is pretty hard. Chalk is a mineral, at any rate.

Beechnut shows Phonny and Malleville the picture.

“But now,” continued Beechnut, “let us look at the picture.” So he opened the book, and showed the children the picture.



THE GLASS-HOUSE.

Naming the workmen.

The iron table.

“You see all these men at work here, do you not?” said Beechnut.

“Yes,” said Phonny; “there are five of them.”

“There are six of them,” said Beechnut.

“Ah! yes,” replied Phonny. “There is one man away off there.”

So saying, Phonny pointed to the man in the distance on the right.

“The first thing is to name them all,” said Beechnut, “so that we shall know what we are talking about.

“This man to the left,” he continued, “who is swinging his glass in the air, is named Thomas.”

“Is that his glass?” asked Phonny, pointing to the rounded mass at the end of the long iron tube which the man held in his hands.

“Yes,” said Beechnut; “he is swinging it round and round in the air.”

“What is he swinging it in the air for?” asked Phonny.

“That I shall tell you by-and-by,” said Beechnut. “Now I am telling you what the names of the men are. His name is Thomas. The man who is sitting down is named James. The one who is holding his tube out straight, directly before the mouth of the furnace, is Joe. The other one, this side of Joe, who is rolling his glass on the iron table, is Jack.”

“Is that an *iron* table?” asked Phonny.

“Yes,” said Beechnut, “a smooth iron table, made to roll the glass upon. The glass would burn it if it were made of wood, for it is red-hot.

“The other man,” continued Beechnut, “on the right, who is

How the glass-blower begins.

Blowing bubbles.

putting his tube into the mouth of the furnace, on this side, is Jerry."

"There is one more," said Malleville, "that one away off there."

"Yes," said Beechnut, "and his name is Jeremiah." Thus the names of the men are Thomas, James, Joe, Jack, Jerry, and Jeremiah."

Here Malleville and Phonny laughed aloud.

"What funny names!" said Malleville. "Are those really their names, Beechnut?"

"We will begin with Jerry," continued Beechnut, without answering Malleville's question. "He is holding his tube in at the mouth of the furnace, at the side opening. The tube is made of iron. It is hollow. It is made hollow, so that the man can blow through it. He puts the end of his tube into the furnace, as you see him do now, and takes up some of the melted glass on the end. He rolls the end of the tube over and over in the glass, so as to get up a pretty large ball. You can see him turning the tube now with his two hands.

"When he has taken up enough glass upon the end of his tube," continued Beechnut, "he draws the tube out and blows through it, and thus blows the glass at the farther end of it out into a bubble. See, Joe is blowing his glass into a bubble now."

So saying, Beechnut pointed to the man whom he had named Joe. It is the man who is standing up before the furnace in front, and holding his tube out straight before him.

"The glass ball that is on the end of the tube," continued Beechnut, "is red-hot, and it is very soft. How do you suppose

How the bottles are shaped.

he keeps it from bending down while he is holding it out in that manner on the end of his tube?"

"I don't know," said Phonny.

"He keeps turning the tube round and round all the time," said Beechnut, "that he is blowing through it, and that keeps the glass in the right position. If the glass gets too cool while he is doing this, he puts it into the mouth of the furnace again a few minutes, and that makes it hot and soft again."

"Yes," said Phonny, "I understand; and now, what is Jack doing?"

"Jack is the one who is standing at the iron table," said Beechnut. "He is rolling his glass bubble upon the surface of the table, in order to shape it to a point."

"What does he wish to do that for?" asked Phonny.

"I suppose he is going to make a bottle, or something or other of that form," replied Beechnut. "Besides, rolling the soft glass over and over again on that table smooths the outside of it, and helps to give it the right shape. After he has rolled his glass as much as is necessary, he blows into it again with his mouth, and thus swells it out more from the inside. So you see that, by rolling it on the table, he operates on the outside, and by blowing into it, he operates on the inside. Thus, between the two, he can shape his work just as he pleases."

"Sometimes," continued Beechnut, "he wishes to *elongate* his ball."

"What does that mean?" asked Phonny.

"Why, to make it longer," replied Beechnut. "Bottles, you know, and almost all other such vessels, are not round; they are

Swinging the bottle.

The glass-blower's box of tools.

somewhat long. So, to lengthen out his ball of glass, he swings it swiftly round and round in the air. That is what Thomas is doing. See him."

Here Beechnut pointed at Thomas, the man on the left, who is swinging his tube in the air.

"And now," said Phonny, "what is James doing—this man who is sitting down?"

"He is finishing the bottle," said Beechnut, "by shaping the neck of it, and the bottom. After the other men have done all that they have to do to get the bottle into shape, they fasten it upon the end of a long iron rod, and give it to James. He places this rod across the two supports which you see on each side of him, and rolls it there back and forth with his hand. The bottle is on the end of the rod, and it projects over the support on this side. You can see it in the picture. He rolls the rod to and fro with his left hand, and in his right he holds the tool that he uses to shape it with. He holds this tool against the part of the bottle which he wishes to shape, and then, by rolling the bottle over and over, and pressing his tool against it as it rolls, he shapes it as he pleases. He has a variety of tools for this work. He keeps them in a box on his bench by his side."

"Yes," said Phonny, "I see the box, and the tools in it."

"That's the way they make bottles and other similar things out of glass," said Beechnut, "and that is all I have to tell you."

"Ah, yes!" said Beechnut, after a moment's pause, "I have one thing more to tell you, and that is, to explain how the way to make glass was first discovered. It was nearly two thousand years ago. Some sailors went a little way up the mouth of a river in Pales-

Beechnut's account of the discovery of glass.

tine in their vessel, in order to encamp on the shore for the night. They had some large lumps of a certain substance, which was of the nature of potash, for the loading of their vessel. They were carrying it to the city of Tyre. When they had anchored their boat, they went ashore to build a fire and cook their supper. They



THE FIRST GLASS-MAKING.

could not find any stones on the beach to set their kettle upon, and so they went to the vessel and brought three lumps from their cargo, and put them down upon the sand, close around the fire. They set the kettle on these lumps, and then put more sticks under, to brighten up the fire and make the kettle boil."

"And so did they make their tea?" asked Malleville.

"I don't think they made tea," said Beechnut, "for they did not have tea in those days; but they cooked their supper, whatever it was."

The surprise of the discoverers.

Another picture.

“The next morning,” continued Beechnut, “when they raked over the ashes to make another fire, in order to cook their breakfast, they found that the sand which was around the lumps that they had put in to set the kettle on had run together into a sort of glass. They took up the glass, and looked at it carefully. They thought it was very curious indeed. When they got to Tyre, they told the people what had happened, and showed them the glass, and after that they learned how to make it regularly. You see, the lumps which they had in their cargo were of the same nature with potash, and so the fire melted some of it and the sand together, and that made the glass which they found in the ashes.”

VII.

THE COAL-MINE.

“Show us more pictures, Beechnut,” said Phonny, when Beechnut had finished giving his account of the glass-making.

“I will show you one more,” replied Beechnut, “and that must be all. I will show you the first one that I open to.”

So Beechnut opened the book at random in another place, and came to the picture of a coal-mine.

On the opposite page you see the picture.

“What a curious picture!” said Malleville. “Explain it to us.”

“Well,” said Beechnut, “I will explain it to you. I will suppose that I am a lecturer, and that you are my audience, and I will give you a lecture on the subject. You must listen to all I say, and not speak a word.”

The picture of the coal-mine.



“Can’t we ask any questions?” said Phonny.

“No,” said Beechnut; “at lectures, the audience do not ask

Beechnut's lecture upon coal-mines.

any questions. It is the duty of the lecturer to consider what they would be likely to wish to know, and tell them of his own accord. Thus they have no occasion to ask any questions."

"Very well," said Phonny ; "we will not talk, we will listen."

So Beechnut commenced his lecture as follows :

"**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN**,—This is a picture of the hoisting of coal up out of a coal-mine. The coal is brought in baskets on a truck, which runs on rails like a rail-road. It *is*, in fact, a rail-road—a rail-road in the bottom of a mine.

"The place which you see represented in the picture is down very deep beneath the surface of the ground. The way leading down to it is by a *shaft*. A shaft is an opening like a well, extending from the top of the ground above, to the bottom of the mine below. People, when they wish to come down into the mine, come down by the shaft, and the coal, when it is ready to be hauled up, goes up by the shaft. The basket of coal which you see going up in the picture is going up through the shaft. The light that you see around the basket comes down through the shaft.

"From the bottom of the mine there are passages leading off in various directions under ground, wherever the beds of coal lie. The miners dig out the coal with pick-axes and bars, and clear away the rubbish with their shovels. We see two of these tools leaning against the wall of the mine in the picture.

"The coal is placed in baskets when it is ready, and the baskets are put upon the trucks. The trucks are then trundled along to the mouth of the shaft. Here the end of a long chain is seen coming down through the shaft. The upper end of the chain is wound round a windlass above. The windlass is turned by a steam-

"Hoist away!"

How the miners get up and down.

engine. When the baskets of coal are ready to go up, the workman attaches the end of the chain to one of the baskets, and then calls out, **HOIST AWAY!** The men above then set the steam-engine in motion, the chain is then wound up upon the windlass, and the basket is drawn rapidly up the shaft.

"The man in the picture who stands under the shaft, with his hand extended, is calling out **HOIST AWAY!** The other man is preparing to attach another basket to the chain when the end of it is let down again.

"Men descend into the mine, and ascend again, in a sort of cage, which is drawn up and down, like the coal, by means of the steam-engine.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, my lecture is ended."

So saying, Beechnut shut up the book, and sent Phonny and Malleville up to his room to put it back again where they had found it.

VIII.

TRAVELING BY CAMELS.

It is very pleasant to travel by camels in Eastern countries, especially those bordering on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

There are no villages, no inns, and no roads in these countries, only a track leading over sandy deserts and barren rocks. The party of travelers have to take tents with them, and every thing else which it is necessary for them to use on the way.

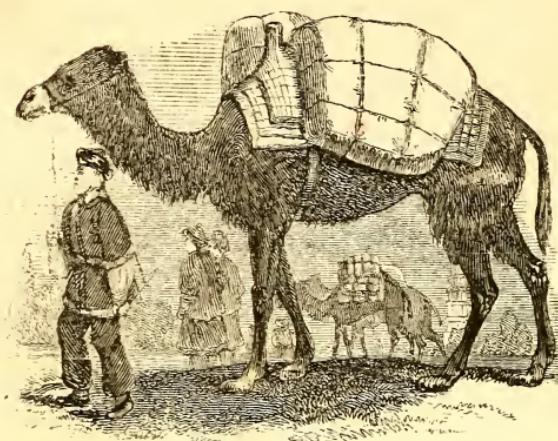
A description of the camel.

Mounting.

They pack all these things on the backs of camels. Here

we see some camels setting out on their journey, with packs of merchandise or of baggage on their backs.

Camels are very large animals. See how high above the man's head the nose of the nearest one in this picture comes. His back, too, is so high that it would be



LOADED CAMELS.

very difficult to climb up to it when the camel is standing up. A man may mount a horse by means of the stirrup and the saddle, while the horse is standing up, but he can not mount a camel in this way.

So they teach the camel to kneel down upon the ground, and to remain so till he is loaded, or till the man who is to ride him has mounted him and taken his seat. Then they order the camel to get up.

When a boy first mounts a camel in this way, he is usually very much frightened when the camel gets up. He has, in fact, good reason to be frightened; for the huge creature pitches and staggers so much in getting up as almost to throw the most dexterous rider off, and for a boy to find himself forced up high into the air

Dismounting.

How would you like to mount a camel?

in this way, on the back of such a big beast, is very alarming. Still, if he is a boy of good courage, and of presence of mind, he clings on vigorously, and soon finds himself in a tolerably steady seat, though he is so high in the air that it would be impossible for him to get down again, except by falling down.

When the time comes for dismounting, the driver makes the camel kneel down, and then the boy can get off very easily.

Frightful as it is to mount a camel in this way, I presume that there are a great many boys that would like to try it. If a keeper of a menagerie were to bring his camel out into the street in a village in America, and call the boys around, and make the camel kneel, and tell the boys that any of them who chose to do so might mount him, and then let him get up, there would be a great many who would like to try the experiment.

There is some danger of falling off when the camel begins to walk along, for his back heaves and rolls under you like a ship in a storm.

In our country oxen are used to convey heavy burdens, but the burdens are not loaded upon their backs, as in the case of camels. In the case of oxen, the burdens are put into a cart or wagon, and then the oxen draw the load. An animal can draw much more in a cart on wheels in this way than he can carry on his back, but then for this it is necessary that there should be a road. Now, in the deserts where camels are used there are no roads, and so they are obliged to put the burden on the camels' backs.

Boys can drive oxen very well, unless the oxen are thirsty and there is a brook near, and then the oxen break away from all restraint and run off to the water. It is somewhat so with the

The thirsty camel, and the rider.

camel. They get very thirsty sometimes in traveling over the deserts. Then, when they come near to a stream of water, they run off to it eagerly, and stop so suddenly on the bank, falling down at the same time upon their knees, as to pitch the rider off

head foremost into the water. Here we see a picture of one that has been thrown off in this way, and now he is endeavoring to scramble out up the bank again.

Advancing toward the bank in this picture is another camel. If his rider is not very careful, he will fall into the water



GOING TO DRINK.

too. In the distance are more camels coming from the desert.

I knew a boy once who was driving oxen along a road. Presently they came to a brook. The oxen were thirsty, and they began to run down toward the brook. The boy attempted to stop them, but all was in vain. They rushed on, drawing the cart after them, and did not stop till they got into the middle of the water. Then they stopped and began to drink.

After they had finished drinking they would not go on. They were tired, and they wanted to rest. The boy shouted out to them, and ordered them to go on, but they would not move. They

The oxen in the water.

The story of Willie.

were standing in the middle of the water, where he could not reach them with his goad-stick, and for a time he did not know what he should do. At last he went into the bushes and cut a very long stick, like a fishing-pole, and with that he could reach the oxen, standing on the bridge, in the road. So he whipped them, and made them go on.

One would suppose, from the very grave and sedate appearance which oxen manifest, and from their extremely slow motions when engaged at their work, that they were incapable of any such lightness of behavior as running away. But it is not safe always, either in respect to men or animals, to trust to sober looks. Oxen do sometimes run away, even in other cases than when they are thirsty and are running to water. There was once a boy, named Willie, who went into the village with his father and the oxen to take a load of grain. When the grain was unloaded, Willie got into the cart to wait for his father, who had gone into a store. The oxen and cart remained at the door. Presently the oxen became tired of waiting, and concluded that they would go home. They started, drawing Willie along with them in the cart. They went faster, and presently they began to run. Willie called out to them to stop, but the louder he called the faster they ran.

Willie was at first somewhat alarmed, and he determined to jump out of the cart behind. He accordingly crept along to the end of the cart, and looked out. But the cart was going so fast, and there were so many stones in the road, that Willie did not dare to jump. He concluded that it would be safer to remain where he was.

This was very wise. If you are ever run away with in a car-

How Willie's oxen stopped running away.

Laughing from sympathy.

riage or a wagon, do not attempt to jump out of it, but remain quietly in your place, and hold on.

So Willie sat down in the bottom of the cart, and held on.

Presently he saw a horse and wagon coming along the road. "Now," said he to himself, "we shall run against that wagon, and be dashed to pieces."

In a moment, however, he reflected that the cart was stronger than the wagon, and that, consequently, if there should be a collision, it would be the wagon that would be broken, and not the cart.

It proved, however, in the end, that there was no collision at all, for the man in the wagon, seeing the cart coming, and the oxen running, turned out of the way.

The oxen went on, and presently they came to a hill. By this time they had become tired, and, as Willie was very quiet in the cart, so as not to frighten them, they stopped running. Then Willie could get out.

He then went back to find his father, while the oxen went home.

IX.

SYMPATHY.

If a boy should be sitting by the side of a fire reading a funny book, while his sister was sitting on the other side of the fire with nothing to do, and should laugh very heartily at what he read, his sister would be amused too, and would at last begin to laugh herself, though she would not know what it was they were laughing at. She would laugh from *sympathy*.

The story that Prank was reading.

When one person experiences any particular feeling or emotion of mind, and another *catches* it, as it were, from witnessing it in the first, we call it sympathy.

If we see a child crying by the roadside in great distress, it makes us feel sad. The sadness is the effect of our sympathy.

If we see a party of boys playing together, full of frolicking and fun, it makes us feel amused ourselves. Our amusement is the effect of sympathy.

So in the case of the girl who should hear her brother laugh at reading something funny. Her being amused would be the effect of sympathy. This influence is so strong, that a girl would sometimes laugh from sympathy with her brother, even if she herself were reading something sad and sorrowful at the time.

A case of this kind once occurred. Prank was the boy. He was sitting by the side of the fire one winter evening, looking over a picture-book. He came to the picture of a man who went a fishing. The man took his place on the bank of a creek, under a tree. Very soon he began to feel sleepy; so he stuck the end of his pole in the bank, leaving the hook in the water, and presently he got fast asleep. While he was sleeping the tide rose, until the water came almost up to the man's knees. The water was warm, however, and so it did not wake him up, and there he sat, with his back leaned against the tree, his pole stuck in the bank, his eyes shut, his hat all jammed in, and the tide coming up all around him. When Prank saw what a ludicrous figure the poor fisherman made, he laughed aloud.

If you wish to know yourselves exactly how he looked, turn over the leaf and see.

Prank and his sister Mary.

The fisherman asleep.



THE TIDE RISING.

Here Mary looked up from her book with quite a smile upon her face, and said,

“What are you laughing at, Prank?”

Prank did not answer, but went on reading what was said in his book about the picture. It said, among other things, that a great fish had pulled off the hook from the man’s line—sinker and all—and had run away with it.

“Yes,” said Prank; “I see the end of the line, with the cork

Mary, Prank’s sister, was sitting at this time at the other side of the fire, reading a very sorrowful narrative of a child that was lost in the woods; yet, when she heard Prank laughing, though she had not seen the picture herself, and did not know what he was laughing at, she smiled a little too.

“Eyes shut, mouth open,” said Prank to himself, still looking at the picture—“hat all stove in.”

Prank laughed again, louder than before.

The next story.

The boys who caught a stick.

dangling in the air." Here Prank laughed again, louder than before.

"Prank," said Mary, looking up from her book again, "what are you laughing at?"

Prank, however, did not reply to this question, but soon sobering himself, he proceeded to read the next story in his book.

The next story gave an account of two boys who went a fishing together. One of them had a fishing-line, and the other a net on the end of a long pole. They expected to catch a fish so large and heavy that it would not be safe to pull him out by the line, and their plan was for the boy who had the line to pull the fish up to the surface of the water, and then the other was to dip him out with the net. Such a net as this, which is called a landing net, is often used by fishermen.

The boy who was to catch the fish put in his hook, and presently said that he felt a bite. So he began to pull up his line, calling out, at the same time, to the other boy to come with the net, for he had got a monstrous fish.

So the boy pulled away upon his pole, and, as soon as he had got his "take" out of the water, it proved to be a great, crooked, straggling bush.

The picture represented the boys standing on the bank—one of them pulling the bush out of the water, and the other ready with his net, having expected that a great fish was coming up. The pole was bent almost into a ring, and the boys' faces had a most comical expression of disappointment and vexation.

If you wish to know how this picture looked, turn over the leaf and see.

The picture which made Prank laugh.



THE TAKE.

and the boy with the landing-net all ready to catch the fish, and the comical faces of the boys, she laughed, it is true, more than she had done before; but the thing to be particularly noticed is, that she laughed a good deal from sympathy before she knew at all what there was to laugh at.

Prank looked at this picture a moment in silence, until he fully comprehended the whole of it, and then he burst into another long and uncontrollable fit of laughter.

The sympathy which was at once awakened in Mary's mind dispelled all the sadness which her story had imparted, and she immediately began to smile.

"Prank," said she, "*what is it* that you are laughing at? Let me see."

So saying, she rose from her seat, and went across to where Prank was, and looked over his shoulder to see the picture.

When she saw the picture, and Prank pointed out to her the big bush, and the bent pole,

Sympathetic pleasures.

The story of James and Bobbin.

This power of sympathy operates in a great variety of ways. If four or five children are looking over a book of droll pictures together, they will be more amused with it than if they were to look over it separately, alone. The amusement which each one feels will be increased by his sympathy in that which the others feel.

If one boy is playing alone with a foot-ball or any other similar toy, he will experience a certain degree of pleasure, perhaps ; but if there were two or five boys to play with him, then the pleasure would be much greater ; for the excitement which each one would feel would be increased by the sympathy which he would feel with the pleasure of the rest.

This is one of the chief reasons why it is pleasanter for children to play together than to play alone. The pleasure which each one experiences is enhanced, that is, increased, by the sympathetic influence which the others exert over him.

This sympathetic influence not only *increases* our pleasure, but sometimes it creates it entirely. This is shown by the example of James and Bobbin. James was shut up in the house one rainy day, and did not know what to do for amusement. He had a farm-house box, that is, a box containing little houses, trees, fences, carts, and other such things, for making a farm-house and farm on the carpet ; but he had played with this box over and over again, until he had lost all his interest in it. He had nothing else to play with, and so he did not know what to do. While he was in the midst of his perplexity, a chaise came to the door with his uncle in it and his little cousin Robert, whom he usually called Bobbin. As soon as Bobbin came in, James began all at once to feel an inter-

James's toys.

How James amused his cousin.

est in his farm-house box. He thought how much delight it would give Bobbin to see the farm-yard made out of it, and a similar feeling of delight began to be awakened in his own mind. So he took down the box, and poured all the contents of it out on the floor before Bobbin, and soon became greatly interested in making the farm. It is true that a part of the pleasure that he felt was the pleasure of gratifying Bobbin, but that was not all. He became greatly interested himself in the play from the influence of sympathy. He got down on his hands and knees upon the carpet, and laid off the fences for yards and fields, and made wood-piles near the little sheds ; and then, bringing out the cart and oxen, he began to haul bricks for a new ice-house which he told Bobbin that he was going to build. He played that he was the farmer, and that Bobbin was his boy. He would not have been amused at all in doing this alone, or even with any other boy who was as old as he was ; but doing it with such a little fellow as Bobbin amused him very much. The reason was, that while doing it in Bobbin's company, he saw every thing, as it were, through Bobbin's eyes, and regarded every thing with Bobbin's ideas. Thus, by the power of sympathy, he turned himself, as it were, for the time being, into a little fellow no bigger than Bobbin.

On the adjoining page we see a picture of a young lady taking a walk with one of the children of the village where she lives. The child's name is Ellen. Ellen is looking at a curious little butterfly that she sees in the shrubbery. The young lady is interested in seeing the butterfly too, but it is the interest of sympathy. It is the pleasure that *Ellen* takes in seeing the butter-

Ellen and the young lady looking at the butterfly.

fly that makes the young lady herself take a pleasure in seeing it. If she had been walking alone, she would not have regarded such an object at all.



SYMPATHY.

In fact, it was on this account, in a great measure, that she in-

Pleasure may be derived from sympathy.

Philosophy.

vited Ellen to go with her in her walk. It was to get pleasure for herself through her sympathy with the child.

This is an excellent way for persons who have grown up, and even for old persons, to get pleasure. An old sailor, for example, may find a great deal of enjoyment in making a boat or a little vessel for some child that he knows, and then in seeing the child sail it in a tub. He would not find any enjoyment whatever in doing this, unless the child was to look at it too ; but if the child is there, he feels the pleasure himself by sympathy.

So the young lady represented in the last engraving would have felt very little interest in seeing the bees, and the butterflies, and the common flowers, if she had been walking alone. But by taking Ellen with her, and seeing every thing, as it were, through her eyes, she has a very good time. Even the dog feels the influence of this kind of sympathy, and is trying to look at the butterfly too.

X.

ACTION AND REACTION.

THIS article contains an explanation of the subject of action and reaction, in a conversation between Mr. Aar and his two boys, Richard and Robin. The conversation was suggested by a picture which the boys had of Napoleon firing a cannon when he was a boy.

The cannon was a brass one, and was mounted on a very pretty gun-carriage. The picture was in a book which Robin's father

The gun-carriage.

Mr. Aar's easy-chairs.

bought for him. Robin had a long conversation with his father on the evening of the day when he got this book, about the picture, and about cannon, and sound, and other collateral subjects.*

“What a pretty gun-carriage the boy has got to his gun!” said Robin, while he was looking at his picture. His brother Richard was with him, and was looking at the picture too.

“Yes,” replied his father. “A gun-carriage is different from any other kind of carriage. It is necessary to make it very strong to resist the recoil.”

“What is a recoil?” asked Robin.

“Boys call it the kicking,” said Mr. Aar, for that was Robin's father's name.

“Yes,” said Robin, “I knew that guns would kick when they were fired, but I never knew why.”

“I will explain it to you,” said Mr. Aar. “When the table is put away I will make an experiment.”

Robin was very much pleased to hear this, as he was always much interested in the experiments which his father made for him from time to time, to illustrate the instructions which he gave him. So he waited very patiently till the tea-table was set away, and then his father began to make preparations for the experiment.

There were two large arm-chairs in the room, both on castors. These castors were always kept well oiled, so that the chairs would move about over the carpet very easily. Mr. Aar directed Robin and Richard to place these chairs in the middle of the room, in

* *Collateral* means, literally, *lying by the side of*. A subject collateral to another is one connected with it, or relating to it in any way.

An illustration of action and reaction.

such a position that the front part of one should be close to the back part of the other. The boys did so.

“Shall we get into them?” asked Richard.

“No,” said Mr. Aar; “do nothing but what I direct, and ask no questions. You must listen and obey all my orders exactly.

“Both of you take off your shoes, and put them in corners out of the way,” added Mr. Aar.

The boys did so.

“Get into the chairs,” continued Mr. Aar, “one of you in each chair, and draw your feet up under you as much as possible. Richard may take the front chair, and Robin the back one.”

The boys accordingly got into the chairs, one in each, curling their feet under them so that they looked like Turks.

“Now,” said Richard, “if we only had two long pipes to put in our mouths, people might take us for a couple of Turks.”

“There’s an interruption,” said Mr. Aar. “When we are performing experiments, you must do nothing and say nothing, but just listen to me, and follow my instructions.

“Robin,” continued Mr. Aar, in a tone indicating that he was giving another order, “plant your feet against the back edge of the seat of Richard’s chair.”

Robin did so. As the chairs were very near together, it was necessary for Robin to draw up his knees in order to bring his feet into the right position. Richard all this time remained motionless in his seat, with his feet drawn up under him.

“Now I am going soon to give you, Robin, an order to push with your feet so as to push Richard’s chair away. You will find, however, that your own chair will move back as much as his will

The experiment.

Ellen wants to try it.

move forward. His will be driven forward by the push, and yours will be driven backward by the recoil."

Then, after a moment's pause, Mr. Aar said, "Push!"

At this instant Robin pushed with his feet against the back of the seat of Richard's chair, straightening out his knees in the effort, and driving Richard's chair along over the carpet for some distance. At the same time, his own chair was driven back almost as far. The pushing, in a word, seemed to take effect equally in both directions.

"Yes," said Robin, "it moves us both, only my chair did not go quite so far as his."

"True," said Mr. Aar; "but that was owing only to some accidental difference in the castors, or in the floor, or in your weight. If both chairs had been equally free to move, and if they and the persons that were in them had been of equal weight, then they would have moved to precisely the same distance, although Richard did not push at all."

"I am heavier than Richard," said Robin. "I am a great deal heavier than he is."

"Yes," replied his father, "and that is one reason why his chair went the farthest."

"Let me try it," said Ellen.

Ellen was the sister of Richard and Robin. She was quite a little child, and she did not understand at all the import of this experiment in a philosophical point of view, but she thought it would be a very pretty thing to have a short ride, as she called it, by being driven across the carpet in that way, with a chair for a carriage, and castors for wheels. Her father gave her permission to

The reason why Ellen's chair went farther than the boys'.

try. So she came forward and took her place in Richard's chair, Richard himself having got out of it to make room for her.

"You may get into the chair behind with Robin, Richard," said Mr. Aar, "if you can."

"Yes, sir," said Richard, "I can. We can crowd in."

So Richard and Robin crowded into the back chair together, while Ellen took her seat in the front chair, and, drawing up her feet as Richard had done, she assumed a look of pleased anticipation, and awaited the order which was to trundle her along.

Richard and Robin both drew up their knees, and planted their feet against the back edge of the seat of the chair, and awaited the order too.

"Are you all ready?" said Mr. Aar.

"All ready!" replied Richard and Robin together.

"Push!" said Mr. Aar.

The boys pushed, and immediately Ellen's chair was sent forward over the carpet a long way.

"Oh, what a good ride!" said Ellen. "Give me another."

"She went a great deal farther than I did," said Richard.

"Yes," replied Mr. Aar; "that is because she is lighter. If she and her chair weigh only half as much as you two boys and your chair do, then she ought to go forward twice as far as you went back. The whole amount of motion is the same in both chairs; consequently, if there is twice as much to move in one direction as there is in the other, it will move but half as far."

"Suppose there were *ten* times as much?" said Robin.

"Then it would move one tenth as far," replied Mr. Aar.

"For example," continued Mr. Aar, "if there were two boats on

Boats in the water.

Repulsion and attraction.

the water, one small and light, and the other large and deeply loaded, and a man standing in the one were to give a push with a boat-hook against the other, then the large boat would move off a very little way, while the small and light boat would go a great way."

"How far?" asked Richard.

"Oh, that would depend upon how hard the push was," replied Mr. Aar, "and how light the boat was. It is only the *principle* that I wish you to see. The principle is this: that whenever a force is exerted between two bodies, no matter in which body the motion originates, the whole amount of the effect which it produces is precisely the same on both. One is forced in one direction, and the other in the opposite one, each equally, in proportion to its weight.

"It is the same with forces of attraction as with those of repulsion," continued Mr. Aar.

"I don't understand that very well," said Robin.

"Why, suppose that there were two boats on the water, ten feet apart. Suppose that you, Richard, were in one, and Robin in the other, and that you had a pole long enough to reach across from one boat to the other, and that each of you had hold of one end of the pole.

"Now, if you were to stand up, each in his own boat, with the ends of the pole in your hands, you might either draw the boats together by pulling upon the pole, or you might force them apart by pushing. The pulling would represent the force of attraction. Pushing would be the force of repulsion. Attraction means a force drawing bodies toward each other. Repulsion is a force driving them apart."

Action and reaction in paddling.

How to row a boat.

“Yes,” said Robin, “now I understand.”

“Now, if Richard were to sit still in his boat,” continued Mr. Aar, “and not pull at all, but only hold his end of the pole firmly while you pulled upon it in your boat, then you would, by pulling, draw your boat as much toward his as you would draw his toward yours. The action and the reaction would be the same, and the boats would each move toward the other.”

“What are the action and the reaction?” asked Robin.

“The action,” said Mr. Aar, “is the drawing of his boat toward yours by your pulling upon it. The reaction is the coming up of yours toward his.

“In the same manner,” continued Mr. Aar, “if he were to pull and you were to remain still, only holding the end of the pole firmly, both boats would move, and one would move just as much as the other, provided they were both of the same size and weight.

“Thus you see,” continued Mr. Aar, “that in such cases the action and reaction are always equal. Now it is very useful for boys to understand this, for understanding it will help them very much in learning to row or paddle, and also in learning to swim.”

“How will it help us?” asked Robin.

“Why, in rowing or paddling,” said Mr. Aar, “you will force your boat forward just exactly in the proportion that you drive the water back. Accordingly, when you are seated in a boat, with an oar in your hand, you must feel, ‘Now what I have to do is to push the water back with my oar just as much as I can. The more perfectly I get a hold upon the water to push it back, the faster will my boat go forward.’ Having this idea in your mind will help you very much in rowing.”

Mr. Aar tells the boys how to learn to swim.

"I mean to try it," said Richard, "the next time I go out upon the water."

"The principle will help you still more in swimming," continued Mr. Aar, "or rather in learning to swim. Can you swim, Richard?"

"A little," said Richard.

"Do you go in a swimming often?" said Mr. Aar.

"Not very often," said Richard, "for there is no good place very near; but I go sometimes."

"The next time that you are in the water, then," said Mr. Aar, "and are trying to swim, dismiss from your mind the idea of getting yourself forward, and think only of getting the water back. Move your hands and feet in such a way as if your object was to get as good a hold upon the water as you can, and to push as much of it behind you as possible—not in a flurried and struggling manner, but calmly and deliberately. Just in proportion as you push the water back, in that proportion you will propel yourself forward."

"I never thought of that," said Robin.

"If you think of it," said Mr. Aar, "the next time you try to swim, and act upon it, you will find that it will help you very much. A scientific knowledge of theory is always of great service in facilitating practice."

"And now put the chairs back in their places," said Mr. Aar, "and bring your picture to me, and I will show you how this principle applies to the recoil of the gun."

The cannon in the cave.

What Robert and Richard said about the picture.

XI.

THE CANNON.

OVER the leaf will be found the picture of the boy firing the cannon which Robert had in his book.

The picture represents a cavern. In the foreground, on each side and above, are seen the rocks which form the sides and roof of the cavern. The cannon is on the floor of the cavern, near the spectator. It is mounted upon a carriage. Behind the carriage there are two large stones, which the boy has placed there for the purpose of assisting the carriage to resist the recoil.

The boy is in the act of touching off the cannon. He holds the match in his right hand.

He wears a sash around his waist. He has put on this sash in order to make himself look more like a soldier.

In the background there are children to be seen sitting on the ground. They have stationed themselves there at a safe distance, to hear the report of the gun.

Near them is a dog. He is listening to the sound of the gun, and seems frightened.

Richard and Robert looked at this picture for some time. They looked particularly at the cannon which the boy was firing.

“He seems to be firing it in a cave,” said Richard.

“Yes,” said Mr. Aar; “I suppose that is to make it sound louder. The sound is increased by the reverberations of the walls of the cave. There is a sort of reflection of the sound from the sur-

The waves of sound.

Reverberations.

Description of the picture.

face of the rock. When boys are firing India crackers or torpedoes, they put them into a barrel sometimes for the same reason."

"Yes," said Robin, "I have done that very often. They sound a great deal louder."

"The waves of sound," said Mr. Aar, "go out to the sides of the barrel, and there they are reflected, and so the sound is doubled, as it were. For the same reason, a voice sounds louder usually in a room than it does in the open air."*

"See," said Richard, "the boy has put two stones at the end of his carriage. They are for the carriage to kick against, I suppose."

"Yes," replied Mr. Aar; "or, as it would be expressed more philosophically, they are to resist the recoil."

"Only, if the gun kicks very hard," said Robin, "the ends of the carriage will get bruised, I think, against those stones."

"True," replied Mr. Aar; "perhaps the boy did not think of that. In the distance are some children," he continued.

"Yes, there are three of them," said Richard.

"One of them is a young lady," said Robin; "she is lying down. There is a boy lying down too. There is one little girl standing up."

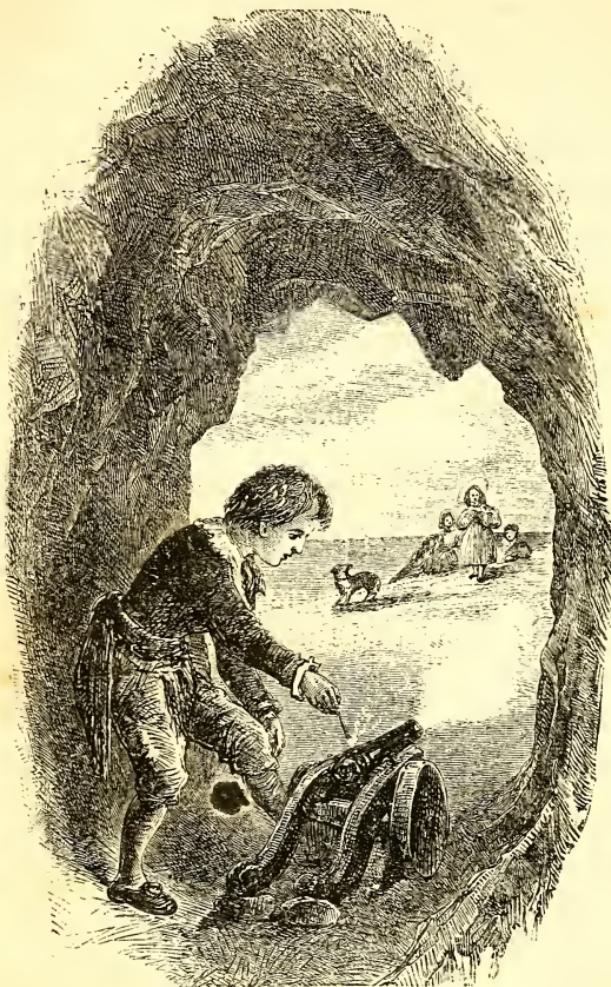
"She is looking to see the cannon fired off," said Richard. "She does not dare to come very near."

"There is a dog there too," said Robin. "He is afraid. He is barking. He does not like to hear guns fired."

* It is on this same principle that the noise made by a rail-way train sounds much louder when the train is passing through a tunnel or dark cut, or along a perpendicular wall of rock, than it does at other times.

Picture of the boy and the cannon.

The gun-carriage.



THE CANNON.

“No,” said Richard; “but the boy does not seem to be at all afraid.”

The interpretation which Richard put upon the expression of the boy’s face was correct. He appears perfectly calm and composed, though the time the artist has chosen for representing the scene is the moment of the explosion.

The boy is firing the cannon with a match. He holds this match in his right hand. The match is applied at the touch-hole. The touch-hole is a small hole on the upper side of the gun, directly over

Firing a cannon.

The fisherman's boat-hut.

the place where the charge is placed within. This hole, being bored through into the chamber of the gun, forms a communication with the charge, so that when the touch-hole is filled with gunpowder, and fire is applied to it on the outside, the fire runs in and explodes the charge. The ball—or, if there is no ball, the wadding—is thrown out forward by the repulsive force of the explosion, and the gun is thrown backward in the recoil.

XII.

THE BOAT-HUT.

SOME fishermen, living on the sea-shore, wished to make a hut on the beach to lock up some of their fishing implements in when they came in from their fishing.

“It will save us the trouble,” said they, “of always carrying them up to our houses.”

There was the wreck of an old fishing-boat lying on the beach.

“Let us see,” said they, “if we can not make a hut out of this old wreck.”

The bow of the boat was whole, but the stern—that is, the hinder part—had been broken to pieces by the violence of the waves.

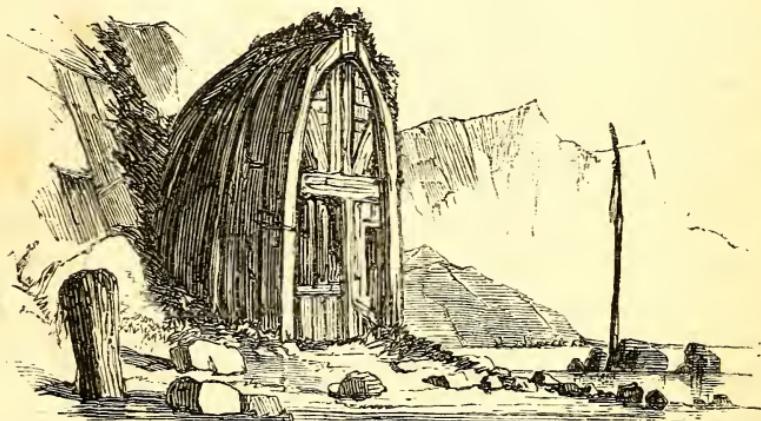
So they determined to saw off the bow of the boat, and set it up endwise for a hut.

The first thing to be done was to pry up the wreck out of the sand, so that they could saw off the bows. They did this by means of an old spar which they found lying at a little distance on the beach. The spar was half buried in the sand, but they

The spar.

The door and the window.

lifted it out and carried it to the wreck. By means of this spar, which they used as a lever, they pried up the boat, so that they could work upon it with their saws. Then they sawed off a portion long enough for their hut. As soon as the part which they were going to use was separated from the rest, they dragged it along to the place where they intended to set up their hut. Here they fixed it in its position, placing the sawed part down, and the bow up. Thus the curves of the bow formed the roof of their hut. When they had placed it, they secured it in its position by banking up around it with sand. They cut rude openings in the deck of the boat in front, too, for a door and window, and so their hut was complete.



THE BOAT-HUT.

The back of their hut was against the bank which formed the shore. Before, was a sandy beach, with stones scattered here and there along the margin of the water.

How the fishermen made a flag-staff.

The farm-house.

The hut remained where they thus placed it for many years. Moss grew upon the top of it, and the sea, which washed up sometimes around the foot of it, filled the space in with sand and seaweed until the structure became so firmly imbedded that nothing could displace it.

The men took the spar which they had used to pry out the boat, and set it up on the beach for a flag-staff to make signals from to the boats off at sea. You can see this flag-staff to the right of the hut in the picture.

XIII.

PARK AND FANNY.

NEAR the place on the sea-shore where the fishermen built their boat-hut, there were several farm-houses, where people used to come in the summer for the sake of being near the sea, in order to enjoy the sea air and the pleasure of bathing.

One of these houses was very pleasantly situated in a little sheltered dell, with trees close around the house, and corn-fields, with pleasant paths through them, at a little distance beyond.

Among the people who were boarding at this house was a family consisting of a father, and mother, and two children. The names of the children were Park and Fanny. Park was about six years old, and Fanny was three.

Fanny and Park used to like very much to run about in the yards of the farm-house, but they liked much better to go down and play with the sand on the sea-shore. Park had a little shovel

Visiting the sea-shore.

The sick lady.

which his father made for him for the purpose of digging in the sand.

Park and Fanny liked to go down to the sea-shore very much, but they could not go very often, because there was nobody to go with them, and it was not safe for them to go alone. Their father could not go with them, for he did not spend the days at the sea-shore. He spent his days, generally, in the city, attending to his business. He used to come down to the sea-shore in the evening, and go back again early in the morning.

Neither could the mother of the children go with them to the shore, for she was sick. She was confined to her room. She never went out of her room at all, except that sometimes her husband would remain an hour or two after breakfast, when the morning was pleasant, and take her out to ride.

At length, one evening, a carriage came to the farm-house with two new visitors. They were a gentleman and a lady. The lady was pale, and she looked as if she was out of health. The gentleman engaged a room for her, and after establishing her comfortably in it, he got into the carriage again and rode away. When he went away, he said, "Good-by, sister Ann. I'll come and see you again in a few days."

Sister Ann, as her brother called her, was able to walk about, though she seemed out of health, and on the morning after she was left at the farm-house, she took a long walk alone. When she came home from her walk, she took a seat at the window of her room, with her sewing in her hands. Park and Fanny were playing together in the yard before the house.

"Ah!" said she, "here are two children. I am very glad of

How the lady formed an opinion of Park and Fanny.

that. I like children. I shall have a fine time playing with these children while I am here.

"That is," she continued, talking to herself, "provided they are good children, and will obey me. I will observe them and see."

Presently, while Park was using his shovel, digging in the ground at a place where they were attempting to make a garden, Fanny came to him, and wanted to have the shovel herself.

"Let me dig a little while, Park—do," said she.

"It is too hard for you to dig here," said Park.

"Oh no!" said Fanny. "At any rate, let me try."

"Well," said Park, "you may try."

Sister Ann, as her brother had called her, who sat at her window listening to this conversation, said to herself, when she heard it,

"Park must be a good boy, I think. At least he is kind to his sister, and that is one sign of a good boy."

Fanny took the shovel, and, after trying for some minutes to dig with it, and finding that she could not, she gave it back to Park again.

Miss Ann expected to hear Park say, "There, I told you that you could not dig with it."

But he did not say any such thing. He said,

"Well, Fanny, you have dug better than I thought you could. The ground here is very hard; but some day we will go down to the sea-shore, and then you can dig. It is very easy digging there in the sand."

Miss Ann was so much pleased to hear Park speak in this way that she had a great mind to offer to go down to the sea-shore

Triumphing over people in the wrong.

Obedience.

with them then. It is, in fact, one of the surest marks of a noble and generous spirit not to triumph over people when they are proved to be in the wrong. We are all liable to be mistaken, and when we are mistaken, and the event proves us to be so, our natural shame and mortification are enough, without having other people triumph over us, and say, "I told you so."

Whenever, therefore, we differ in judgment or opinion from any other person, and it proves in the end that we were right and they were wrong, we should never triumph over them, or seem to exult in having proved them to be mistaken, but should speak to them in such a manner as to diminish rather than increase the chagrin which they must naturally feel at finding themselves in the wrong.

Miss Ann concluded, on second thoughts, that it would not be quite safe yet to propose to the children to go to the sea-shore.

"I am not sure," said she to herself, "that they would obey me, and if they would not, I might get into great trouble by taking them with me down to the shore. Perhaps they would not be willing to come home when I thought it was time to come, or they might insist on going to some dangerous place, even if I forbade them, and that would do a great deal of damage, even if no harm should happen to *them*; for it would make me uneasy and anxious all the time, and I am not well enough to bear any unnecessary anxiety.

"If I were only sure that they would obey me, I should like to go to the shore with them very much," she continued; "and I believe I will go down into the yard, and see if I can find out whether they are obedient children or not."

Miss Ann testing the obedience of the children.

The garden and the yard.

So Miss Ann laid her sewing upon the table, and went down into the yard.

“Children,” said she, “what are you doing?”

“We are making a flower-bed,” said Park.

“That is an excellent plan,” said Miss Ann. “Have you got any flowers to set in it?”

“No,” said Park, “but we are going to get some about the yard.”

“You could get prettier ones in the garden, I should think,” said Miss Ann. “I will go into the garden with you, if you like, and help you to find some.”

“No,” said Fanny, “we must not go into the garden.”

Fanny, who could not speak very plain, pronounced the words *go* and *garden* as if they were spelled with a *d*.

“No,” said Park, “we must not go into the garden. Mother said that we must not go there; she was afraid that we should do some damage.”

“The gate is open,” said Miss Ann.

“Yes,” said Park, looking round at the gate.

“Some boys,” continued Miss Ann, “would go, notwithstanding that their mother had forbidden them, if they thought she would not see them.”

“Would they?” said Park, looking up, with a very serious expression of countenance.

“Yes,” said Miss Ann, “but I suppose that *you* would not.”

“No,” said Park, shaking his head very gravely, “we would not.”

“I think it would be safe for me to ask them to go to the beach with me,” said Miss Ann to herself, “and I will.”

Miss Ann's invitation

The card.

The invitation is accepted.

Then addressing the children again, she said,

“Do you ever go down to the sea-shore?”

“Yes,” said Park, “and we like to go very much; only we can't go very often, for there is nobody to go with us.”

“I'll go with you,” said Miss Ann.

“When?” asked Park, eagerly.

“Now,” said Miss Ann.

“Well,” said Park, “I'll go and ask my mother.”

So Park turned to go into the house to ask his mother, but Miss Ann stopped him, saying,

“Wait a minute, and I will send up my card to your mother. She will wish to know who it is that invites you to go to the beach with her.”

So Miss Ann walked up stairs with Park to her room, and there opening a little pocket-book, she took out one of her cards. The card was a small square piece of very white pasteboard, with her name printed on it in very pretty letters.

Park took the card and carried it into his mother's room. His mother was lying on a bed. Park handed the card to his mother, and said that *that* lady had invited him and Fanny to go down upon the beach with her.

Park's mother looked at the card a moment, and then said,

“She is very kind.”

Then turning to Park she said, “Yes; tell her I am very much obliged to her for being so kind as to take you, and ask her when she comes back if she will come in here and see me. You can show her the way.”

“Yes,” said Park, “I will.”

The sign on the gate.

Crossing the bridge.

“And you and Fanny must take care not to prove troublesome.”

“Yes,” said Park, “we will take good care, and then, perhaps, she will let us go with her again some day.”

So Park went back, and in a few minutes Miss Ann came down from her room, and then the whole party set off on the way to the beach together. Park carried his shovel to dig with in the sand, and Fanny carried a bag which her mother had made for her, to gather shells and pebbles in. The party followed a path a little way through a field until they came to a great gate. The words “*Hook it,*” were painted in black letters on the gate. This meant that whoever went through the gate must shut it to, and hook it.

“I’ll hook it,” said Park to Miss Ann, “after you and Fanny have gone through.”

So they all went through the gate, and Park shut and hooked it. Then they went on.

Presently they came to a stream of water, with a single plank for a bridge across it. This plank, of course, made a very narrow bridge, but as there was a good railing on one side, they all got across very easily.

Fanny was a little afraid at first to go over on this bridge, because there was a railing only on one side of it. But the water was not very deep, nor was the plank very high up above it. So she got over safely. The rest of the party allowed her to go over first, and then they followed, one by one, in regular order.

Soon after this they reached the beach, and the children played upon it for some time very pleasantly.

Amusements on the sea-shore.

Collecting pebbles.

Here you see a picture of them. Fanny is heaping up the sand with Park's shovel. Park allows her to have the shovel to play with a large part of the time. She likes to dig with it very much, the sand on the beach digs so easily. Park himself has the bag. He has been collecting some pebbles in it. The pebbles are of



THE BEACH.

Miss Ann's sea-weed.

The speckled stone.

The prospect.

various colors, and are very pretty. He has also got some curious shells.

Do you see that Miss Ann holds some little things in her hand? They are sprigs of sea-weed which she has picked up upon the shore. She has brought them to Fanny, intending to give them to her to put in her garden; for Fanny's idea was at first to make a garden, but she has now altered her plan. She finds the sand so easy to dig, that she has concluded to build a mountain. So she pays no attention to the flowers.

Miss Ann takes a great deal of pleasure in seeing the mountain which Fanny is making. It seems to her that she would really like to take the shovel herself and dig in the sand. This is the effect of sympathy.

She likes to see the pebbles and the shells, too, which Park is showing her. He has his hand in the bag now, to take out some for her.

"Here is one," says Park, "which is just like a ground-sparrow's egg, all speckled, white and brown. I believe it is a real egg petrified. I'll find it for you."

So Park is feeling in his bag to find the petrified egg.

In the distance, on the left, we see the cliffs that form the shore of the sea. There is a flag-staff on the summit, with a banner floating from the top of it.

Farther to the right, in the distance, we see a pier which forms the entrance to a harbor. There is a steamer sailing into the harbor. We see the long train of smoke which rises from the funnel of the steamer. The wind is blowing it away in the same direction that it blows the banner from the flag-staff on the cliff.

Going to see the boat-hut.

The queer cart.

There are one or two sail-boats or small vessels to be seen sailing on the sea, and five gulls flying in the air.

Down on the shore, beyond Miss Ann and the children, on the right, we see another party walking. There are two grown people and one child.

After Park and Fanny had amused themselves as long as they wished, digging in the sand, they undertook to show Miss Ann the way to the boat-hut described in the last article. They had a very pleasant walk. Miss Ann thought that the boat-hut was very curious, indeed. They could not get inside of it, but they could look in through the opening that had been made for the window.

XIV.

THE CASTLE AND THE CART.

In the next engraving there is shown a contrivance for a cart that is as curious in its way as the boat-hut was for a store-house.

The cart is drawn by oxen. The team is driven by a funny-looking old man, who sits on a seat in front, under a curious sort of canopy which he has built up over his head to keep off the rain. He has a great stick in his hand, with which he seems to be beating his oxen. There is no need of doing this, for they are going along very well. They are just crossing a bridge.

For a load the man has taken three barrels. There is sugar in the barrels. Besides the barrels, there is a man on the cart behind. He is sitting on the hindmost barrel, at the tail of the cart. The teamster does not know that this man is there.

Asking for a ride.Stealing a ride.

The man was walking along the road, traveling alone, when at length he saw this cart coming; so he stopped and waited till it came up. He stood at one side of the road, and, when the cart came opposite to him, he asked the teamster to take him on, and let him ride a little way.

“Teamster,” said he, “give me a lift a little way along the road.”

“No,” said the teamster, “there is only room for one.”

“Ah, yes,” said the traveler, “I can find room to sit on the barrels behind.”

“No,” said the teamster, “the load is heavy enough now.”

The load was not very heavy, but the teamster was out of humor. He had been drinking, and was partly intoxicated. Drinking makes some men feel very kindly toward others, though it leads them to act very inconsiderately and foolishly in showing their kindness. Other men it makes cross and quarrelsome. This man was cross. He had been beating his oxen cruelly before he came up with the traveler.

Any one, however, has a right to refuse to allow a traveler to ride upon his cart or wagon if he chooses, no matter what the reason may be.

So the teamster drove on, while the traveler stood out on one side to let the cart go by.

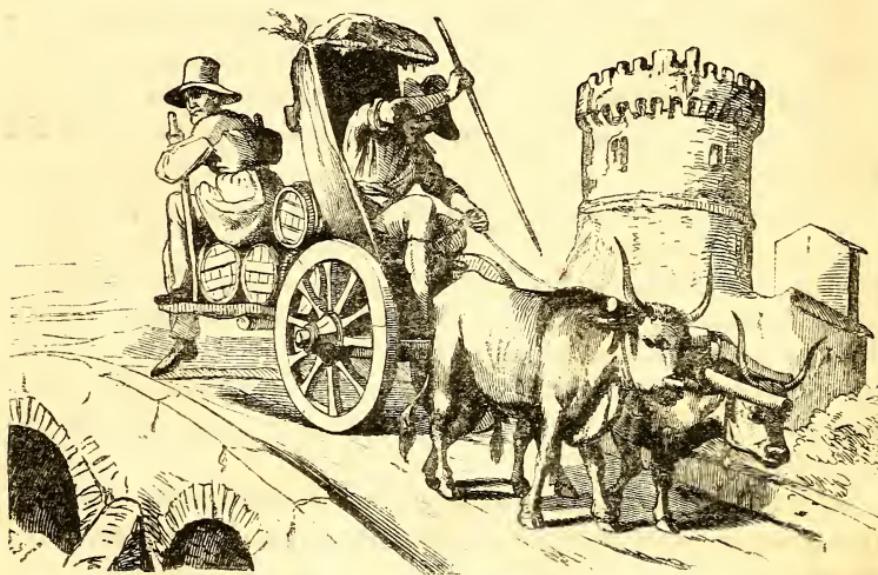
As soon as it had gone by, he walked along after it, taking hold of one of the stakes behind. The teamster did not see him, and did not know that he was there.

Presently the traveler said to himself, “I’ll jump on behind, and ride on one of his barrels. He will never know it.”

Ready to jump.

Does the traveler do right?

So he jumped on behind, and took his seat on one of the barrels, as you see him in the picture. He is turning round to see if the teamster is looking, and he is putting one of his feet down toward the ground, ready to jump off at a moment's notice.



CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

The weight of the man loads the hind-end of the cart so heavily as to bear it down, and lift the tongue in such a manner as to bear up the bows of the yoke against the throats of the oxen. The teamster wonders what makes his cart tip down so much behind, and the oxen wonder what it is that chokes them so.

The traveler is wrong in doing this. The cart belongs to the

The tower.

A story about a company of traveling rats.

teamster, and it is wrong for any one to attempt to ride upon it without his consent.

No boy has a right to ride upon any person's sleigh, or cart, or carriage, or on any other vehicle whatever, without the owner's consent. Riding in that manner is stealing a ride ; and it is wrong to steal a ride, just as it is wrong to steal any thing else.

Beyond the oxen we see the tower of an ancient castle. The tower is round. There are battlements at the top of it. The battlements of a tower are made to protect the soldiers who are fighting to defend it. They consist of what is called a parapet—that is, a wall carried up a little way above the roof, with openings at regular intervals in it, where the men behind it can throw out their spears, or javelins, or shoot their arrows at the enemy.

XV.

THE RAT STORY.

ON the following page is an engraving which illustrates a story that I heard about two rats. I do not say that I believe it. I relate the story as I heard it, and leave it to each reader to determine for himself whether he will believe it or not.

A company of rats were going to migrate, as rats sometimes do, from one place to another. The way led them across a field, among bushes and ferns, on the margin of a wood. In respect to most of the party there was no difficulty ; but there was one rat in the company that was blind, and the question was how they were to lead him.

Picture of the two friends.



THE FRIENDS.

The sagacity of rats.

A South American hammock.

He had a friend among the rats that was very willing to lead him, if some way could be discovered of doing it. At last they contrived between them the plan represented in the engraving. It is not necessary to describe it. The engraving shows it very well.

In the distance we see the company of rats moving across the field. The blind one and his leader move more slowly than the rest, and so are left somewhat behind. In the middle of the view we see the lower part of one of the trees of the wood.

As I have already said, I leave it for the several readers of this book to decide for themselves whether to believe this story or not. I have often heard that rats are very sagacious, but for a rat that could see to devise and execute such a plan as this for leading a blind companion through a grassy field, would seem to require a good deal of practical benevolence as well as of sagacity, and I never heard that rats were particularly endued with the former quality.

XVI.

THE HAMMOCK.

TURN to the frontispiece, and you will see an engraving of the manner in which the ladies of some countries in South America repose in their hammocks in the middle of the day.

The hammocks used for such purposes as these are made of very rich and beautiful materials, and are highly ornamented with cords, tassels, and fringes of silk. They are suspended by means

How to swing in a hammock.

The fountain in the garden.

of rings from two strong hooks placed in the opposite walls of the room. They can be hooked and unhooked at pleasure.

When the hammock is hooked up in its place, the lady who wishes to repose in it sits in it or lies down in it, just as she pleases. Sometimes two ladies recline in the hammock at a time, as you see in the engraving. One of them, in this case, is looking at a book of engravings. The other has been fanning herself, and is now going to sleep.

When you are reclining in a hammock, you can either allow it to remain at rest, or you can swing it to and fro by moving your head as you sit in it. Sometimes the plan is adopted of having a cord attached to some fixed point in the middle of the room, opposite to the side of the hammock, and the lady who is reposing in the hammock swings herself to and fro by pulling the cord.

Besides the hammock, there is a luxurious sofa in the room represented in the engraving. On the opposite side of the room is a table, with fruit and other refreshments upon it. In front of this table is a small tabouret, with a musical instrument similar to a guitar leaning upon it.

In the back part of the room we see a wide window, of a very peculiar form, that opens out into a beautiful garden. There are trees in the garden, and a fountain. The water of the fountain falls into a broad, shallow basin, which is supported by a tall and slender stand.

A hammock is a very great source of comfort sometimes to a sick person, or, rather, to one who, though not very sick, is confined a long time to her room. The change even from a bed to a sofa often rests a patient very much, and when the hammock is

How to make a hammock.The pier at Ryde.

added to the resources of the chamber, a still greater relief is experienced by the sufferer.

It is very easy to make a hammock for such a purpose as this, by taking a sufficient quantity of brown linen, and gathering the ends together, and then attaching them, by means of a strong cord, to hooks in the walls of the room, as shown in the engraving. The patient can assume an almost infinite variety of attitudes in such a bed as this, for a hammock, when properly made, adjusts itself at once to the position which the person takes in it, whatever that position may be.

A hammock is a great means of comfort and amusement to a sick child—unless he is *too* sick. If he is what is sometimes called comfortably sick, he will like very much to lie in a hammock, and have his brother and sister rock him to and fro.

XVII.

T H E P I E R.

ON the southern coast of England and on the northern coast of France are many places where the water is quite shallow for a considerable distance from the land, while yet, in some other respects, the place is tolerably favorable for vessels to come in. In such cases they build out piers or breakwaters to a considerable distance, to make an artificial harbor.

The next engraving represents the pier at Ryde, on the Isle of Wight. It is built of timbers set into the sand at the bottom, and sloping inward at the top. Such timbers, driven thus into the

The pile engine.

Turning up the weight.

Dropping the weight.

ground, are called *piles*. They are driven down by means of a very curious and powerful engine, called a pile-engine. The pile-engine is built at the end of a very massive and heavy boat, so that it can be moved from place to place, wherever it may be wanted for driving a pile. It consists essentially of two tall timbers set upright, with a space between them. There are grooves in these timbers on each side, extending up and down from top to bottom. There is a monstrous iron weight, square, and very heavy, which slides up and down between the two upright timbers. It is kept in its place, in sliding up and down, by means of projections from it which fit into the grooves. There is a very strong rope or chain, which takes hold of a staple in the top of the weight, by means of a great pair of nippers, and then, passing over a pulley at the top of the engine, comes down to a windlass in the boat, so that the workmen in the boat, by turning the windlass, can wind up the weight. Before they wind it up, however, they bring the boat into such a position that the weight is exactly over the end of the pile which they wish to drive. When all is ready, the workmen turn the windlass, and thus draw up the weight. When the weight gets to the top, the outer ends of the nippers are drawn together by means of a contrivance fitted there for the purpose, and this causes the nippers to let the weight go. The ponderous iron then comes down with tremendous force upon the head of the pile, and drives it down a considerable distance into the mud or sand. Then the workmen let the chain down, and hook the nippers into the weight as before, and so draw up the weight again, and thus strike another blow. In this manner, after a while, they get the pile driven down far enough.

Building piers.

The design of a breakwater.

The light-house.

It is a very curious spectacle to see the pile-engine at work. You watch the operations of it with a great deal of interest. The weight goes creeping up very slowly between the two timbers, as fast as the workmen turn the windlass. When it gets to the top it is suddenly set free, and down it comes, striking the top of the pile with a tremendous concussion, and driving it down sometimes six feet at a single blow.

The piers and breakwaters that are constructed in the harbors which I am describing are made sometimes of piles and sometimes of solid masonry—that is, of walls of massive stone. Whenever the design is to protect the harbor from the force of the waves, it is necessary to build a solid breakwater; but a pier of piles is sufficient if the only object is to support a raised platform for convenience of landing from the vessels at a level above the reach of the tides.

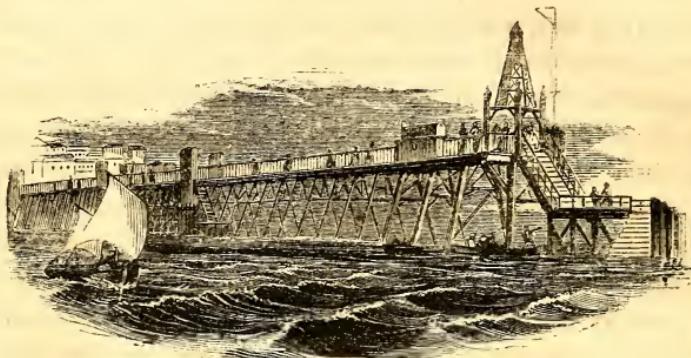
The next engraving is a pier built on piles. There is a platform above, which forms a promenade leading to and from the shore. The platform, besides serving for a promenade, supports a light-house. You can see the light-house at the end of the most elevated part of the pier. It is square at the bottom, but at a little distance from the bottom it tapers upward like a spire. The lantern, in which the light is kept burning, is on the top.

Beyond the light-house, on the right, we see a mast which serves as a flag-staff, and was used also for telegraph signals in former times, before the electric telegraph was invented.

There are steps leading up to these platforms from the water. These steps are of different elevations, to accommodate the rise and fall of the tides, and for boats of different sizes. At the very

Landing on the pier.

The steps to the water.



THE PIER AT RYDE.

end of the pier, toward the right, just at the edge of the picture, is the place for vessels to land their passengers and cargo when the tide is very low. The vessels are drawn up to the end of the pier, where you see a facing formed of piles driven down perpendicularly into the water. A plank is laid from the deck of the vessel to the lower platform—that is, the one where you see the lady and boy looking over the railing. From this lower platform the passengers from the vessel ascend the long flight of steps leading to the upper one, and there, at the top of the steps, they pass under the light-house, through a sort of arch formed of carpentry work in the square part of the frame.

When the passengers have thus reached the upper platform, they will walk straight along the whole length of it toward the town. We can see the houses of the town in the distance, at the left of the picture.

Let us now return to the outer end of the pier again. We see there a broad flight of steps leading down from the lower part of

The boats on the water.

The conversation of the persons in the boat.

the platform to the water. These steps are for a boat-landing. People coming in from the sea in boats could not get to the top of the platform from them, especially if the boats were small, without steps like these. The steps are made broad, because sometimes there are a number of boats coming in at a time, and then there will be many persons to ascend and descend. Besides, they might sometimes wish to take large things up and down.

In addition to the steps that we see in this staircase, there are more under the water. The steps extend down as far as the lowest tide, so that whatever may be the state of the tide, there shall always be steps level with the water.

There are no boats now at the stairs, but there are two near by. One of these contains four persons, and the other two. The one which has four persons is nearest. In this boat there is one man at the bows standing up. He is holding out his hand. He is talking to the woman and boy on the pier.

This is the conversation :

“We are going out on the water a little way,” says the man in the boat ; “would you like to go too ?”

“No,” says the woman, shaking her head. “No, I thank you.”

“Yes, mother, do !” says the boy. “Let us go.”

“No,” says his mother. “I’m afraid to go out on the water. The wind is fresh, and the waves are quite large. See.”

So saying, she points to the waves which you see in the picture in the foreground. They are not really very large, but the woman is timid, and does not like to go ; or, rather, she is wise ; for it is really somewhat dangerous to go out in small boats in ports like these, where steamers, and ships, and all sorts of vessels are con-

The sail-boat coming.

Promenading on the pier.

tinually coming and going. You are in great danger sometimes of getting run down.

There is a sail-boat coming now. We see her on the left side of the picture. She is coming down right before the wind, with both sails spread. She is headed for the steps. Very soon the sails will drop, and the boat will come to alongside the steps, and the men that are on board of her will ascend the pier and go toward the town.

Such a pier as this makes a very pleasant promenade in pleasant weather. The way is of course smooth and level, and as the platform of the pier is planked, it is never dusty or muddy. You are raised high above the water, too, and you have fine views of the vessels passing to and fro—some going out of the port to begin their voyage, and others coming in on their return. Then you also have fine views of the town and of the adjacent shores.

There are a great many people walking on this pier now. At the outer end of it, beneath the light-house, are several gentlemen leaning over the railings, and enjoying the prospect. Some of them are looking at the sail-boat which is coming in.

The little square structures which you see here and there on the pier, rising above the upper surface of it, are offices for watchmen, policemen, and custom-house tenders, who have business to do with the vessels that come in.

We see the buildings of the town in the distance on the side toward the land.

XVIII.

THE ORIENTAL SHOP-KEEPERS.

ORIENTAL means *Eastern*. The word is applied to the countries which lie to the eastward of Europe, along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. The term might properly be applied to any country which lies to the eastward of any other country. Thus Holland is, strictly speaking, oriental to England—that is, it lies to the eastward of it; and so Massachusetts is oriental in respect to Ohio. But the word is never used in this way. It is applied only to the countries which lie to the eastward of Europe, upon and beyond the eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

The people that live in these countries are generally Mohammedans, and all their customs are very peculiar. They travel across their deserts on camels. They live a great deal in tents. They smoke long pipes and wear very flowing robes.

There are many large cities in the Oriental countries, and the customs of these cities are in almost all respects different from those of the other cities of the world.

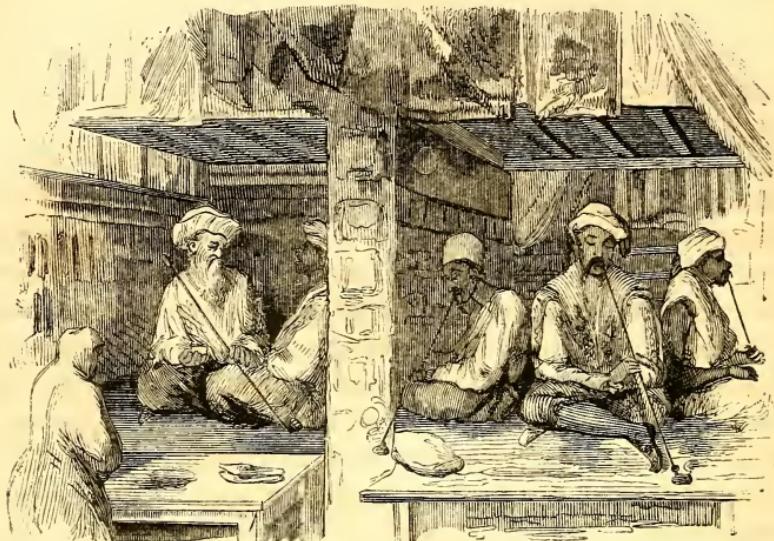
In the following engraving we see a representation of such shops as they have in Oriental cities. The shops are very small, and they open directly upon the streets. The floor of the shop is quite high, and the shop-keepers sit upon it cross-legged. They have no chairs. The Oriental people never sit on chairs.

The shop-keepers keep their goods on shelves, and in boxes and drawers in the back part of their shops. They sit cross-legged on the floor in front, smoking long pipes, while they are waiting

The taciturn shop-keepers.

Customers.

Pipes.



THE SHOP-KEEPERS.

for customers. Sometimes they talk together while they smoke, and sometimes they sit in silence, in a dreamy sort of condition, half sleeping, half waking.

In the picture we see two shops. In the one on the right are three shop-keepers. They are all smoking. They are silent. On the left there are two shop-keepers. These two are talking together. They have a customer, but they do not seem to be paying much attention to her.

They scarcely ever pay much attention to their customers. They answer their questions, but generally seem to care very little whether their customers buy their goods or not. The thing they seem to care most about is to have a good time smoking their pipes.

Walking on the sea-beach.

Smooth shores and rough shores.

Cliffs.

XIX.

THE SEA-SHORE.

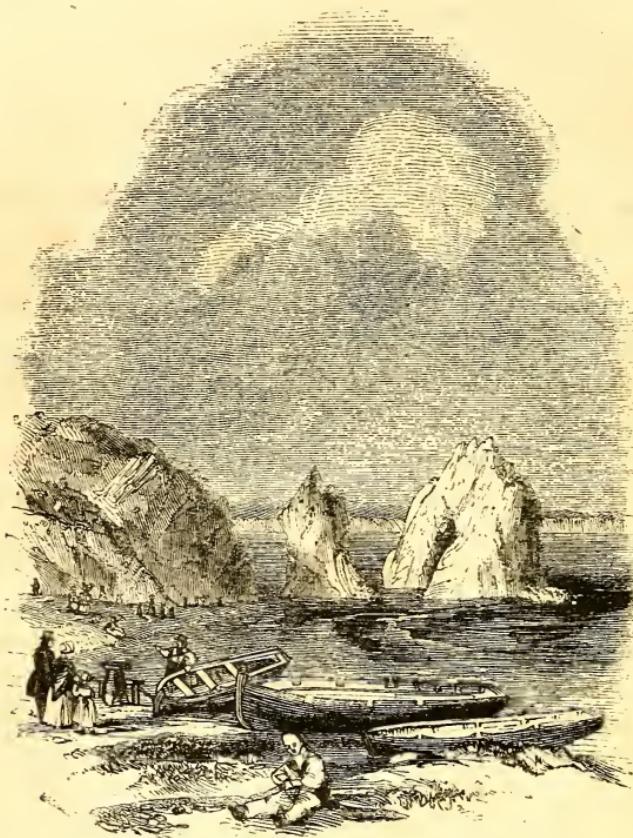
It is very pleasant to take a walk, on a bright summer morning, on the sea-shore. If the shore is sandy, you have usually a smooth and nearly level beach to walk upon. The beach would be perfectly level, only that it slopes gently toward the water. The waves coming in from the offing roll continually upon this beach, smoothing the sand as they advance and recede, and spreading their waters over it in a very singular and beautiful manner.

When the shore is rocky, the pleasure of walking upon it is often of a different kind, but it is, in many respects, greater than in the other case. The rocks have been worn into wild and picturesque forms by the action of the waves. All the softer portions have been washed and worn away by the incessant dash of the surges upon them for so many hundreds of years. The harder masses are left in the form of cliffs and projecting promontories, and steep and rugged pinnacles, which sometimes stand out detached from the shore, where the white foam of the breakers dashes perpetually around them.

In the next engraving we see a representation of such a scene. In the distance is a long line of cliffs. These cliffs are formed by the continual dashing of the sea against the base of them, by which means the rocks and sands at the bottom are worn away and washed off into deep water. As fast as the cliffs are thus undermined and washed away from below, the upper part falls down, and thus

How the water washes away the rocks.

The ragged rocks.



THE ROCKS.

the face of the rocks presents always a perpendicular wall toward the sea.

Nearer the foreground we see some ragged rocks stand high out of the water. The reason why these rocks remain, instead of

The boats and boatmen on the shore.

Row-locks.

Stopping a leak.

having been washed away like those on each side of them, is that they are harder in their texture, or are better fitted, for some other reason, to resist the action of the sea. The sea is calm now, though we can see the white foam breaking a little, here and there, against the shore. In great storms, however, the billows roll in grandly against these rocks, and thunder around them with tremendous power. If they had not been very hard and solid, they would have, long since, been beaten to pieces and washed away.

Nearer to us in the view is a beach, though it is not a very smooth one. The rocks which formerly stood here have been washed away entirely, and the fragments have been ground up to sand and spread along in a uniform slope, which rises gradually from the margin of the water. There are three boats drawn up upon this beach.

The middle boat is the largest. There are notches in the sides of it. These notches are made to put the oars in in rowing. They are called row-locks. There are three notches on each side, and by this we know that the boat is meant to be propelled by six oars. Near the stern are certain appearances pertaining to the interior furnishing of the boat, which look like row-locks, but they are not row-locks. The number of row-locks is only six. They never have row-locks near the stern.

The farther one of the three boats has sprung a leak, and the man who is standing by it has been at work to stop the leak. He has blocked the boat up by putting something under it, so that he can conveniently get at the place where the leak is, and he has been caulking the bottom there by driving oakum into the seams.

He is stopping from his work just now to speak to the gentle-

Asking the way.

Low tide and high tide.

Over the hill.

man and lady who are passing by. The gentleman has been asking him some questions about the way.

“Will you be kind enough to tell me,” said the gentleman, “if we can get round this rocky point before us by walking along on the beach below it?”

“No, sir,” said the boatman. “It is not safe for you to attempt to go round now. At low tide there is a beach wide enough to walk round upon, but the tide is coming up now, and if you attempt to go round you would be in great danger of getting caught by it.

“But there is a path back over the hills where you can go,” continued the boatman, “and so come down upon the beach again beyond the point. That will be the safest way for you to go now. Besides, there is a very fine prospect from the top of the hill, which you will like much to see.”

“Can I find the path easily?” asked the gentleman.

“Yes,” said the boatman. “It begins just by the side of that small house.”

You can see the boatman in the picture extending his hand to point out the way which he is describing to the gentleman. You can not, however, see the house or the path. They are not in sight in the picture.

In the foreground is a man sitting on the sand, without his hat. I do not know what he is doing.

XX.

THE VIADUCTS.

In constructing rail-roads through an uneven country, it is often necessary to cross valleys and ravines. There are two ways of doing this. One way is by building a sort of bridge. The other is by making an embankment.

An embankment is the best, provided it can easily be made, as it is more substantial and solid than a bridge. It is very expensive building rail-road bridges, on account of its being necessary to make them so strong. The locomotive itself is very heavy, and it goes, moreover, with such tremendous force, that it would shake any ordinary bridge to pieces in a very brief space of time. Every rail-road bridge, therefore, whether it leads over a stream of water or over a dry valley, must be made very massive and strong. Such a bridge is usually called a *viaduct*. An *aqueduct* is any structure made for the passage of water, either under ground or above it. A *viaduct*, on the other hand, is a structure made for the passage of a road.

In the following engraving we have a view of an immense viaduct on the Erie Rail-road. It is built up from the ground by means of piers and arches of solid masonry. When you first look at it in the engraving, you do not understand fully how large it is. It will help you, however, to conceive of the magnitude and the height of the structure if you look at the little group of men standing on the ground below it, and imagine that you were there

A train of cars are crossing the viaduct.

Another view.



MANY ARCHES.

among them looking up. The men are so small that you can hardly see them.

Look upon the top of the viaduct also, and see the train coming. There are nine cars, besides the locomotive and tender, and yet how short the train appears, compared with the whole length of the viaduct.

Observe, too, how massive and solid the structure is. The longest and heaviest train may pass over it at the highest possible speed without any danger.

In the next engraving we see another view of the same structure, taken from the opposite side. It is called the Starrucca via-

The Susquehanna River.

The houses on the bank.

duct. It is one of the greatest works of the kind in the country. The water which we see in this representation of it is the Susquehanna River. There is a boat upon the water, with two men in it. One of the men is rowing. The other is sitting in the stern.



ANOTHER VIEW.

Observe how small the houses appear that stand this side of the viaduct, at the foot of the piers. Imagine yourself at the top of one of these houses looking up to the arches of the viaduct, and you will obtain some idea of its immense magnitude and height.

Whether it is best to make an embankment, or build a viaduct of stone for a rail-road in crossing a valley, depends upon the height of the valley, and the comparative convenience of procur-

Another viaduct.

The chasm.

The express train.

ing earth for an embankment, or stones for a bridge. If the valley is very deep, and earth for an embankment can not easily be obtained, while, on the other hand, there is plenty of stone, then it is cheaper to build the viaduct of masonry. If, on the other hand, the valley is not very deep, and loose earth is plenty while stones are scarce, then it is better to make an embankment.

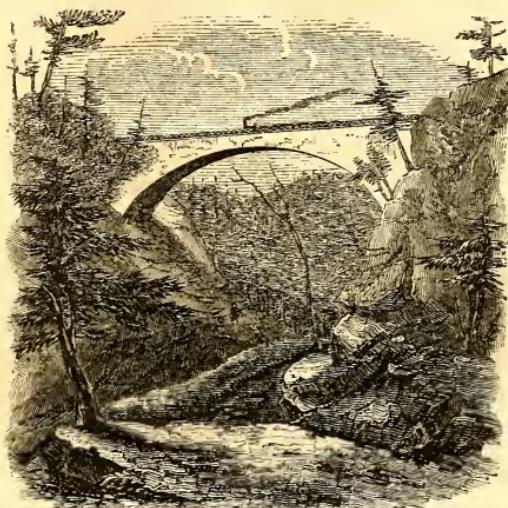
When the valley is very deep and narrow, the viaduct is sometimes made like a bridge across a river, of one single arch of stone.

Here we have a view of such an arch. Observe how small the train looks that is crossing it.

There is a man walking in a field under this arch. The immense train is thundering along immediately over his head, more than a hundred and

fifty feet above him. We see the smoke from the locomotive rising into the air. The express train is sometimes propelled at the rate of forty-five miles an hour.

The breadth of this arch, from one side to the other, across the ravine, is two hundred and fifty feet. The work cost seventy thousand dollars.



ONE ARCH.

The diving boatmen

How to dive with a stone.

XXI.

PEARL FISHING.

THE men in these boats are diving. There are, in all, five boats that can be distinctly seen. Besides these, there are one or two more that are so remote that they are almost wholly out of sight.



THE DIVERS.

all, we see a diver just plunging into the water. He is going down head foremost. He has a stone in his hands, which helps him very much in getting down. The stone, however, is under the water, so that we can not see it. If you try the experiment some time when you are swimming, you will find it much easier to go down to a great depth with a stone in your hands than if you have nothing. Of course, when you get to the bottom, you drop the stone and come up without it. You can easily find another, if you wish to repeat the experiment.

In each of the three boats that are nearest to us, we see that there are one white man and two black men belonging to it. One of the black men tends the boat, and the other dives.

In the boat which is nearest to us of

The pearls and the oysters.

The diver's oyster-bag.

In the next boat—that is, the one to the left—the diver is just coming up. He is taking hold of the edge of the boat with his hands, and is going to climb in.

In the case of the third boat—that is, the one to the right—the diver is down in the water. The other two men are waiting for him to come up.

These men are diving after oysters, in order to get the pearls out of them. Pearls grow in the body of the oyster, and they are of various sizes, from the bigness of a small shot to that of a large pea. They are very valuable.

The oysters in which the pearls grow live in very deep water. Common oysters grow in water that is not very deep, so that men can get them without diving for them. They fish them up with rakes made for the purpose. But the oysters in which the pearls grow live in water fifty or sixty feet deep, and it is necessary to dive for them.

The divers, besides the stone, carry down a bag which is fastened about their body. As soon as they get to the bottom, they begin to pull off the oysters from the rocks, and cram them as fast as possible into their bag. They pull off as many as they possibly can, and, when they find that they can not hold their breath any longer, they leave the stone and the bag, and come up to the boat. They catch hold of the side of the boat with their hands, and then, after stopping a moment to recover their breath, they climb in.

The bag, with all the oysters that are in it, would now be lost, were it not that there is a long cord fastened to it, one end of the cord being in the boat. By this cord the black man that remains

Pulling up the oyster-bag.

Divers holding their breath.

ed in the boat pulls the bag up, with all the oysters in it. When the party have finished the day's fishing, they take all the oysters to the shore, and open them there, and find the pearls.

The divers, by continued practice, acquire the art of remaining under the water quite a long time. They generally stay down as long as two minutes. If you observe by a clock or a watch how long a period of time two minutes is, you will find that it is a great while to hold one's breath. If you hold your breath only a quarter of a minute, you will find you are beginning to feel quite uncomfortable.

And yet some divers are said to remain under water *five* minutes.

The divers are very much afraid of the sharks. If any of them see one, he gives the alarm to all the boats, and all the divers scramble out of the water as fast as they can.

The greatest pearl fishery in the world is on the coast of Ceylon.

XXII.

THE NORWEGIAN AND THE BEAR.

THE man in the next engraving is a Norwegian—that is, he lives in Norway. He is a traveler. He is passing on foot by a path through the mountains, to save traveling a longer distance by the road. They told him it was not safe for him to go that way.

“Why not?” said he.

“There are bears about,” said they.

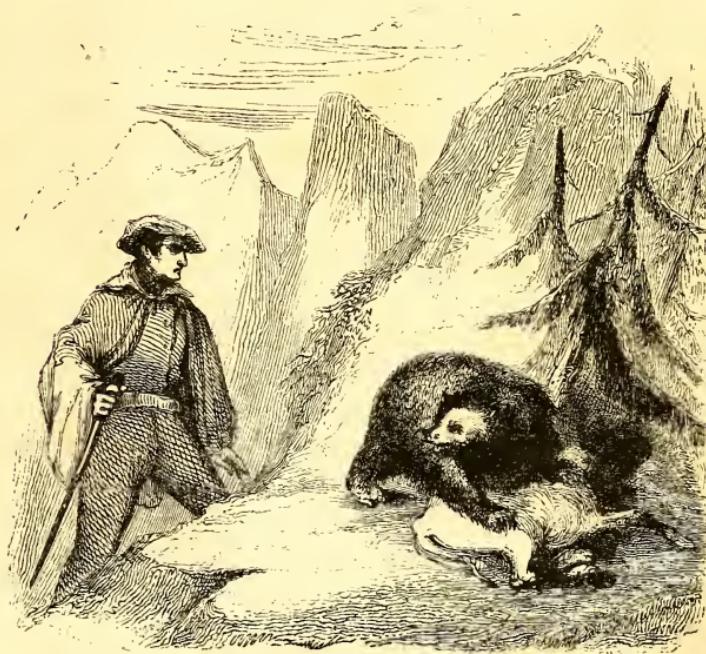
“How do you know?” asked the traveler.

The traveler in Norway.

The Norwegian bears.

“Because,” said the people, “they have carried off some of our sheep and our calves.”

A bear, when he is hungry, will break into a barn, or any other such inclosure where he thinks there are sheep or calves. If he finds that there are any there, he seizes the first one that comes in his way, kills it, and carries it off into the mountains. There he seeks some wild and solitary place, as, for example, a chasm in the rocks, or the cover of some dark evergreens or pines, and devours his prey at his leisure.



THE BEAR.

The bear disturbed at his dinner.

The traveler, in ascending the path at a point where it leads around the point of a rock, has come suddenly upon a bear, in a very lonely place, to which the monster has retreated in order to devour a calf which he has borne away from some farmer's yard down in the valley. He growls terrifically when he sees a man coming, for he supposes that he has come to disturb him in the possession of his prey. But the man will not disturb him. He thinks only of his own safety. He will shrink back again as soon as possible round the rocks, and go as fast as he can down the valley. If he had a gun he would shoot the savage monster, but he has nothing but his staff, and it would be wholly useless to attack the bear with such a weapon as that.

The bear will not attack the man if the man will leave him alone. He is satisfied with the prey he has already secured, and wishes for nothing but to be allowed to feast upon it in peace.

Instead, therefore, of springing at the man, as we might, perhaps, have supposed that he would do, he keeps his paws upon the carcase of the calf, as if he feared that the man was coming to take his prey away. He turns his head, and growls at the traveler, it is true, but he does not attempt to go to him. As soon as the man has gone back behind the rock again, the bear will proceed with his work of devouring his prey, and will think no more of the interruption.

The kitten and the swallows.Chasing a grasshopper.

XXIII.

THE TWO COMBATS.

THE first of the two combats is a battle between a kitten and two swallows. The kitten is out in a field among the grass and rushes. The swallows are attacking her. The reason why they are attacking her is that they saw her attempting to catch one of their young swallows.

One would suppose that birds so small as swallows could not do a kitten any serious damage ; but they can tease and torment her a great deal, by picking at her with their sharp bills. They may, perhaps, even pick her eyes out. If you wish to understand how closely the poor kitten is beset by her tormenting enemies, just look at the picture.

The kitten has a ribbon round her neck. The ribbon is tied in a pretty bow underneath. She is the favorite kitten of her mistress—a girl named Sarah Jane. Sarah Jane lived in a house not far from the field where you see the kitten in the picture. The kitten usually plays about the yards and garden of the house, but now she has strayed away from the house to some distance, and so has got into difficulty.

The way it happened that the kitten strayed away so far from the house was this : She was playing in the bottom of the garden, jumping after a grasshopper which she saw on the margin of a border of flowers, when all at once her eyes fell upon a little bird that was perched upon the fence near by. She immediately de-

Picture of the swallows and the kitten.



THE SWALLOWS AND THE KITTEN

The old birds are very careful to defend the young bird.

termined to catch this bird, if she could. So she set off in pursuit of it. The bird hopped down from the fence, and went off through the grass into a field. The kitten scrambled up immediately to the top of the fence by means of one of the posts, in order to see where the bird had gone.

She saw it in the grass at a short distance before her. She immediately jumped down and ran through the grass toward it. The little bird was now much frightened, and began to chirrup very loud, in order to call for help from the old birds, knowing that they were near. While doing this, however, she fluttered on through the grass, followed by the kitten, until they were both out of sight of the garden fence.

In the mean time, the old birds, hearing the cries of their young one, hastened to the spot, and, seeing the kitten there, they flew upon her, and attacked her with the utmost fierceness. The kitten is now, as seen in the engraving, in the midst of her trouble. The little bird has made its escape to a place of safety, and the old ones are determined to pick the kitten's eyes out, if it is a possible thing.

The kitten, though much larger and stronger than the birds, has no means of defending herself from them. Her wisest course is to turn short about, and run as fast as she can run back to the house, and be careful not to get enticed away again beyond the limits of her own proper range, to catch little birds.

The other combat to be described in this article is a much more serious one. It is a combat between a troop of wild horses and a pack of wolves. The wolves are gaunt and hungry, and very

Picture of the horses and wolves



HORSES AND WOLVES

The wolves attacking the troop of horses.

Mountain birds.

ferocious. The troop of horses were coming through a narrow pass among the mountains, in order to find some new place of pasturage, when the head of the column was met and attacked by the troop of wolves. The horses that are attacked can not retreat, for the way is blocked up by the other horses that are coming on. They are thus thrown into confusion by the wolves, and are running this way and that, not knowing what to do. Observe how terrified they look. Even those that are at a distance appear alarmed, though they do not yet know what is the matter.

The wolves will probably kill a few of the foremost horses, and the rest will make their escape. Then the wolves will have a feast on the bodies of those that they have killed.

XXIV.

THE BIRDS OF PREY.

MOUNTAINOUS countries have their birds as well as their beasts of prey. What the bear and the wolf are to the earth, the vulture, the eagle, the lammergeir, and the condor are to the air.

These birds of prey live upon the summits of the loftiest mountains, and the duty for which they were made is to devour the body of every animal that dies within the range of their flight. To this end they soar in circles at a vast height in the air, surveying the whole surface of the ground, and when they see the body of any animal that has died, or been killed by any accident, they pounce down upon it and devour it. They pull the flesh to pieces with their claws and with their hooked beak.

The vulture.

The condor.

The lammergeir.

The chamois.

When they do not find any animal already dead, they attack some living one, and kill and then devour it. They sometimes pounce in this way upon a sheep, or a lamb, or a kid, or some other animal too weak or timid to resist them. Sometimes they seize and devour some other bird which they find flying in the air.

The vultures that live among lofty mountains are of enormous size. Some of them are said to measure fifteen or eighteen feet from the tip to tip of their wings when they are flying—that is, their wings would extend from one side to the other of quite a large room.

The great vulture of the South American mountains is called the condor. The condor is one of the largest and most powerful birds in the world.

The lammergeir of the Alps explores all the loftiest and most desolate mountain peaks in search of prey. Sometimes he alights on some lofty pinnacle on the rocks. Sometimes he wheels in great circles round and round, high in the air, scrutinizing carefully every valley and glen, every rocky slope and mountain shelf, in hopes of seeing some animal, dead or dying, that he can make his prey.

There is a little animal called the chamois—a species of goat—that climbs to vast heights in search of grass and herbage. In these lofty regions the chamois sometimes die, and then the lammergeirs seize them. Sometimes they get to a place so high and inaccessible that they can not find their way down again, and they die there. Occasionally they fall and are killed. And then often they are shot by hunters, and fall into places where the hunters can not recover them. In all these cases their bodies become the prey of the lammergeirs, who are always on the watch for them.

The vulture on the Alps.

The mountain scenery.

Here we have a picture of the great vulture of the Alps carrying off and pulling to pieces a bird which he has taken. His vic-



THE GREAT VULTURE.

tim is quite a large bird, but he himself is very much larger. He holds his prey with his claws, and is pulling him to pieces with his beak as he flies through the air. How lofty is his flight! He is above the tops of the tallest trees that grow among the peaks of the mountains. Observe the frightful chasms that lie below him.

The hunter with a bow and arrows.

Difference between a gun and a bow.

At some distance on the left we see a group of men watching him. One of the men is armed with a bow and arrow, and is taking aim at a bird. But the arrow will never reach him at such a height.

Bows and arrows were used a great deal in former times, both for hunting and in war. It is curious to observe that, in the case of the bow and arrow, every thing depends upon the strength of the man who uses it. It is very different with the gun, for in the case of the gun it is the explosion of the powder which impels the bullet, and the speed with which the missile flies will accordingly be just the same, whether the trigger is pulled by a weak man or a strong man. But the impetus given to the arrow is derived from the elastic force with which the bow straightens itself after being bent, and this depends altogether upon the force which the archer uses in bending it. Thus a large and strong boy, with the same bow, will throw an arrow much farther than a smaller and weaker one.

Beyond the group of men we see a forest of evergreen trees clinging to the side of the mountain. The reason why the forest is of that form is because it grows in along the course of a narrow dell that is formed by a stream of water which flows there down the mountain side. The little dell is somewhat sheltered, and the brook which flows through it waters the ground, so that the trees grow more readily there than on the bare and open slopes of the mountain.

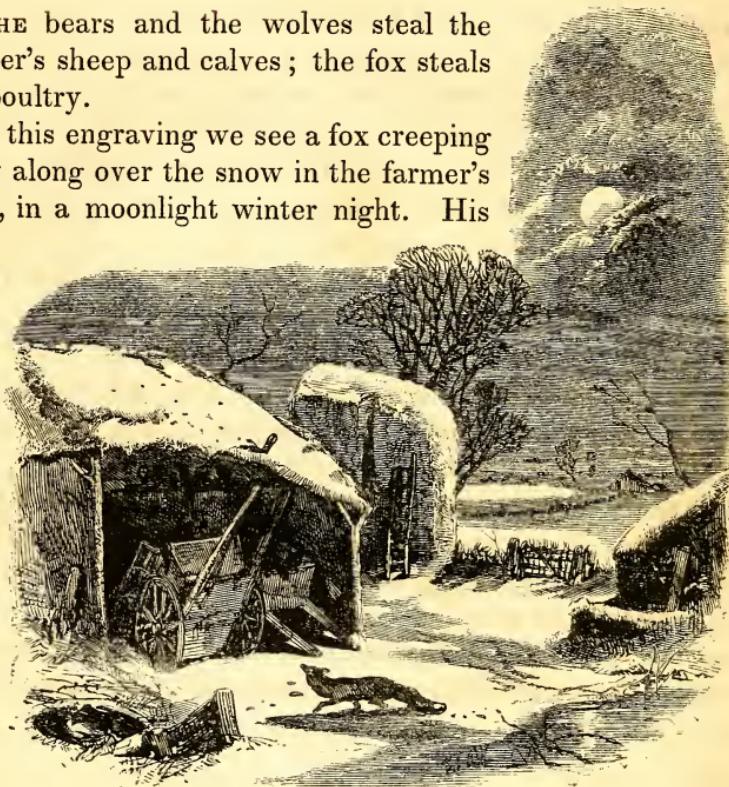
The prowling fox in the farm-yard.

XXV.

THE FOX.

THE bears and the wolves steal the farmer's sheep and calves ; the fox steals his poultry.

In this engraving we see a fox creeping slyly along over the snow in the farmer's yard, in a moonlight winter night. His



PROWLING AT NIGHT.

object is to get some of the poultry which you see sleeping on their

What the fox is after.

The hay-stacks.

Moonlight.

perch under the eaves of the shed. The birds are sound asleep, I suppose, and do not know that the fox is coming. He will climb up softly and silently on the cart, and then, reaching up from the edge of it, will seize one of the hens, and run off as fast as possible. This will wake up all the other hens and the rooster, and they will make a great outcry ; but it will be too late, for the fox will be gone before the farmer can come out to rescue the victim.

There are two carts under the shed. The shafts of one of them are down upon the ground, those of the other are turned up. The shed is a very rude and simple structure, made only to shelter the carts from the snow and the storms.

Beyond the shed is a portion of a hay-stack. The farmers in the country in which this view is taken do not stow their hay in barns, but make a great stack of it in the open air. From this stack they cut the hay as they require it. They use a ladder to climb up. You see the ladder in the picture leaning against the side of the stack, and also that the further end of it is square, having been cut down as the hay has been required. The other end—the one this way—is rounded, being in its original form. Behind the stack of hay are some trees. The branches of these trees are bare, because it is winter.

The moon is shining in the sky. Observe how beautifully the edges of the clouds are fringed by the light of its beams.

How the boys built the snow man.

Attacking the enemy.

XXVI.

THE SNOW MAN.

In this engraving we have another winter scene, only it is a scene of sport instead of one of prowling and plunder.

The boys have been making a snow man. The image is, however, more than twice as high as the boys' heads. How do you suppose they could contrive to reach up so high, to put on the man's head, and finish it in such good shape?

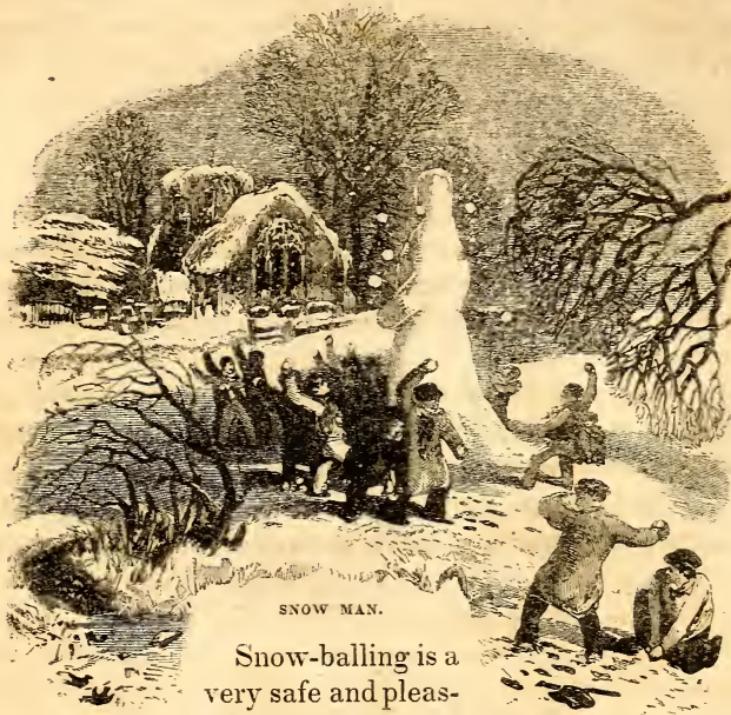
The way they managed was this. They built up a piece against the man's back to stand upon. They made a large block of snow there—large enough for a step to stand upon, and high enough to enable a boy standing upon it to reach to the man's head. This boy in the foreground, who is just throwing a snowball, was the one who stood up on this support to put on the head. His name is Ingalls. When he had got up upon the step, the other boys lifted a large ball of snow up to him, and he placed it on the shoulders of the image for a head. He then shaped it properly, and smoothed down the neck as you see:

When his work was finished, he got down from the step, and then cut the snow which formed the step away, or, rather, he sloped and smoothed it off so as to make it look like a flowing robe.

The boys have concluded to consider this monster as an enemy, and they are, accordingly, attacking him with great energy. They are pelting him with snowballs on every side.

Snow-balling each other.

Enemies in play and enemies in earnest.



Snow-balling is a
very safe and pleas-
ant amusement so

long as a snow image is the enemy, but it is attended with some danger when the boys make enemies of each other. In such cases, though you begin by being enemies in play, you are very apt to end in earnest.

Look in the foreground of the picture, and you will see Ingalls and another boy, named Crown, who are engaged in throwing snowballs, not against the image, but against two of their com-

Ingalls and Crown.

The snow-birds.

Indian comfort.

panions that stand near the foot of the image. These four boys have allowed their attention to become diverted from the common enemy, and they have turned to combating one another. Ingalls is just throwing a ball. Crown is kneeling down upon the snow, making more balls for him. Ingalls is the strongest, and can throw better, and so Crown does not throw any himself, but is occupied in supplying Ingalls with ammunition. If these four boys are not careful, they will soon get into a quarrel. It is much better that they should cease throwing at each other, and direct their hostility altogether against the great gray giant that stands before them.

In the background of the picture we see an ancient and venerable church, the roof and the tower half buried in the snow.

There are two pretty little snow-birds in the foreground on the left. Ingalls has just caught sight of them, and is going to throw his snowball at them. Fly away, snow-birds ! Fly away, quick !

XXVII.

SAVAGES IN THEIR WIGWAM.

WE see in the opposite engraving a picture of a family of Indian savages in their wigwam on a rainy day. When the weather is pleasant, they all remain out of doors ; but when it rains, or is very cold, they must seek shelter within, although there is very little of what we should consider comfort to be found in their wigwams.

The framework of the wigwam is made of poles set into the

How to make a wigwam.

The Indian's chimney.



THE INTERIOR.

ground. The poles lean inward above, so that the tops of them come together. The frame, thus formed, is covered on the outside with the bark of trees, or with the skins of beasts, or with whatever other covering the Indians find it most easy to obtain. The fire is made in the middle of the wigwam. There is an opening in the top, near where the ends of the poles come together, for the smoke to go out. We can not see this opening in the engraving, but we can see the fire, with the kettle upon it, in the foreground of the picture.

Hanging the kettle.

Indians are indolent.

The baby.

The kettle is supported over the fire by three sticks set in the ground around it. The upper ends of the sticks are joined together over the fire, and the kettle is suspended from the place of junction.

The old Indian himself, the head of the family, is still on the ground by the side of the fire, on the right hand, as seen in the picture. On the other side of the fire is his wife, or his *squaw*, as he calls her. *Squaw* is the Indian name for wife. The squaw in this wigwam is lying down in a very awkward attitude, and is smoking a long pipe.

Behind, in the back part of the wigwam, are three children. The oldest is a girl. She is sitting down. We can only see her head and shoulders. To the left of her is a boy. He is standing up, with his hands crossed before him. Neither he nor the girl have any thing to do. They do not wish to have any thing to do. They are content to be still. A boy or girl of our race would not be contented to be shut up in this way in a wigwam, with nothing to do, but these Indian children are. It is their nature.

The most curious object in the wigwam, after all, is the baby. The baby is fastened to a flat board, which serves for a cradle. There is a handle attached to the upper part of this board to lift it and move it about by. They take hold of this handle, and lift the board, baby and all, by it, and move it about wherever they please, as you would a basket. If other savages come to attack them, and they have to fly, the squaw seizes this board by the handle, and runs away with the baby to a place of safety.

Such a contrivance as this is much more convenient for the savages than a cradle would be. They could not find a smooth

Contentment of the Indian baby.

The nature of the savages.

place on the floor of their wigwam to rock a cradle, nor could they move a cradle about from place to place so easily as they can a board like this.

The baby lies very quietly bound down to the board. A child of our race would not be quiet in such a condition. But the Indian child is contented and happy with mere existence, provided his bodily wants are supplied. This is his nature.

The savages in their huts suffer sometimes a great many hardships and privations, but we must not suppose that their lot is, on the whole, an unhappy one. God makes no animal and no man for misery. The various races of men are all fitted for different conditions of social life, and each is provided with a nature and faculties adapted to his own. The Indians are a race of beings contrived expressly for the purpose of living on the wild beasts that they can hunt and kill in the great forests, or on the boundless plains of new and wild regions. They are endued, therefore, with natures that fit them for the life they must lead. They have great powers of endurance, and little sensibility. They love to roam through the woods, and to hunt, and fish, and set traps for game. They can not understand the pleasure of living in houses, and cities, and sleeping in beds, and reading books, and making fashionable visits. They like freedom better, and the open air; and for amusement, when it rains, they sometimes tell stories to each other of their conflicts with bears or wolves, or of fights with other savages, their enemies; but generally they are contented and happy to sit still, saying nothing and doing nothing. We could not be happy thus, but they can. It is their nature.

Indians always lead a very roving life. This is necessary; for,

Wanderings of the Indians.How to build canoes.

since they depend for their living on the game which they take in the woods, they are obliged to move often from place to place to find game. At one time of the year game may be plenty in one region, and at another time of the year in another. Accordingly, when they find game scarce in the place where they are, they are obliged to move away to some new place.

It would be of no use, therefore, for them to have houses of brick or stone, or even of wood like ours, nor to possess solid and substantial furniture. For then, when the time came for them to move to some new place, what could they do with all these things?

So, instead of having solid and substantial houses, they build wigwams, making the frame-work of poles, and covering the frames with whatever is most convenient. Sometimes they cover their wigwams with broad sheets of birch bark. These sheets of birch bark are very thin, and can be rolled up like cloth. The Indians use birch bark for the covering of their wigwams when they live on the banks of lakes or rivers, so that they can go from place to place with canoes. Then, when they wish to remove, they take off the sheets of birch bark from their wigwams, and roll them up as we should roll up a piece of carpeting. These rolls they put into their canoes, and so take them with them wherever they wish to go.

When they reach the place where the new encampment is to be, they take the rolls of birch bark out of their canoes, in order to use them again for the covering of new wigwams. They look out among the trees growing near the spot for tall and slender stems to serve as poles. These they cut down, and make a frame

The scene at an Indian encampment.

What the Indian boy has to study.

of them. This frame they proceed to cover with the birch bark. Thus the covering of their wigwams is the same as it was before, though the frame is new. They make a new frame at every new place where they go.

If you were to go and visit one of these encampments in a bright day in summer, you would think that the Indian life would seem to be quite a pleasant one. The wigwams would be in some cool and shady place in the margin of a wood, near a river. There would, perhaps, be a spring of cool water near. The little Indian children would be playing in the grass in the sun. The older boys would be making bows and arrows, or going off on excursions into the woods around, trying to shoot squirrels, or other small game; or they might be setting traps to catch foxes, or minks, or any other animals, such as would yield a valuable fur. Perhaps you would take a walk with them into the woods to see them hunt, or to examine the traps which they had set, to see if they had caught any thing.

Learning to do these things is the education of the Indian boy. Making bows and arrows, and going into the woods to shoot squirrels, or to set traps for minks and musquashes, is to him what going to school is to you. He learns by these things how to get his living when he becomes an Indian man.

This is a much pleasanter way of going to school too, it must be acknowledged, especially on a pleasant summer day, than being confined to a desk all the morning, and required to learn lessons in Arithmetic or Geography.

But the thing to be considered is this—that though such training as Indian boys get in the woods may be in some respects more

The savage girl and the civilized girl.

The Penobscot Indians.

agreeable to the boy himself, while learning, than to study books in school-rooms, yet the education that you obtain in the latter way is infinitely more valuable than the other when it is once acquired. Look back, for example, at the picture, and see the girl who sits next to the baby in the back part of the hut. She has nothing to do, and her thoughts and feelings are almost in a torpid state. It is true that she is contented enough, I suppose, in this condition, for her nature has never been cultivated or developed for any thing higher. But suppose it had been so cultivated, and that she was seated in a pleasant room, in a comfortable chair, and by the side of a cheerful fire, with an entertaining book in her hand, how much happier she would be !

It is much better to go to school and learn to read, and write, and calculate, and thus become intelligent, cultivated, and refined, even though the work should sometimes require hard study, than to spend one's life without knowing any thing but how to set traps for foxes, or how to shoot bears.

Although it would, in the end, not be a very agreeable thing for one of us to be brought up like an Indian, and to live like one all our days, it is very pleasant to go and visit them sometimes in their wigwams in a summer's day. I know two boys who went one day to see an Indian encampment on the banks of the Androscoggin, in Maine.

The Indians were of the Penobscot tribe. This was quite a large and important tribe in former times. The River Penobscot, one of the largest rivers in Maine, was named by them, and they were called the Penobscot Indians, because they lived on the banks of that river. The tribe, however though it was once

The boys who went to see the Indians.

The encampment.

Solmon.

large, has gradually dwindled away, until at last the number that are left is very small. The few that remain make excursions from time to time to other parts of Maine, especially along the rivers. They navigate the rivers in their birch bark canoes. These birch bark canoes are very ingenious.

The two boys that I am speaking of went to see some of the Penobscot Indians at a time when they were making an excursion on the Androscoggin River. The Indians were encamped on the bank of the river. They came there to see if they could not catch some wild animals, and also to sell some baskets which they had made.

The two boys lived at this time in a neighboring town, and hearing that the Indians had come, they went to the place of their encampment to see them.

The wigwams were built on the bank of the river, in a very retired but pleasant place, under the shade of some pines. There was a smooth and grassy level in front of the wigwams, extending to the edge of the water, and a number of Indian children were playing upon it at the time when the boys arrived there. Some of them were shooting arrows.

The wigwams were covered with sheets of birch bark. There were some boats, too, made of birch bark, laid bottom upward under the trees, behind the wigwams. These boats, though pretty large, are very light ; so much so, that when one of them comes to the shore, and the passengers get out of it, the Indian who paddled it can lift it up out of the water, and carry it away under the trees, where it will be safe from injury.

There was an Indian boy at the encampment named Solmon.

Going to examine the traps.

Solomon's canoe.

Sailing.

He was about eighteen years old. He said that he was going to take a boat and go down the river about a mile, to a certain island, in order to look at his traps, and see if he had caught any thing, and he invited the two boys who had come to visit the wigwams to go with him. They said that they should be very glad indeed to go with him.

So Solomon went round behind the wigwams, and, turning one of the boats over, he took it up by means of a small round bar which passed across from one side to the other, in the manner of a thwart, and threw it up over his head. Then he walked off toward the water with the boat on his head, as if it had been an enormous cap, pointed before and behind. When he reached the water, he put the boat down in it. Then he took his paddle in his hand, and, holding the boat steady, he directed the two boys to get in.

“You must get in very carefully,” said he, “and sit down in the bottom of the boat, and keep perfectly still there, or else the boat will upset.”

Solomon could talk English quite well.

The two boys got into the boat, and then Solomon himself stepped in and pushed off, and the boat began rapidly to glide away down the stream. Solomon propelled the boat by means of the paddle, but he said it would not do for the boys to move from their places.

“If you get up and move at all,” said he, “the boat will upset.”

So the boys remained in their places on the bottom of the boat, and sat perfectly still.

They had a very pleasant sail. The boat went swiftly through

The traps upon the island.

Story of the sturgeon that frightened the boating party.

the water, and the shores of the river presented every where very charming views. At length they reached the island. They landed on the beach, and Solmon, taking up his boat, carried it under the trees of the forest there, and hid it in a secure place. Then he went to look at his traps. There were four or five traps that had been set in different places, and Solmon went to all of them, but he found that he had not caught any thing in any of them.

The traps were made of sticks set up in a curious way, by means of notches in them, so as to support the end of a heavy log which rested upon them. The contrivance was such, that when any animal went into the trap, the log would fall down upon him and crush him.

After Solmon and the boys had looked at all these traps, and found that there was nothing in them, they got into the canoe again, and came back up the river to the wigwam.

On the way back, one of the boys came very near upsetting the boat by turning round suddenly to look at something over the water which the other boy was pointing out to him.

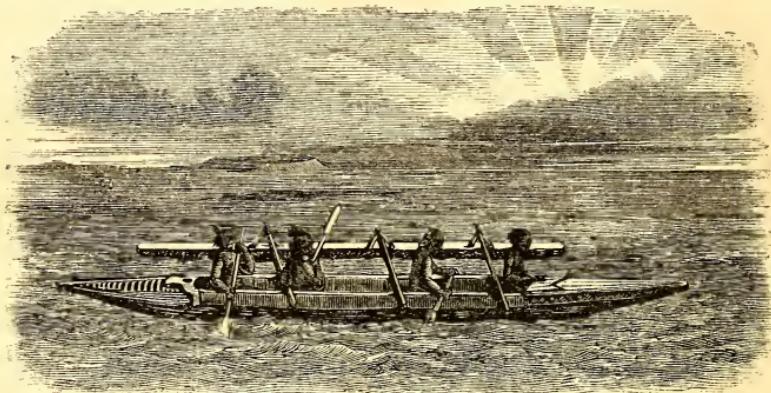
Boats are often upset in this way, by the passengers in them starting up suddenly, or leaning over all together to one side. The possibility of such an occurrence as this is what makes it so dangerous to go out in a boat too much loaded.

For example, a party once went out to take a sail on a river. While they were sailing along very pleasantly, not dreaming of danger, a sturgeon happened to jump very near the boat. This frightened them so much that they screamed out, and crowded over all together to the farther side, so that the boat was upset. Fortunately, however, they all escaped safe to land.

The savages' outrigger.

Why the outrigger prevents the boat from upsetting.

Some savages have a curious contrivance to prevent their canoes from upsetting. Here is a picture of one of these contrivances.



THE OUTRIGGER.

ances. Parallel to the boat, and at a little distance from it, is a beam of wood that floats upon the water. This beam is called an outrigger. It is fastened to the boat by means of poles which extend across from it to the boat, and are properly fastened. By this contrivance the boat is prevented from rolling. It can not roll toward the left without pressing the outrigger down into the water. On the other hand, it can not roll to the right without lifting the outrigger out of the water. Now the pressing of the outrigger down into the water is prevented by its buoyancy, and the lifting of it up by its weight, so that the boat can not roll either way.

In fact, the outrigger is a very skillful contrivance, and it does great credit to the ingenuity of the savage boat-builders.

The causes of inundations on the sea-shore.

On the rivers.

XXVIII.

— INUNDATIONS.

INUNDATIONS are caused in various ways.

In all places near the sea shore, inundations, when they occur, are almost always caused by storms driving the water of the sea in, and heaping it up, as it were, all along the coast toward which the wind blows. Storms will sometimes raise the whole surface of the water in this way four or five feet, and if this occurs at a time when the tide is high, it causes an inundation. If it occurs, on the other hand, when the tide is low, it does comparatively little harm.

On the same principle, it often happens, in the case of a long lake, that the water is several feet higher at the end toward which the wind blows than it is at the other end.

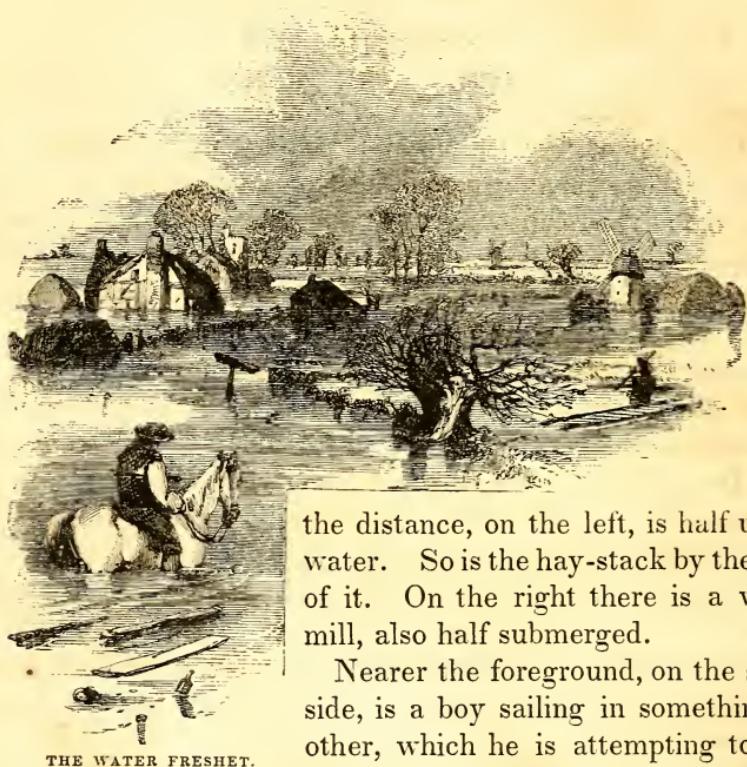
When the water is raised in this manner along a shore by the action of a storm, it of course flows up into the mouths of the rivers, and of the creeks and streams that flow into the sea in that region, and so spreads over all the low lands adjoining them. Thus are inundations caused near the sea.

In a river, especially in those parts of its course which are distant from the sea, they are caused by rains among the mountains where the rivers rise, or by the melting of the snows in the spring. If the water produced by the rain or by the melting snow comes so fast that it can not flow off through the ordinary channel of the river, it spreads over the surrounding country and inundates it.

The scene in the freshet.

The boy in a tub.

Here we have a picture of such an inundation. The house in



the distance, on the left, is half under water. So is the hay-stack by the side of it. On the right there is a wind-mill, also half submerged.

Nearer the foreground, on the same side, is a boy sailing in something or other, which he is attempting to use as a boat. It seems to be a tub. He

is trying to push himself along with a stick. There is a ladder floating in the water near him. This ladder is one that was set up against one of the hay-stacks which you see near the mill, but it was carried away by the water, and has been floated to the place where we now see it.

Going to the rescue.

Inundations do good.

The man on horseback was intending to go to the rescue of the family that lived in the house. He is looking to ascertain if he can see any thing of the people at the windows or on the roof. But he can not. The fact is that they have all gone away in a boat in the other direction. When he is satisfied that there is nobody there, he will try to make his way to the boy in the tub.

Very near, in the foreground, are some planks, and also a bottle and an apple, floating in the water. They came from some house.

This inundation comes from the water which fell in rains in the summer. Inundations in the winter are much more dangerous than in summer, for then the people who are exposed to them are almost certain to perish from the cold, unless they are very speedily rescued.

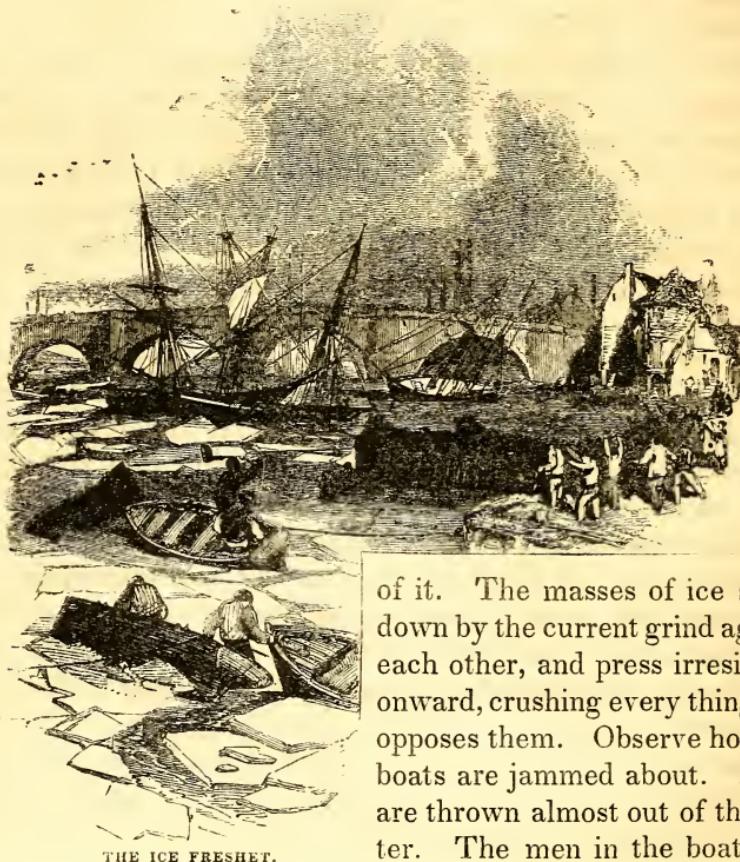
Inundations often do a great deal of damage; but then, on the other hand, they *always* do a great deal of good by fertilizing the ground which they overflow. The broad intervals and meadows which lie along the margins of great rivers are almost always covered with a very rich and productive soil, and this soil is produced by the successive inundations of the river. The water, at the time of these overflows, is always turbid, and when it subsides, it leaves a fine and very rich sediment over the whole surface of the land, in consequence of which the crops of the ensuing season are far richer and more abundant than they otherwise would have been.

Ordinarily, too, these floods come in the winter or in the spring, when there are no crops upon the ground to be damaged by them. And as to the buildings of the farmers—their houses, their barns, and their granaries—they usually take care to place them on ground high enough to be out of the reach of the water.

Floating ice in a winter freshet.

The jam.

Besides, a winter inundation breaks up the ice which covers the surface of the river, and then the great blocks of ice are swept along with prodigious force and in dreadful confusion against every thing that comes in their way. This engraving gives a view



of it. The masses of ice swept down by the current grind against each other, and press irresistibly onward, crushing every thing that opposes them. Observe how the boats are jammed about. Some are thrown almost out of the water. The men in the boats are

Vessels in danger.

Ice on the ocean.

Icebergs.

trying to save them, but I think they will not succeed. Even the vessels are in danger. The pressure of the great blocks against the sides of them may do them great damage.

A crowd of men have collected on the shore to witness the movement of the ice. Some of them are shouting to the men in the boats and in the vessels.

Vessels are often in great danger from cakes of floating ice at sea, especially in making the passage from America to Europe. For about a thousand miles of the voyage, after leaving New York or Boston, the track of the ship is protected on the north by the shores of Maine, of New Brunswick, and of Newfoundland. After passing Cape Race, however, which is the southern cape of Newfoundland, the ship comes out from this shelter to a place where the sea is open all the way to Baffin's Bay and to the poles. Here, at certain seasons of the year, particularly in the middle of the summer, streams of floating ice are encountered coming down from the north, and covering the surface of the sea, sometimes for hundreds of miles, in every direction, and ships getting into the pack are often crushed and destroyed.

Sometimes, instead of large fields of flat ice, immense mountainous masses appear, rising in peaks and pinnacles high above the water, and extending down hundreds of feet below. These mountains of ice are called icebergs. They are often found aground on the banks of Newfoundland, hundreds of miles from the shore.

A funny sight.

Australian hunters.

A surprise.

XXIX.

THE KANGAROOS.

KANGAROOS are animals shaped somewhat like rabbits, only they are a great deal larger. They are celebrated for being prodigious jumpers. They go from place to place, in fact, altogether by leaping through the air, like so many fleas. It is a very funny sight to behold.

In order to enable them to jump in this manner, they are made with very long and strong hind legs, while their fore legs are dwindled down to a very small size. In fact, they scarcely use their fore legs at all.

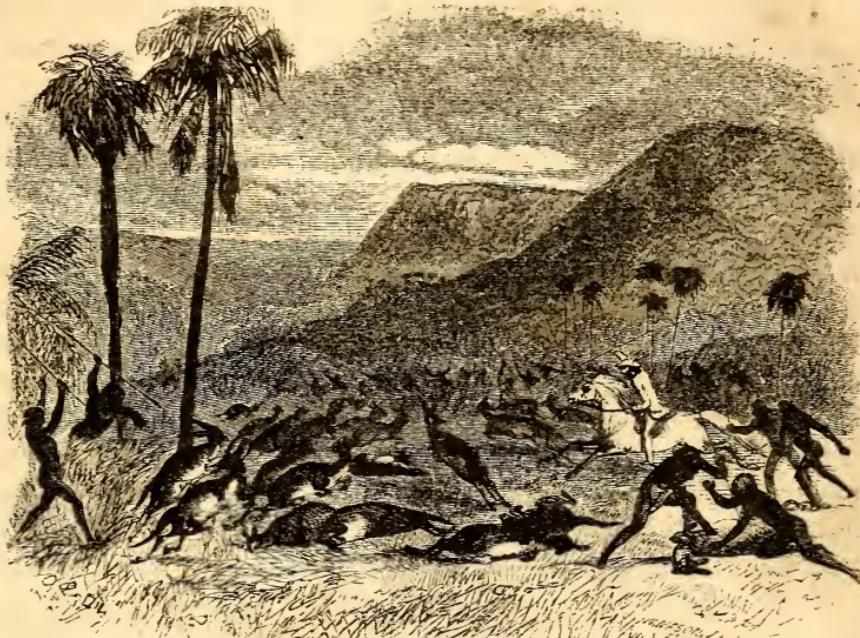
It is very hard to catch a kangaroo, they jump so fast and so far. Sometimes they clear twelve or fifteen feet at every bound, and of course, while they are hopping over the ground at that rate, the swiftest dog can not overtake them.

In the opposite engraving you see a company of savage hunters in Australia breaking into a pack of kangaroos, and killing all that they can. They have already killed some, and they are now killing more. There is a white man in the company, and he is mounted upon a horse. He is armed with a spear, and he is riding in among the poor frightened animals, and striking at them with his spear.

The hunters, in this case, took their game by surprise ; that is, they found where the flock was, and then they crept up softly to the place, some on one side and some on the other, and finally

The spears.

A tame kangaroo is very playful.



HUNTING KANGAROOS.

burst upon them all together from thickets and bushes, armed with long and slender, but sharp-pointed spears. The flock were quietly feeding before, but when the alarm came and they attempted to escape, they perceived that they were surrounded. They found enemies on every side, as you see in the picture. Thus, before they could make their escape, a great many were killed.

Sometimes the savages catch a kangaroo and tame him. He can be tamed very easily. In two or three days he becomes as tame and playful as a kitten. It is a very amusing sight to see

Contrast between the kangaroo and the serpent.

Wild cattle in Australia.

him feeding on the grass, near the door of the hut, leaping every now and then through the air, like a grasshopper, to some new place.

The kangaroo, in fact, is so easily tamed, that in a day or two he may be taught to play entirely at his ease, side by side with the very dog that caught him.

The mode of locomotion among animals that is the farthest removed from that of the kangaroo is that of the serpent. The serpent glides along with a perfectly smooth and equable motion. He does not even take steps, or any thing like steps. He moves in this extraordinary manner by means of a series of rings in his body, which in their structure and action constitute an astonishing piece of mechanism. If you watch a small snake sometimes, gliding over the surface of a rock, or across a road, you will see how this is—that is, you will see the character of the motion, but you will find it very difficult to understand it.

XXX.

THE CATTLE HUNT.

HERE is another picture of a scene in Australia, which forms, in some sense, a counterpart to the preceding. It is an Australian cattle-hunt. In that country there are immense herds of wild cattle, that roam over the grassy plains and green valleys that abound there, getting their living themselves, and requiring no care from men. Men, however, go out sometimes to hunt them.

The hunters, it seems, in the following engraving, are in some

The danger of the horse and the hunter.

The herd of cattle.

danger. A wild bull has come from the herd, and is rushing toward them to attack them. How terrified the horses look! They shrink back instinctively from the fierce animal that they see coming upon them with such fury. The bull bellows loud in his anger, and paws up the ground as he advances. Unless the horses spring out of his way, they will be dreadfully gored by him.



HUNTING CATTLE.

In the distance we see the immense herd, crowding against each other, and forcing their way over the plain, in their attempts to escape from the hunters.

The Chinese peddler.

His baskets.

What is bamboo.

XXXI.

THE CHINAMAN.

How different are the customs of different countries! The same ends, generally, are to be accomplished in all, but the means by which they are accomplished are infinitely varied.

For instance, it is necessary that there should be in every country arrangements for buying and selling, but the nature of these arrangements are seldom the same.

In a former article of this volume we had a view of Oriental shop-keepers sitting in their shops. In this we have a Chinese peddler selling in the streets.

He has trinkets and jewelry to sell. He is trying to sell some of them to a young American sailor.

He conveys his jewelry about in little boxes or drawers, which are placed in large square baskets that he carries on his shoulder.

He has two of these baskets. He carries them by means of a long pole. He places the pole across his shoulder, and hangs the baskets upon it, one on each end. Thus one of the baskets is before him and the other behind him, as he walks along, and they balance each other.

The pole which the Chinaman uses to support his baskets is of bamboo. We see it in the foreground of the engraving. One end of the pole rests upon one of the baskets, and the other end lies upon the ground. The bamboo is *jointed* like a cane-pole, such as is used for fishing, or like a corn-stalk. It is, however, not hol-

Picture of the Chinaman and the sailor-boy.



SELLING TO THE SAILOR BOY.

The difference between exogenous and endogenous plants.

low like a cane-pole, nor is it soft within like a corn-stalk, but it is hard and solid.

The bamboo has no bark. It is covered with a smooth and glossy rind, like that of the cane-pole and the corn-stalk. The rind is very hard.

All these plants belong to the class called *endogenous* plants. Endogenous plants grow chiefly in tropical climates. The trees which grow in temperate climates are generally not *endogenous*. They are *exogenous*. This distinction between the endogenous and the exogenous plants has been noticed before, and it is a very important one.

The endogenous plants have no pith and no bark, and they increase by a general expansion of their whole substance within. That is the reason of their name. Endogenous means *growing from within*.

The exogenous plants have a pith and a bark, and they grow by successive layers added each year on the outside under the bark. That is the reason of their name. Exogenous means *growing from without*.

There is another thing very curious about these two great classes of plants, relating to their seeds.

If you peal off the outer skin of a bean or a pea, while it is yet green, the inner part will split easily into two portions. These are called *cotyledons*.

If you plant a bean in the ground, you will find, when it comes up, as I have no doubt you have often observed, that two halves of the bean itself come up first, and form two large, thick, oval leaves, and that the other leaves soon afterward come out between

A curious fact about plants.

Questions.

them. These two oval expansions are, however, not strictly leaves ; they are the *cotyledons*.

Now it is a curious fact, that all the *exogenous* plants—that is, those that have a pith and a bark, and that grow by outside layers, have *two* cotyledons in their seeds, while, on the other hand, all *endogenous* plants and trees—that is, those that have no pith and no bark, but grow in joints, with a glossy rind around them, have only *one* cotyledon in their seeds. Thus these latter plants are sometimes called *monocotyledons*, and the others *dicotyledons*.

To ascertain whether you have understood this explanation, ask yourself these questions :

Is the bamboo a monocotyledon or a dicotyledon ? Is it endogenous or exogenous ?

Is the maple an exogenous or an endogenous plant ? Then should you expect it to be a monocotyledon or a dicotyledon ?

Is it the endogenous or the exogenous class of plants that grow most in tropical climates ?*

Is Indian corn a monocotyledon or a dicotyledon ?

The bamboo is one of the most useful of all the monocotyledons. The people who inhabit the countries where it grows employ the stems of this tree for a great variety of useful purposes. They make

* Those of the readers of this book who have little perseverance, and are easily discouraged and induced to give up, will think they can not pronounce these hard words, and will skip them over. But the energetic and persevering will practice them until they conquer them. They will say exogenous and endogenous, and monocotyledon and dicotyledon, over and over again, until they can pronounce these words as easily as they can Nebuchadnezzar

The partitions in the Chinaman's bamboo basket.

Jewelry.

A scene in Paris.

poles of them, and likewise posts and beams for the frames of buildings. Look back at the engraving, and you will see that the roof of the portico, in the background, is supported by two bamboo poles.

The baskets which the Chinaman has are of very singular and ingenious construction. They are square in form, and are divided into three portions, each portion forming a separate box, as it were. These boxes set into each other a little way, but in other respects they are distinct, and can be taken out one by one. When they are in their places, they are confined there by the broad, flat handle which passes up and down the ends of the boxes.

The upper part of the basket, on the right hand, is taken out, so as to allow access to the interior of the middle one. There are caskets of jewelry in this compartment. The Chinaman has taken out one of these caskets, and is showing the jewelry to the young sailor, and endeavoring to persuade him to buy some.

The sailor is examining the articles, but he does not seem to be much disposed to make a purchase.

XXXII.

THE MENDING WOMAN.

THE groups and figures seen in the different capitals of the world are very various. On the opposite page we have a representation of one very dissimilar from the preceding. It represents a mending woman on the sidewalk in Paris. Her business is to mend the clothes and the stockings of the workmen who

The mending woman's box.

The post on the street corner.

work in the neighborhood of her stand. They bring her their stockings or their clothes, and, when she has mended them, they come for them again. She is mending a stocking now. Observe what a curious box she has had made for herself. It has a back, and a roof to keep off the wind and the rain. The woman can

turn the back of it to the wind, whichever way it blows, and thus, though the structure is open in front, she is herself always sheltered.

Some of the stockings that she has mended are hanging around and behind her, and others on the edge of the inclosure before. Her scissors are suspended to her side by a string, and they lie upon her apron.

The object on the left is one of the posts that mark the corners of the streets. Such posts are placed at street corners

to keep the wheels of carriages from encroaching on the sidewalk there. For this purpose, they must be made extremely strong. This one is bound with iron.

The good woman is very attentive to her work. She plies her needle most industriously, paying very little regard to the throngs of carriages and footmen that are all the time passing by.



A SMALL SHOP.

A light-house.A strong foundation.

XXXIII.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

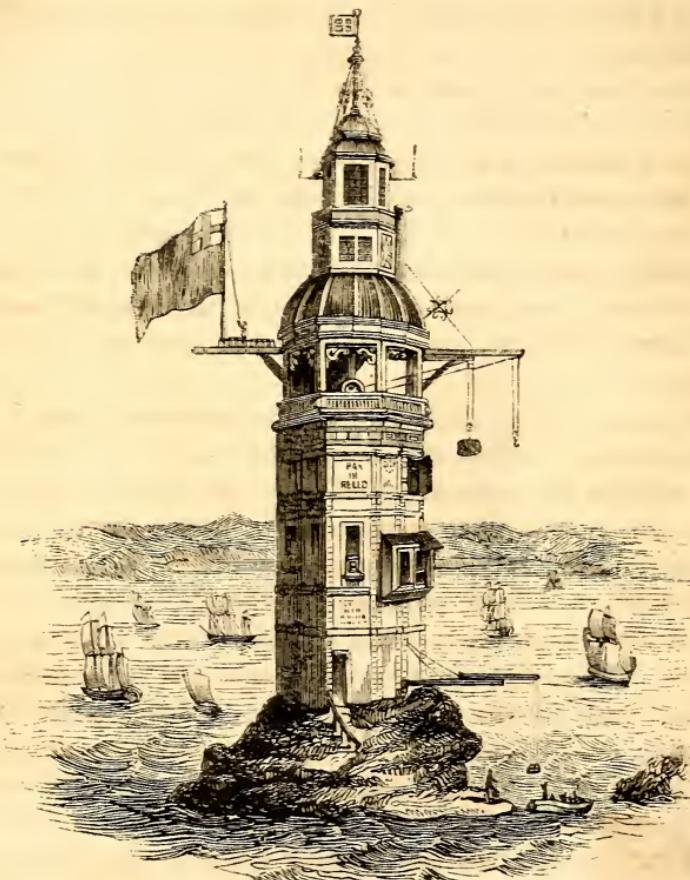
On the adjoining page you see a picture of an ancient light-house, which stood on the coast of England, near Portsmouth, two or three centuries ago.

The light-house is built upon a rock. The rock rises abruptly out of the water, and is so small as barely to serve for the foundation of the structure. The sea is now tolerably calm, but in gales of wind and storms, the waves beat against the rock, and against the base of the building, with tremendous violence.

Even when the sea is comparatively smooth, the swell is so great that boats can not easily land upon the rock. A man might step out of one, it is true, by watching his opportunity, and stepping quick, but the attempt is hazardous. The swells cause the water to rise and fall up and down the steep margin of the rock in such a manner, that if the boat should get caught upon the rock by its side, it would be upset, and the men and the cargo thrown out into the sea. They are, accordingly, obliged to adopt some other mode of unloading the boats which come to the light-house.

To effect this purpose, they have rigged out two horizontal beams or spars from the light-house, like cranes, so as to hoist the cargoes of the boats, by means of them, up into the air, and thus to get them into the light-house without landing them on the rocks. There are two of these contrivances; one above, near the top of the tower, and one below, at the base of it, just at the top of the rocks. These fixtures are both on the right side of the

Contrivances for unloading boats at the light-house.



LIGHT-HOUSE.

light-house. There is another projection of the same kind on the left, for a flag-staff.

“Hoist away!”

The signal flag.

Oil for the lamps.

When a boat loaded with stores comes to the place, a rope is let down from the end of one of these beams by means of a tackle. There is a hook at the end of the rope, and the men in the boat, when the hook is let down, attach it to the barrel which they wish to hoist, by means of a contrivance called *slings*. When all is ready, they look up, and call out, “Hoist Away!”

The men, then, who are above, in the light-house, pull the rope, and presently you see the barrel slowly rising out of the boat into the air. When it is hoisted high enough, they swing it round into one of the open windows or doors which you see in the side of the light-house.

You can see these beams in the picture, with the braces above to sustain them, and the tackle, and the hook, and the barrel going up, and the boat below. From the upper tackle, too, you can see the ends of the ropes going into the light-house, to the great wheel or capstan, where the men stand to wind the rope in.

On the other side of the light-house is a flag, placed there to make signals to the land. You can see a man going out on the flag-staff. He is going there to do something with the flag. Above is another flag, and one or two other contrivances besides, for making signals.

The barrel which the men are now hoisting up contains oil for the immense lamps which they burn in the top of the light-house for a light. Below, they are hoisting a big basket, which is filled with provisions and stores for the use of the light-house keeper's family.

The light-house keeper's family live in rooms built in the light-house, below the open part, where you see the projecting win-

Prospects from the light-house windows.

The use of a light-boat.

dows. These are very pleasant windows to sit at and look out in pleasant weather; but the prospect is very dismal, and even terrific, in a storm. Sometimes, too, in winter nights, when the sea runs high, the surges beat with dreadful concussions against the base of the light-house, and make the whole edifice tremble, so that unless its foundations were built very firmly into the rock, it would be overthrown.

In fact, light-houses built in exposed situations like these have often been overthrown, and that so entirely, that when, after a storm, people have gone out in boats to visit them, no traces of them could be found.

Sometimes, where there is no island or rock on which the foundations of a light-house can be built, a large boat is used for the purpose. In this case the boat is moored by means of anchors and strong chains, in order that the winds and storms may not drive it away from its place, and a tower is built in the centre of it—the top of the tower containing the light. The light-house-keeper and his family, if he has one, live in the boat below. Such a structure as this is called a light-boat. Light-boats are used where the water is shallow, so that a boat can be anchored, while there is no island or rock near to build a light-house upon.

One would suppose that it would be a very gloomy and dismal life to lead, to be confined in such a boat as this, far out from the shore; and yet, whenever a light-boat is built and moored, there are always a great number of persons who wish to be appointed the keeper of it.

The Chinese punishments.

The Cangue.

XXXIV.

CHINESE CRIMINALS.

THIS is the picture of a singular instrument—a sort of pillory—used in China, sometimes, for the punishment of criminals. It is



THE CANGUE.

A description of the Cangue.	Smuggling.	The prisoner's attendants.
<p>a large and heavy frame, with a hole in it for the criminal's head, and two smaller holes for his hands. It is made of thick planks. The ends of the frame come to the ground, but the upper part of it rests upon the neck and shoulders of the unhappy criminal, forcing him to sit in a very constrained and painful position. The name of this instrument of punishment is the CANGUE. The man here seen suffering punishment in it is a merchant, and the crime for which he is sentenced to this punishment was smuggling opium ; that is, he brought in opium into the country secretly, without paying the duty or tax due to the government, thus violating the laws. The laws against smuggling are very severe in all countries, and especially in the countries of the Old World ; and yet men are always found ready to evade and violate them, because they can make a great deal of money by doing so. The articles most likely to be smuggled into any country are those on which the duties are the highest, and which can most easily be sold in a secret manner when they are brought in. Opium is the article most frequently smuggled in China. It was opium that this merchant smuggled, and this was his punishment.</p>		

He has to wear this dreadful yoke for many days. There is a soldier to guard him, and to see that the frame is not taken off. His own servants are allowed to attend upon him, to feed him, and do what they can to alleviate his misery.

Inscriptions specify the crime which he has committed, and the sentence is recorded on the corners of the frame.

In the distance, on the right, we see a bridge leading to the town. The tall edifice which comes in view beyond is a pagoda.

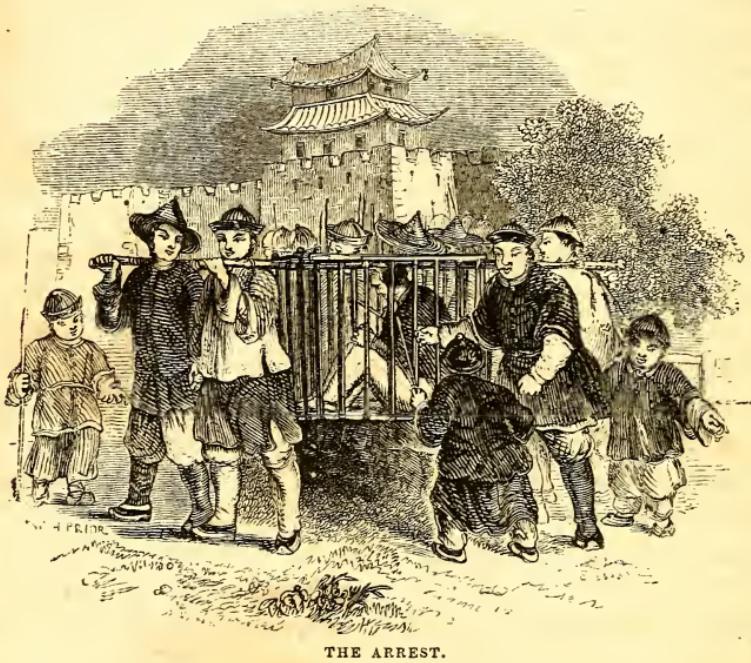
This picture is rather a painful one ; so is the next, in some

A man in a cage.

Bamboo.

The boys running after the prisoner.

degree. It represents the mode of taking a criminal to prison in China. They are carrying him along in a sort of cage. The cage is borne on the shoulders of the men by means of poles made of bamboo.



There are several boys running up to the cage to look at the prisoner. The man holds his head down, and clasps his hands, as if in great distress.

Observe the peculiar dress of the people. Their caps are pointed, and they wear wooden shoes.

Supposed motives of the boys.

Teasing the unfortunate.

Prisons.

Whether the boys are doing wrong or not in running along by the side of this poor prisoner to look at him in his cage, depends entirely upon the feelings of mind with which they do it. If they are running after him to laugh at his distress, and to tease and exasperate him with shouts and insults, they are doing very wrong. If, on the other hand, they feel a sentiment of pity and compassion for him, and wish that they could do something to comfort or relieve him, then they do right. And finally, if they feel for the poor captive neither good will nor ill will, but are actuated only by feelings of curiosity and wonder, then the action is neither good nor evil, but simply indifferent.

It is always wrong to tease or ridicule the unfortunate and the miserable, even when their misfortunes or their misery are their own fault. Indeed, in some respects, a person is more to be pitied when he has brought his sufferings upon himself by his crimes than when he is innocent, for then he has to endure the pangs of a guilty conscience in addition to his other woes.

Still, it is right that bad men should be shut up in prison, or otherwise restrained from injuring their fellow-men. It is right, too, that they should be *punished*—that is, made to *suffer* for the wrong that they have done—both for the purpose of deterring others from imitating their bad example, and also to prevent their repeating the offense themselves. But when we witness these sufferings, we should always pity the unhappy criminals who endure them, and do what we can personally to alleviate their woes, and never exult or triumph over them in any way.

Chinese boats.

Getting ready to plunge.

XXXV.

QUEER BATHING.

WE have in this article another engraving representing Chinese life, which is amusing rather than painful. It shows you the way that the Chinese boys go in a swimming.

The boat which you see is a large passage-boat. How large it is you can determine by comparing it with the small one that floats by the side of it. In the centre of it is a sort of hut or tent, formed by an awning spread over bent poles. This place serves for a cabin.

The family of the man that owns the boat are on the deck of it. The man himself is standing up. He forms the principal figure of the group. The woman—the mother of the children—is near. She stands a little lower than her husband, and a little to the left. She is assisting the boys to prepare to go in a swimming.

One of the boys is in the water. He floats very high, with his arms and head entirely out.

The reason of this is, that he is supported by two bladders tied to his back, just below his shoulders. You can see the bladders at his back rising buoyantly to the top of the water.

Another younger boy is just about to plunge in. He stands upon the gunwale of the boat. You can see the bladders at his back very distinctly.

The man who sits at the bow of the boat, with his back turned

A cooley.

How the Chinese boatmen row.

toward us, is what they call a *cooley*. He is a sort of laborer and serving man. His business is to row the boat. He is sitting now by his oar. We see the oar projecting from the boat to the right. Chinese boats of this kind have but one oar at the bows. Be-



QUEER BATHING.

sides this, there is one at the stern, with which the helmsman steers. The oar at the bows is worked by a cooley, who sits as is represented in the engraving.

In this case, the cooley, though at his post, is not actually rowing, for the boat is at rest. She is anchored. We can see the

View of a castle.	George and Mary.	Their conversation.
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rope passing out from her bows down through the water to the anchor at the bottom.

Observe the peculiar manner in which the Chinese mount their flags.

XXXVI.

THE CASTLE.

IN ancient times, men of wealth and power, living in the old countries of Europe, were accustomed to build castles for their habitations, placing them usually in some commanding position on the summit of a hill. The next engraving presents a view of such a castle.

One evening, George and Mary, who were sitting at the table looking at a volume of engravings, came to this picture in the book. Just at this moment, their father, who was sitting at the table with them, and had been reading, shut his book and laid it down.

“Children,” said he, “what are you looking at?”

“We are looking at a castle,” said Mary; “but we do not understand it very well. I wish you would explain it to us.”

“Very well,” said her father; “let me look at it, and tell me what you wish to know about it.”

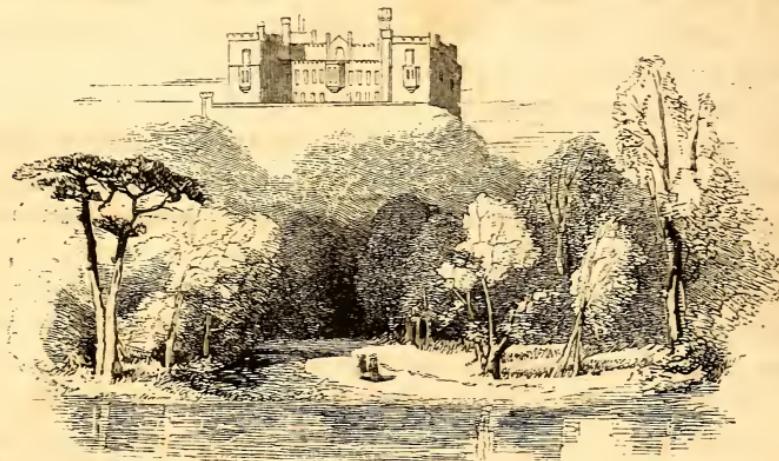
“In the first place,” said George, “what made them build it on such a high hill? It must have been very inconvenient for them to go up and down—at least for their carriages and horses.”

“They had no carriages,” replied his father. “The chieftains

How they went up and down.

They lived by robbery.

rode on horseback when they went up and down, and were followed by a troop mounted in the same way. One reason why they built their castles on the tops of hills was in order that they might see over the whole surrounding country, and then, if any travelers were going by, they could go down and rob them."



THE CASTLE.

"Why! were they robbers?" exclaimed George, with surprise. "I did not know that robbers lived in such handsome houses. I thought they lived in dens."

"They did not call themselves robbers," replied his father; "but they considered all the territory that was in sight from their castles, and often a great deal more, as belonging to them, and they pretended that they had a right to make travelers pay for passing through it. In order to keep watch from their castles for

Spy-glasses.

Heads together.

Mary's complaint.

travelers and for enemies, they usually had watch-towers, where they stationed sentinels to watch."

"And I suppose the sentinels had spy-glasses," said Mary.

"No," replied her father. "They had no spy-glasses in those days. Spy-glasses were not invented then. They would have liked them very much indeed, but they did not know that there could be such a thing. So they had to watch from their watch-towers as well as they could with their eyes alone."

"What is a watch-tower?" asked Mary.

"It is a tall tower," replied her father, "that is built up higher than the rest of the building, with a staircase to go up, below, and a place to stand in at the top. Is there not a watch-tower in the castle in your picture?"

Here George and Mary put their heads together over the picture, and began scrutinizing it very carefully to see if they could discover a watch-tower.

"Yes," said George, "I see it."

"And I too," said Mary. "It is tall and slender."

"It is on the front side," continued George, "and I don't know but that there is another on the back side."

"Very likely," said his father. "When these castles were large, they had watch-towers on opposite sides, so as to see the roads in every direction."

"Don't push my head so," said Mary to George.

"Why, I can't see," replied George, "when your head is so much in the way."

"I only want half," said Mary.

The truth was, that the watch-towers on the farther side of the

Mary driven away.

Battlements.

The parapet.

Embrasures.

building were so small that the children were obliged to put their heads quite near to the picture in order to see them distinctly, and so the heads interfered with each other. The children pushed against each other for a minute or two, but George being the strongest, Mary's head was pushed away. Presently she gave up trying to look on that side, and went round to the other, hoping that there would be more room for her there ; but as soon as she came, George began to push on that side too, and so Mary had to give up entirely, and wait patiently till George had seen the watch-towers as much as he wished.

Their father observed what was going on, but he said nothing.

"I can see the battlements on the tops of the walls," said George.

"Yes," replied his father. "The walls of the ancient castles were generally made flat, so that soldiers could stand there and shoot down arrows, and darts, and javelins upon the enemy below. There was a wall all around the roof, as high as their heads, to protect them. This was the wall of the castle itself carried up. Such a wall is called a parapet. There must be openings in it at regular distances for the men to see through and to shoot through. These openings are called embrasures. They often had terrible combats at these castles. Some enemy or other would come and attack one, and, if he succeeded in getting in, he would kill all the people, or drive them away, and set the castle on fire."

"Yes," said George, "there is a picture of a castle burning in this book."

So saying, George turned back a few leaves to find the picture.

Castle on fire.

Fugitives making their escape.

XXXVII.

THE CASTLE STORMED.

IN this picture, the castle that was represented was much more plain and substantial in its structure than the other, being built



THE CASTLE STORMED.

of stone in a very massive and solid manner. It stood, however, like the other, on the summit of a distant hill. It had been at-

The ruff.

The assailants of the castle.

Their designs.

tacked by enemies and set on fire, and the flames were seen bursting from the roof above and from the windows below.

In the foreground were seen two persons, a man and a woman, flying from the scene. They had evidently made their escape from the castle in great haste. The woman was dressed in loose robes, which she had hastily thrown over her, and the man was hurrying her away. She was turning back to look at the castle in flames, but the spectacle was too dreadful to behold, and she was now covering her face with her hand.

"What is that round thing that the man wears around his neck?" asked Mary.

"It is a sort of ruff," replied her father, "such as men were accustomed to wear in those days. People dressed very differently then from the present fashion."

"I can see the soldiers fighting at the foot of the castle wall," said George.

"Yes," said his father. "Some of them have gone in and set the castle on fire, and the rest are outside seizing the people of the castle as they come out, and killing them, or making them prisoners."

"Two of them, at least, have got away," said Mary. "I am glad of that, at any rate. I hope they will get away entirely."

"So do I," said George. "But who are their enemies, father; and what are they fighting the castle for?"

"Perhaps they are the people of some neighboring castle," replied his father, "that have come to destroy this castle, and drive the people away, in order to get possession of the land."

"What right have they to do that?" asked George.

The right of the strongest.

Illustration of the principle.

“Perhaps they think they are the strongest,” replied his father.

“That is no right at all,” replied George.

“No,” replied his father. “We never think that the mere circumstance of being the strongest gives other people any right to crowd away the weak out of their possessions, but we are very apt to act on that principle ourselves. It seems to be human nature.

“For example,” he continued, “suppose I were to see three boys going along the street, and should throw a large apple out to them, what do you think they would do?”

“They would all spring for it,” said George, “and the best fellow would get it.”

“Exactly,” said his father; “and that is the way that almost every thing goes in this world. Instead of being willing to make a fair division whenever any good is to be attained, every body springs for it; and the best fellow, as you say—that is, the strongest, or the most audacious, or the most cunning—gets it.”

“I would not do so,” said George. “I am always willing to make a fair division.”

“I am glad of that,” replied his father. “That is the just and proper way. But boys generally act on a different principle. They try to get all the advantages for themselves that they possibly can, without much regard to the rights or to the happiness of others. This unjust and selfish spirit shows itself in a great many different ways. A boy, for instance, who is looking at pictures with his sister, instead of being willing to allow her an equal chance with himself, will crowd her head away, and take almost all the room to see for himself.”

The hardest head.

The sentinel at the castle gate.

Winter.

Here George immediately moved his head away from before the picture far enough to give Mary room.

“It is not because he has a right,” continued George’s father, “to any better chance to see than she has, but only because he has got the hardest head.”

Here George began to look a little ashamed, and during all the rest of the time that he and Mary continued to look at the pictures, he took care to give her always as good a chance to see as he had himself.

Here is the picture of a sentinel keeping guard at a great castle gate.



THE CASTLE GATE.

XXXVIII.

THE WINTER MORNING.

THE scene in this engraving represents a winter morning on a farm. The pond is frozen over, and the roofs of the buildings are covered with snow. The branches of the trees are bare.

The cattle of the farmer, as soon as they were let out of the

The pond frozen.

Cattle in difficulty.

The farmer's duty.

barn, came down to the pond to drink. It is the place where they were always accustomed to go. In the summer it was a very pleasant place. The path that led to it was hard and smooth, with grass and flowers growing very prettily on each side of it. Now, however, it is winter, and this morning the ground is so entirely covered with snow, which fell during the night, that the path is entirely obliterated, and the cattle had some difficulty in finding their way.

When they came to the pond they found it frozen, so that they could not drink. One of the oxen stepped upon the brink of the ice, and tried to break it, pawing with his feet. Presently the ice gave way and let the ox through. He immediately backed out to the land again, and there he stood, with the other oxen and the cows, looking at the broken cakes of ice, not knowing what to do.

Presently the ox began to low, in order to call the farmer. He wished the farmer to come and contrive some way to give them a drink. When the other cattle heard the ox low, they began to low too.

The farmer heard the oxen lowing, and he left his work in the barn, and came down to see what was the matter.

He ought to have come down with his oxen at first, and to have brought an axe with him, so as to cut a hole in the ice.

And now, in coming down this time, he ought to have brought an axe, or some implement or other to make a hole with in the ice. Even a pole would do, now that the ice is broken, for then he might push the broken cakes away under the rest of the ice, and thus make a clear place for the oxen to drink; but he has not got any thing.

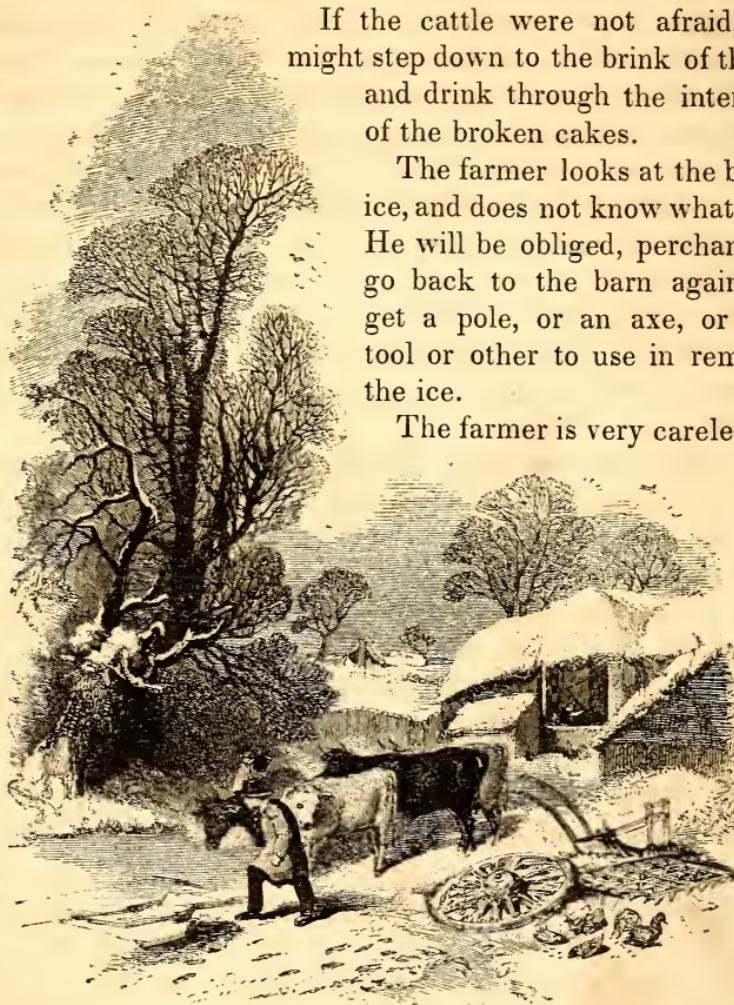
The farmer's perplexity.

His shiftless management.

If the cattle were not afraid, they might step down to the brink of the ice, and drink through the interstices of the broken cakes.

The farmer looks at the broken ice, and does not know what to do. He will be obliged, perchance, to go back to the barn again, and get a pole, or an axe, or some tool or other to use in removing the ice.

The farmer is very careless and



THE WINTER MORNING.

The cart-wheel.

How it came to be there.

Threshing.

shiftless in all his management. He has left his plow and his other implements out on the ground, to be wet with the rain and covered with the snow, and so rusted and spoiled. There is a harrow by the side of the plow, and also a cart-wheel.

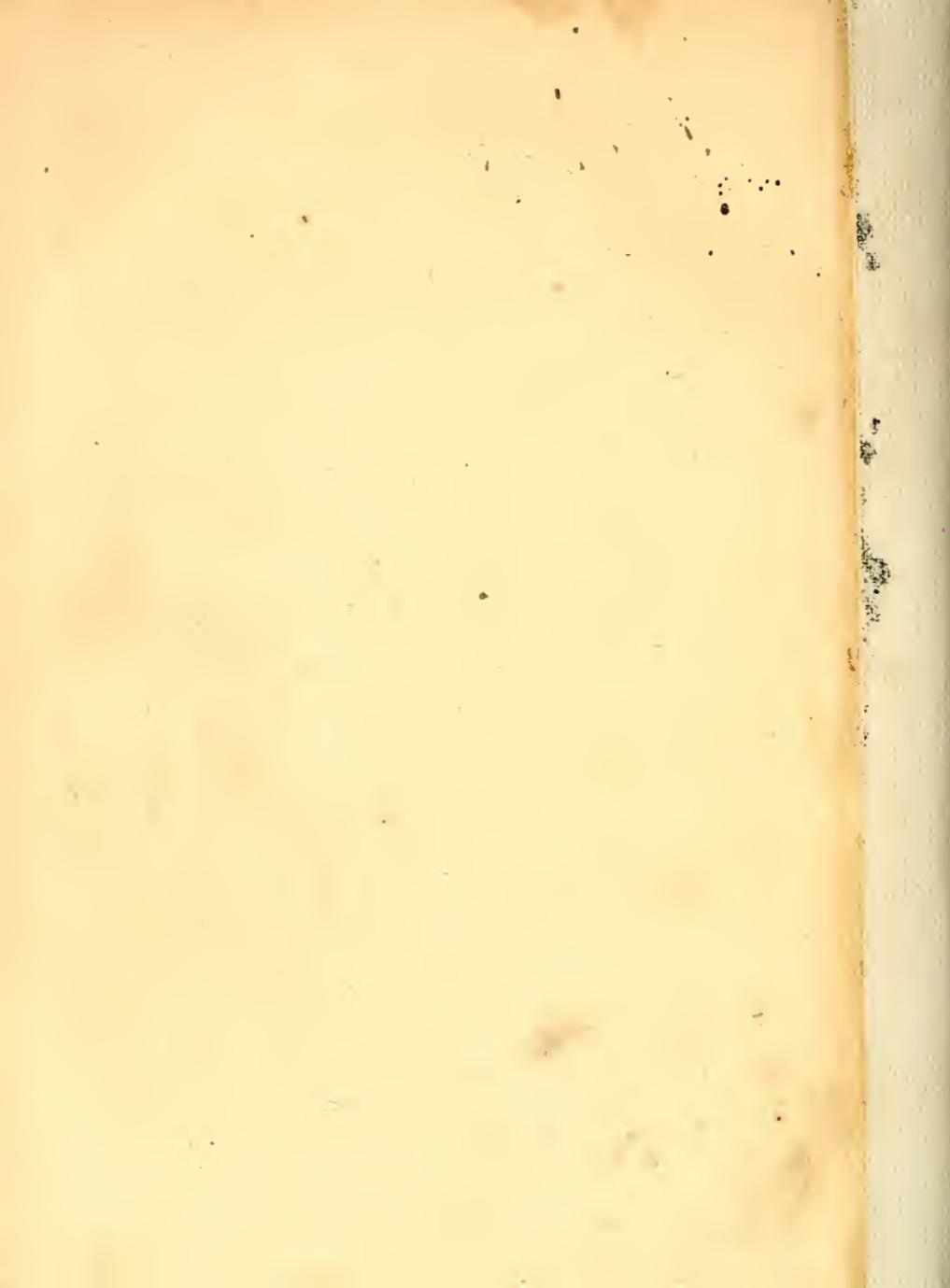
The way that the wheel happens to be here is, that it came off from the farming cart the evening before, and was left here. It was snowing at the time, and the farmer was coming up with a load of fagots from the wood. The road, which passed pretty near this place, was very wet and heavy, on account of the mud and the snow. The cart was out of order. One of the linch-pins was gone. Nearly all this farmer's implements and tools were constantly out of order.

The linch-pin being gone, the wheel came off in going over a bad place in the road. The farmer could not lift the cart so as to put the wheel on again, and he did not wish to take the trouble to unload it, so he contrived to fasten a stout pole under the axle-tree in such a manner as to make a sort of runner, and thus he dragged the cart home, the end of the pole slipping along upon the mud and snow. The wheel was left on the ground where it fell, though afterward the farmer rolled it out to the place where the plow and harrow were lying.

In the distance we see the farmer's barn. The window is open, and a young man, the farmer's son, is seen within, threshing wheat with a flail.

This is the end of the Museum.





A. Karrer

